

## Hymn From A Village

James

This songs made up, made second rate  
Cosmetic music, powderpuff  
Pop tunes, false rhymes, all lightweight bluffs  
Second-hand ideas, no soul, no hate  
Wasn't mean to be  
Built on complacency  
The nightmares ride away  
When you refuse to play

Oh go and read a book  
It's so much more worth while  
Being a song-smith crook  
Study death in style  
Death in style

This language used is all worn out  
A walking corpse that won't play dead  
Disease dragged on from bed to bed  
Pay for your twist, paid for shout  
Wasn't meant to be  
Built on complacency  
Open your eyes and see  
That lie is not for we

Raise a rope and a knife  
Cut it out - the lie  
I don't want to decay  
Take the short cut away  
Oh go and read a book  
It's so much more worthwhile  
Being a song-smith crook  
Study death in style  
Study death in style

Heard you calling through the drumbeat  
Answered with sticks and bones  
Scream, shout, and dance about the campfire  
You can hear the question, can you feel the reply?

Heard you calling through the drumbeat  
Heard you calling through the drumbeat  
Can you hear the question, feel the reply?  
Can you hear the question, feel the reply?  
Hymn from a village  
The hymn from a village