

## Drowned Man

## The Pretty Things

Out in the street it's gently raining,  
It's like dancing on glass.  
You and your razor blade assistant,  
Carved the lies right from the past.

But they offered you such miracles,  
You who have been handling straws.

Soon you're deafened by the decibels.  
Then you're swallowed by the applause.

Give'em, take'em, paint a face and I  
Live'em, make'em, make'em laugh and cry.

I am waiting here, your memory still holds,  
I am waiting here, but I am growing so cold.

Take what you need,  
Give the rest back,  
Give it to the drowned man beneath the water,  
He was a friend, till they stole him back,  
Hope they get, hope he had, what they're after.  
Take what you need.  
Give the rest back,  
Give it to the drowned man beneath the water,  
He was a friend, till they stole him back,  
Now he plays all his days with the master.

All the nameless, motherless, helpless,  
Crouching figures in the park,  
Warm to songs that sing of freedom,  
Then with loneliness they dance.  
Long ago there was a friendship,  
Now there's wreckage on some Greek beach,  
Down at the gate they still remember,  
It's in the diaries they keep.