Lay It Down

Spock's Beard

Children yet to be born, don't you mourn me now
'Cause the crows are in the corn
Lay it down, lay it down, lay it down, lay it down
Lay it down, lay it down, lay it downOld man's on his porch, his house burning down
When he passes you his torch
Lay it down, lay it down, lay it down, lay it down
Lay it down, lay it down, lay it downAnd the young man comes to beat his drums
And the old man sings, "Here it comes, here it comes"
And Newsweek's featured everyone by now
Lay it down now, lay it down now, lay it downWe built this house of cards, we can tear it down
When it hurts don't take it hard
Lay it down, lay it down, lay it down, lay it down
Lay it down, lay it down, lay it down

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