

People Such as These

The Walkabouts

To begin, to begin, there is the first born
He who is like a melon
He who has a big nose
He who doesn't know his name
Because he drinks a lot
And he's been drunk for a long time
Does nothing with ten fingers
He can do no more than that
Completely cooked
Sees himself as king
Drunk every night
On rotgut wine
But you'll find him in the morning
Sleeping in a church
Stiff as a board
White like the dove of Easter
Sitting and stuttering
Bleary eyed
It must be said, sir, People such as these
It must be said, sir, People such as these
We do not think, We only pray

And then there is another
With carrots in his hair
Who never saw a wig a scamp with ticks
Gives the shirt off his back
To the happy poor
He who married Denise
A girl from the town
Actually from another town
And I've not finished

He does his little business
With his little hat
His little coat, his little car
Wants us to believe, he has style
But he has none at all
We shouldn't play rich
When we don't have the money
People such as these
We don't live, sir
We just trick

And then there are the others
The mother who says nothing
Or spews, anything at all
From evening to morning
From beneath her pretty face
A face like an apostle
And in the wood frame
The mustache of the father
He who died in a fall
He who watches his flock
Graze on their cold soup
He who makes big slurrrps
And now we see one of the very old

Who doesn't stop shaking
To whom nobody listens
Though it's she who holds the cash
But nobody listens
To what her poor hands say
It must be said, sir
People such as these
We don't speak, sir
People such as these
We just calculate

And then and then
And then there's Frida
Beautiful like the sun
Who loves me the same
Who I love Frida
Even though we often said
We would own a house
With many windows and few walls
That we would live there
And it'd be the good life
Of course none of it was sure thing
At best there was a small chance
Because the others didn't want it
'Cause the others didn't want it
The others they talk like this
They say she's too pretty for me
They say I am only good enough
To slit the throats of cats
But I've never killed cats
Or at least if I did, it was years ago
Or maybe I just forgot
Yes, if I did, it's because they stunk
No, in the end they didn't want it
No, in the end they didn't want it

Sometimes when we meet
We act like it's a coincidence
And with teary eyes
She says she'll leave
She says she'll follow me
And for one moment
Only one moment
That's what I believe
Just for one moment
That's what I believe
Because from people such as these
We do not escape
Because from people such as these
We do not escape
I gotta go, I gotta go
I gotta go