

Sacrificial Lambs

Warren Zevon

We're having a party
We're burning it down
We're building an idol
He's sad but he don't frown
He's the cream of the crop
So we're making him God
Start writing this down
When I give you the nod
Them Coptic monks
Knew how to keep it real
That Zoroastrian thing
That Rosicrucian deal
Well, they might be wrong
They don't give a damn
Long as they don't run out
Of sacrificial lambs
Eat my dust and I'll clean your clock
Eat my dust and we'll reel and rock
Eat my dust and I'll be your man
You can be my sacrificial lamb
Madame Blavansky
And her friends
Changed lead into gold
And back again
Krishnamurti said
"I'll set you free
Write a check
And make it out to me"
Take a look
At my family tree
Every brother and sister
Wants something for free
You get what pay for
From me, my friend
Nothing for nothing
Forever, amen
Eat my dust, you can touch my stole
Eat my dust and we'll rock and roll
Eat my dust and I'll be your man
You can be my sacrificial lamb
Smokey and the Bandit
And Saddam Hussein
Were staying up late
And acting insane
Along with Russell Crow
And Hafiz Assad
Start taking this down
When I give you the nod
The boys are all ready
They've laid out the plans
They're setting the stage

For the man made man We've worked out the kinks
In your DNA
So sayonara, kid
Have a nice day Eat my dust and I'll clean your clock
Do everything I tell you and then we'll talk
Eat my dust and I'll be your man
You can be my sacrificial lamb

Songwriters

KLEIN/ZEVON Published by

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