

# 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