

OK Hieronymus

Graham Parker

I break a heart in a thousand places, she makes a slur against
other races
He rejects all of the unpretty faces, sticks them full of knives
I take a shot at birds flying south, he takes the gun barrel in
to his mouth,
She takes a rope and ties up the house, with the kids inside;
They just want to curl right up and die
Them and us are only passing by

Hey Hieronymus - I know where your garden grows
I know where your bloody roses bloom
Hey Hieronymus - tell me what delights there are
Right outside this window or inside this room

Just taste the odor of burning skin, the pitchfork tongues and
the rot within
The torture victim's wiped-out grin nothing can erase
Somebody's pouring salt on a wound, scooping out monkey's brains
with a spoon
Working on warfare up on the moon, that's the latest phase;
We just want to curl right up and die
You and me are only passing by

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Germans and turks and English nerks spew out of doorways going
beserk
Inside of everyone someone lurks, they don't even know.
Bring them all in, yeah, they're welcome here
You can't sell your work? - then cut off your ear
Put it right on the table there, all tied up in bows

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