Lunatic

John Popper

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Move on
And shuffle off
Winter's gift is a burning coughOnce a stranger
Always a friend
To the cold and the odd stare
And the danger
Should he ever open his mouthAnd so he bides his time
Yes, he bides his time
Yes, he bides his timeSome day he thinks he may fool everyone
And they'll give and let him live in the bright hot sunAnd so he bides his time
Yes, he bides his time
Yes, he bides his timeDoorways and hope keep him warm
Strangely calm before the storm
Quite sure that he will be free
To speak of voices he can't quite see
They tell him more than he'd ever wished to knowAnd so he bides his time
Yes, he bides his time
Yes, he bides his timeAnd when the bugle sound
Knocks the mountains down
His work will be done
Whispers in his ear he keeps him clear
For the angels when they comeSo he bides his time
Yes, he bides his time
Yes, he bides his timeTill he assumes his place
Then he'll see the face of God, of God
The ruthless King of Kings
Who keeps telling him things
That still seem oddSo he bides his time
Yes, he bides his time
Move on

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