

# Dead From the Waist Down

## Catatonia

The sun is shining  
We should be making hay  
But we're dead from the waist down  
Like in Californ-i-a  
Victory is empty  
There are lessons in defeat  
But we're dead from the waist down  
We are sleeping on our feet  
We stole the songs from birds in trees  
Bought us time on easy street  
Now our paths, they never meet  
We chose to court and flatter greed  
Ego-disposability  
I caught a glimpse and it's not me  
Make hay not war  
Make hay not war  
Or else you're done for  
When we're D from the W down  
There's no contracts binding  
No bad scene beyond repair  
But when you're dead from the waist down  
You're too far gone to even care  
We stole the songs from birds in trees  
Bought us time on easy street  
Now our paths, they never meet  
We chose to court and flatter greed  
Ego-disposability  
I caught a glimpse and it's not me  
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Songwriters

ROBERTS/MATTHEWS/JONES/RICHARDS/POWELLPublished by

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