

Brotsky Tune

Morten Harket

As you pour yourself a scotch
Crush a roach or check your watch
As your hands adjust your tie people die

In the towns with funny names
Hit by bullets, caughts in flames
By and large not knowing why people die

And in small places you don't know of
Yet big for having no chance to scream
Or say good-bye people die

Chorus La la...
Let me know

People die as you elect
New apostles of neglect, self restraint
Whereby people die
Too far off to practice love
For they neighbor, brother Slav
Where your cherubs dread to fly people die

Chorus La la...
Let me know

While the statues disagree
Cain's version, history for its fuel tends to buy
Those who die

As you watch the athletes score
Or check your latest statement
Or sing your child a lullaby people die

Time, whose sharp, bloodthirsty quill
Parts the killed from those who kill
Will pronounce the latter tribe
As your type