

Buddy in the Parade

Hop Along

I heard you were the king
you didn't leave behind
a goddamn thing
Why did I look
into the dim eye of the mole?
There was no silence there
many voices spoke
Thinking I died
I tried to listen
I saw one hundred saddles
without horses, galloping.
Get outta here, go home
That's what you used to
play at shows
Sister Sister Sister
watches the furniture go.
She didn't have the scratch
to keep you in that sorry hole
Money Money Money don't
let you sleep
switching graves in the cemetery
they buried you so many times
can't find your body
Get outta here, go home
That's what you used to play
at the ends of shows
In the middle of the parade
you were frothing at the mouth
"Didn't he ramble til the butcher
cut him down?"
Fool, all you touch on this
turning dream
is either gonna be burned
or buried
All your jewelry goes around
from town to town
All your pretty ones, I'm not gonna say
where they are now
Get outta here, go home

That's what you used to play
at the ends of shows
In the middle of the parade
you were frothing at the mouth
Children, turn on your
radio and don't go out

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

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>