

## Call To The Grave

Todd Rundgren

The rain washes away and purifies  
It washed down the flesh we catered for  
And we who sell so much and wanted more  
The crows will come and peck away our eyes  
Perhaps It drove us to these tides from which we swing  
Like starlings on the wing  
Like horse's droppings on a country road  
Oh brothers learn from us, so it begins  
And pray to God that he'll forgive my sins

The girls who flaunt their breasts as bait there  
To catch some sucker who will love them  
The youth so sly, they stand and wait there  
To grab their single earnings off them  
The crooks, the tarts, the tart protectors  
The muggers and the maggots  
The psychopath, the I pray that they forgive my sin  
Someone has taken crowbar  
And caved their ugly faces in  
I only ask to know it's over  
Pray that they forgive my sin