

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