

Swamp Thing

Tipper

I can already hear your tune
Calling me across the room
When the world and his wife
Are on my back again
Not enough pleasure
Too much pain
When the world is too much with me
Please leave, just go away
Before I lose my mind completely
Please leave, just go now
In the side street something's moving
Look around, look around, all around you
Walls are tumbling down
Stop staring at the ground
I can practically see your face
And another revolutionary falls from grace
Hear the thunder in your brain
Not enough sunshine
Too much rain
When the light of life has gone
No change for the meter
Then the king of spivs will come
Selling blood by the liter
When nothing's sacred anymore
When the demon's knocking on your door
You'll still be staring down at the floor
Not too many hours from this hour
So long? The storm comes
Or is it just another shower?
Picking up the pieces
Half alive in a nine 'til five
Vacant eyes, is it any wonder?
Primal scream at the TV screen
Close your eyes
Now the world is too much with me
Please leave, just go away
Before I lose my mind completely
Just leave, please go now
Now nothing's sacred anymore
When the demon's breaking down your door
You'll still be staring down at the floor
Not too many hours from this hour
So long? Now the storm has come
Or is it just another shower?

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