Jim

Rose Murphy

Its time/to sleep/its time/to leave.
To loose/the binds/to loose/a mind.
Time to/exhale/to drink the green sea/to drift/ upon/ the scarlet breeze.
It's time/It's time/It's time to begin. It's time/it's time/it's time to just leave...
Let's raise up our hands in prayer, walk barefoot upon this carpet of air. Let's string up the man at the top of the stairs. Let's piss on the city thats burning down there...
Jim/ Jim/ Jim oh Jim. Jim / Jim/ its time to begin, Ride your mechanical bitch to heaven. Ride your beautiful bitch to the ultimate sin. Don't cry. Sweet plum, no regrets - we will strangle you up in the loft. These methadrine teeth are piled up in the sink and your mother is screaming to finish him off...
Now heaven will come, we will rise again. heaven will come, we will win. It is 200 miles to the place where we begin. Yes heaven will come, we will win...

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