

Proposition 61

The Most Serene Republic

What we need is a good jump kick, jump kick
To the head to get our ambitions in gear
For example, Jude at the party was taking her clothes off
Below the constellations Outside the people, they pranced becoming lord of the dance
Another typical social plights
We greeted them with conversation and delight
Since Jude was mad at her dream for landing nowhere near the marker To a boat on a island where nobodys been
Except your best memories and your favorite friends
There ain't no self fished for dinner This is a place, is a place, is a place, is a place
Is a place that's soft down in a chair
Well talk till the break, till the break, till the break
Till the sun comes up like the signal flare Jude trailed off the trail, got her tail caught in a fail-proof safe
Didn't really fail for a night in jail with pale hail of everywhere
The nightingale did escape the whale
Couldn't we survive, they are fed alive, we all cried
Because she went and jumped overboard She took a sad song, made it sadder
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