

Lunatic

John Popper

Move on
And shuffle off
Winter's gift is a burning cough

Once a stranger
Always a friend
To the cold and the odd stare
And the danger
Should he ever open his mouth

And so he bides his time
Yes, he bides his time
Yes, he bides his time

Some day he thinks he may fool everyone
And they'll give and let him live in the bright hot sun

And so he bides his time
Yes, he bides his time
Yes, he bides his time

Doorways and hope keep him warm
Strangely calm before the storm
Quite sure that he will be free
To speak of voices he can't quite see
They tell him more than he'd ever wished to know

And so he bides his time
Yes, he bides his time
Yes, he bides his time

And when the bugle sound
Knocks the mountains down
His work will be done
Whispers in his ear he keeps him clear
For the angels when they come

So he bides his time
Yes, he bides his time
Yes, he bides his time

Till he assumes his place
Then he'll see the face of God, of God
The ruthless King of Kings
Who keeps telling him things
That still seem odd

So he bides his time
Yes, he bides his time
Move on