People Are Leaving

Robert Pollard

People are leaving In total frustration The throw up their hands People are leaving As I stomp into spring (that don't mean a thing)

The angels are making circles A gift to every naked fat baby But everyone?s leaving To look for a new place to dance

And drilling the heart with sparrows We?ll try to get up from the ages And re-write the book of the pharaohs At least add a couple of pages And dance Before everyone leaves

The servants are making a promise We'll all rise above the depression The angels are making new circles A gift to every naked fat baby