

This is my forty-fifth depressing tune.
They're looking for money as they clean my artistic womb.
And when I give birth to the child I must take to flight,
'Cause the black in our pocket won't let us fight a proper fight.
So hey baby, can you shed some light on the problem maybe?
'Cause we're all tired and we'd like to know
If we should pack our tents, shut down the show.
Yes, we should like to see a burning bush-type sign.
But anything would be fine.
We're all told to dance but we never picked the tune.
Hanging like puppets they feed us from bent steel spoons.
But we're sealing our lips for the someday when the needle and
the vinyl play
All the songs of the pain, songs that explain all our circles and strains.
So hey baby, can you shed some light on the problem maybe?
'Cause we're all crying and we'd like to know
If we should pack our tents, shut down the show.
Yes, we should like to see a burning bush-type sign.
But anything would be fine.
We're all dying and we'd like to know
If we should pack our tents, shut down the show.
"Yes, we should like to see you pack your tents, shut down your
show."
Yes, we should like to see a burning bush-type sign
But anything would be fine. Oh, anything would be fine.