

# Crystal Palace

[Stan Ridgway](#)

Movin' kinda slow, no I never had much balance  
Why does everyone I know keep makin' lots a' dough  
I guess I'll find out soon when I get to that crystal palace in the sky I've heard stories second hand about it's  
grand interior  
Its gold and silver strands, cathedral ceilings way up high  
All the furnishing's unique when you get to your crystal palace in the sky Well, I've worked as a part time circus  
boy  
Collected cans down saticoy  
And patiently put forth my master plan I've imagined futures and full plates  
And slept with every subliminal tape  
But now I'm so angry at someone  
My contract is in breach  
Why must my crystal palace be on hold this week? I feel lucky I suppose, at least we're all still breathin'  
Stuck here in escrow, just a' waitin' out our loan  
But no big armed patrol will stop me when I get to my crystal palace by and by And it'll be my way or the  
highway  
Gettin' to my crystal palace in the sky

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>