Dancing to the Devil's Beat

Strawbs

CousinsThe baker told the blind man
I've been watching you for weeks
Smiling when you cross the road.The blind man to his credit
Was both generous and kind
He never heard the bomb explode.They found his wounded wallet
Hanging from the banker's sign
His white stick was a crumpled mess.Remains of him were vaporised
Apart from one big fist
The banker never did confess.He sailed into the sunrise
With a crw of lady boys
Howling like a dog on heat.
Money is the root of evil
Join him on the deck
Dancing to the devil's beat.The Minister for Pleasure
With a flick of his own wrist
Tossed a story to the waiting press.In truth we are determined
He said through gritted teeth
Government is handing the mess.The press reported little
There was little to report
Sickness spreading through the ranks.Disease was not contagious
It paralysed the tongue
The banker spat at them with thanks.The blind man showed remorse
With his bent and twisted stick
Wading in the blood around his feet.
The Minister for Pleasure
Was first up on the floor
Dancing to the devil's beat.A lean and hungry colleague
Asked me just the other day
'Who are you to criticize excess ?'.I told him to his face
He was hiding in a bubble
Living out the dream of his success.Without his old white stick
He was walking the plank
Pirates to his left and right.While his heavy burden
Had been lifted for a while
His pot of gold was out of sight.No one gives him space
In these twisted tangled times
Contempt they say is bitter sweet.You will always find him
Seething in the shadows
Dancing to the devil's beat.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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