

Books On The Bonfire

The Bolshoi

Here we go, doing nothing again.
You can come if you'd like,
but please don't bring your friends.

Action man's gone to the cleaners,
Barbie is working the streets,
they took her in, with a handful of sweets.

What can you do? What can you say?
They give me disease on the medium wave.

I've got things to do, people to see
I've got no time, please don't bother me...

They put all the books on the bonfire,
Two-thousand years in a flame.
I run like a horse in a fairground,
Rewind me and play me again.

Once I was a boy, which seems funny to me.
Yes, I threw my stones, read my books, climbed those
trees.
What can I say to you mister?
Yes, I've been drinking again.
You can beat my brains, but don't kiss me again.

I've always been like this, since I was young,
I'm a truculent bigot, I revel in scum.

We used to converse, so long ago,
Now we're existing in a personal hell

They put all the books on the bonfire,
two-thousand years in a flame.
I run like a horse in a fairground,
rewind me and play me again.

How'd you feel? I can't use my eyes...
What you say?
Thanks for my surprise...

I wasn't listening, I didn't know.
Tell me what happened, where did I go?
I'm pulling my hair, I lay on the floor
The paper's aren't funny, not funny no more.

They put all the books on the bonfire,
two-thousand years in a flame.
Yes, I run like a horse in a fairground,
rewind me and play me again.

Oh, I wasn't listening, I didn't know.
Tell me what happened, where did I go?
I'm pulling my hair, I lay on the floor,
the paper's aren't funny, not funny no more.

I've always been like this, since I was young,

I'm a truculent bigot, I revel in scum.

You can beat my brains, beat my brains, beat my brains,
But don't kiss me again.