

the road up to the past has long been closed
and what is that past to me now
an echo that just could not keep
a bloody slab a bricked up door
the crystal clearness of that summer morning
two lines of sulfate sparkled on the glass
the same thing happened with that echo
as with what happened in my heart
i'll take a free ride on a wooden horse
that's going round and round and up and down
don't ask me to give up my polish dreams
i ought to know just who i am
honey i'm an expert in having fun
but it seems to me like you've just had a wake
i'll sing all night i'm a loaded gun
the rich rise early and the poor sleep late
right doors won't open but the wrong one's do
why waste time waiting just walk on through
take this pill and wash it down
i'll bring out the beast in you
the road up to the past has long been closed
and what is that past to me now
an echo that just could not keep
from bouncing off a bricked up door