

Hanging Out & Hung Up On The Line

Julian Cope

Well the blues had a baby and the bastard couldn't sing
So the priest holds the candle and the parents kiss the ring
Someone shouted 'Let's keep the afterbirth and throw the kid away'

Me and I fried my brain-sac for the pain I felt today
So I go out and come in again, so I go out and come in again
So I go out and come in again, see if I can get clean

Come on, split my head wide open, Scoop out a little of my brain

Need some identification? Julian Cope - the very sane
Yeah and this is not a dainty world to set before the swine
Guess it looks like I'm hanging out and hung up on the line

Winter's getting warmer, the ice-caps are melting
I've got the whole Blues of Creation, snapping at my heels
So I go out and come in again, so I go out and come in again
So I go out and come in again, see if I can get clean

Come on, split my head wide open, scoop out a little of my brain

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I looked in the mirror, stared at the shelf
I said "Doctor, doctor, doc, I can't be myself"
Since 1904, this pathway's been just fine
So why should I be hanging out and hung up on the line
Why should I be hanging out and hung up on the line
Hanging out - hanging out - we're hanging out

And this is not a dainty world - and this is not a dainty world
And this is not a dainty world to set before the swine
Guess it looks like I'm hanging out and hung up on the line