

Six Times

The Skids

I shot the stage, six times
Before you come
On equal, silver, grey same

The distortion throbs
While mother sobs
But all the children
And all the men
Seem content
to be back again

Heat rose from the modules, six times
Clench of a fist
Could cause this silvery, grey mist...grey mist

The distortion eased
While mother dried
But all the children
And all the men
Seem incontent
to be free again

And you entered, and you screamed
All six of us stood
And when you answered, goodnight
No one understood, No one understood
no one understood