

# Culture Vulture

## Morning Parade

Numbers turn to money  
Ain't it funny how we're built  
To spend the whole of our lives running  
Number crunching on assumption  
There's reason in repeating rhymes  
And throwing keys and swapping wives  
As long as it's within the privacy  
Of our own private lives  
Stuck with no direction  
Seeking everyone's attention  
Out for his or hers affection  
For I've got the recollection  
No Viagra, no erection  
No insurance, no protection  
And no cure and no prevention  
Did you ever think to mention  
A smaller house, a smaller town  
where bladed gossip does the rounds  
Giant fish in tiny ponds  
Where nothing's really going on  
And everyone knows everyone  
And everybody's goings-on  
And everyone wants everyone  
To try to fuck to get along  
A-N-X-I-E-T-Y  
The booze will cut you loose  
If even for a day or two or three  
Or four or five or six or ten  
You'll never be the same again  
And people won't remember you  
Your children and your children's too  
We alone can contemplate  
And dig the hole for their remains  
A-N-X-I-E-T-Y  
Do I have you so innate  
And so uptight, yeah  
A-N-X-I-E-T-Y  
Do I have you so innate  
And so uptight  
I hope I sleep tonight  
I hope I sleep tonight  
I hope I sleep tonight  
I hope I sleep tonight  
So then you change the channel  
Turn your cheek and look the other way  
Your life now on hiatus

Checks the status of your friend's new status  
Tell them all about those bags  
Tell them all, but do be frank  
Tell them all those people died  
Let's see what's on the other side  
And no one cares 'cause no one minds  
'Cause everybody's filled their time  
With everything that's going on  
And on and on and on and on  
And on until the end of time  
No way to know about what's right  
Growing up and getting older  
Just another culture vulture

Lyrics provided by  
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