

The Man Who Loved Beer

David Byrne

To whom can I speak today
The brothers they are equal
But the old friends of today
They have become unlovable

To whom can I speak today
The gentleness has perished
And the violent man has come down on everyone

To whom can I speak today
The wrong which roams the earth
There can be no end to it
It is just unstoppable

Death is in my sights today
As when a man desires
To see home after many years in jail

February through December
We have such a tragic year
As separate as the fingers
Suddenly - as one - as the hand

And the violent man has come down on everyone
And the violent man has come down on everyone