

Wildebeest

The Handsome Family

When Stephen Foster died in a flop-house on the Bowery
His worn-out wallet held just a quarter and a dime
But the crocodiles, they have to eat, the crocodiles have to eat

He smashed his head on the sink in the bitter fever of gin
A wildebeest gone crazy with thirst pulled down as he tried to drink
But deep down in the muddy stream even crocodiles dream their dreams

And as the herd galloped off he lay on that flophouse floor
Singing, "Beautiful Dreamer" as the lions began to roar
But we all have our beautiful dreams running through us like wildebeest

And when we meet at the river to cross to that gleaming shore
The river, she always takes a few as the herd thunders across
But the river has oceans to feed, she has beautiful oceans to feed

And the oceans they feed the sky and the sky feeds the earth
And Stephen Foster's beautiful ghost lay down to feed a song
To feed ten thousand songs echoing cross the wild plains