POLKA

Dmitri Shostakovich

Brother hold your head this way,
and bustle to the front of the line;
cos if they catch your eyes before you get inside
Well, youll never be allowed.
People got a name for us
cos we escape the strain of the days
Oh we stretch at the sides and bend in the middle
But we never ever break.But if youre feeling that way now,
Or if you ever feel so inclined -
Skip past the doors of boring forty somethings and rise.
Oh, and if you want to lose your frown,
Or your name or even your face -
Lick up a dream that seemingly sings with whistling neon breath.Come and have a drink with us,
A little wine or a nice champagne?
Oh thanks thats nice, and I would decline,
But at night things seem to change.
People got a name for us,
cos we escape the strain of the days -
Oh we stretch at the sides and bend in our minds
But well never ever change.And if youre feeling that way now,
Or if you ever feel so inclined,
Well, kick in the shins of all those fucking whingers and rise.
Oh and if you want to lose your frown,
Or your name or even your face,
Lick up a dream that seemingly sings with whistling neon breath.Sid was at the gates of dawn,
And Jimmy said ride the snake:
So we bent our spoons and howled at the moon
To find what science replaced.
And it turns out it aint that much
Though I may have missed it in the haze -
Oh drips in the mind and fills up your eyes
But well never be the same.
(Shhh)
But if youre ever coming down,
Or if you ever take too much -
Remember thats much better than never ever getting enough.
So if your want to lose your frown,
Or your name or even your face,
Lick up a dream that seemingly screams with rushing neon death.All your spirits gone, and you are barley alive.

You hand me a smoke, though its like you hardly notice.
And its sad I suppose - When I look into your eyes you say:
It seems to go this way, no matter whats at stake,
Oh it seems to go this way with everything I start!(Solo)So if youre feeling that way now,
Or if you ever feel so inclined -
Skip past the doors of boring forty somethings and rise.
Oh but if you want to loose your frown,
Or your name or even your face -
Lick up a dream that seemingly sings with rushing neon death.

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