

# Lay It Down

## Spock's Beard

Children yet to be born, don't you mourn me now  
'Cause the crows are in the corn  
Lay it down, lay it down, lay it down, lay it down  
Lay it down, lay it down, lay it down Old man's on his porch, his house burning down  
When he passes you his torch  
Lay it down, lay it down, lay it down, lay it down  
Lay it down, lay it down, lay it down And the young man comes to beat his drums  
And the old man sings, "Here it comes, here it comes"  
And Newsweek's featured everyone by now  
Lay it down now, lay it down now, lay it down We built this house of cards, we can tear it down  
When it hurts don't take it hard  
Lay it down, lay it down, lay it down, lay it down  
Lay it down, lay it down, lay it down And the wild man brings his wild man things  
And the press keeps pressing on the pressure king  
And the drums are beating everywhere by now  
Lay it down now, lay it down now, lay it down

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