

On Returning

Wire

You'll be sorry when the sun has roasted you to
Lobster red, nothing said
When yellow has turned green to brown, divide by four
Multiply by nine, describe your divisions, anatomical derision
Lobster head and lobster feet
On arriving with a third language
Tucked into your brief case, next to your toothbrush
Along with a copy of the Nouvelle Observateure
While your sons and daughters who registered naught
Under intensive electronic scanning
You regard your body with regard to events
With which nothing planned
Never lacked a sense of theater
On returning with the tab you've gained
A head of world service, the best of your culture
An evening of fun in the metropolis of your dream

Songwriters

GRAHAM LEWIS, COLIN NEWMAN

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