

Sleep Of The Just

The Fatima Mansions

Lift up your head, lift up your head
Your room in this decade of earthquake and bile
Awaits you like a stewardess's mortuary smile

You'll miss all the fun, you'll miss all the fun
A rich man turned pauper, his death marked [a sham]
I can't get back to see it, 'til you lift up your head

Me and mine are fools, me and mine are fools
Say our elders who despise us, though we're no longer young
They're tired of our sneering, and we've blocked out their main
street's sun

They're sleeping as we rise, one punch is drunk with pride
Resides in [brutal face], sick from petrol smoke and [steak]
The few bohemians, with their too-white shopping wrists
Confide in some crimson [page]
And pray to look cute in their squalor-dyed hair
Old age

Rolled out of here, is sun bright and clear
And we hold the fortune, in our cumulous
There's nothing else on earth that I will be part of
Why waste a lifetime on soil which won't bear fruit?
And why argue with gangsters who only smile and act mute?
If he pulls that trigger, as he says he must,
Then to them, goes the last word [and then]
The sleep of the just, the sleep of the just, the sleep of the
just

But that's never enough
But that's never, never enough