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 meMake hay not war
Make hay not war
Make hay not war
Or else you're done for
When we're D from the W downThere'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
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Songwriters
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