

Feed the Monkey, Drown the Worm or Goin' Home

The Falcon

I'm thirsty, oh lord, i'm so thirsty
Pour 'em and lay me on down
I'm thirsty, oh lord, i'm so thirsty
Pour 'em and lay me on down. There's nothing but windmills and smokestacks
As far as these two eyes can see
My world is crammed into this backpack
Sleep don't come easy to me. Man, I gotta get back to the city
And get back to poundin' that beat
This long list of failures ain't pretty
The smell of these trees ain't that sweet.
Fuck all that's happened before this
I'll do all my looking ahead
I'll do all my living and drinking
And sleep if off after i'm dead. These are the last days of disco, the final farewell
The fiddle is playing, that's the fire you smell.

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