

Think I'll have lines on my face
When i get out of this place
So I guess I'll be ever so carefull
It wouldn't help to deny
I'm well advised to comply
By the rules or be ever so tearful

I caught a vulture, he came up behind me
I put a chain on his claws
I caught another - been trying to find me
I slit a vein in his jaws
Tied the two of them up with guitar-
strings (only fed them a bone)
Grinned and put my hands in my pockets
To drift away to a land of my own

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We played a game of Cowards and Heroes
We lay the rules on the floor
But then we spoke of flowers and quiros
It ended up in a draw
But all the time they were bound and belittled
I wouldn't let them go . go, go !
I only want to use them for skittles
And drift away to a land of my own

They were begging over and over;
"If we behave can we feed ?"
Began to throw them piece of clover
And said "Now count the leaves !"
I realised it was only a battle
And went to look for the war (haw ! haw !)
My brains began then to rattle
And drift away to a land of their own