

1967

Adrian Belew

Last night  
I took a walk into the back of my mind  
Through the trash and the warning signs  
There was a party full of jokes and clich's  
I couldn't think of anything to say  
And so I slipped into the men's room there  
I saw my hair a way it's never been before

I took the stairs from my head to my heart  
I didn't know they were so far apart  
The heart is like a little chapel somewhere,  
The pretty lights and the empty chairs  
But I'm gonna bring a broom next time  
I'll sweep out all the broken strings I find

She walks me down to my private train  
And lays me down in my sleeping car  
She keeps my elephant out of the rain  
And sees to the care of my vintage cars  
She is the blood of my life  
Without her I would starve

Who you gonna run to?  
Who you gonna hide behind?  
Who you gonna turn to  
When there's nobody home but you?

What's a father to do  
With all theses school-less injuns  
Running in circles around the wagons  
What's a father to do  
With all these monster debts  
Around my neck  
On a sad sun deck  
Oh, my children, the times are jaded  
The simple life is complicated  
Oh, my children

Now if the dark of the night  
Arrives in the middle of the day  
I'm gonna say my prayer  
For sweetness and light,  
Gonna fix myself a Coke,  
And hope it's alright

If the bat-winged beast sweep down  
For a feast on me  
I'm gonna pin my soul  
To a hot-air balloon  
Gonna make it pop  
And shoot me to the moon

Now you've had another piece of my mind,  
A cup of coffee and a slice of time  
If you'll excuse me I should say goodbye  
I gotta go now.

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