

The World and His Dog

UFO

(instrumental)

Windows are closing, you smell the track
Traffic is heavy
Up riding the rack
Bodies are buried, freeways and wells
Boneyards with vistas
Gateways to hell

When it's all over,
You'll frown and fret
Way down the line
Where no angels tread

Soldiers are gathering, not missing a beat
A poetry reading, while reaping the wheat
Out looking for Venus
She's black marble on ice
Cut to precision
Weighted like dice

When it's all over, You'll frown and fret
Way down the line, where no angels tread
Maybe you'll make it, maybe you won't
The world and his dog, won't care if you don't

(instrumental)

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(instrumental over and out!)