

1967

Adrian Belew

Last night
I took a walk into the back of my mind
Through the trash and the warning signs
There was a party full of jokes and clich's
I couldn't think of anything to say
And so I slipped into the men's room there
I saw my hair a way it's never been before I took the stairs from my head to my heart
I didn't know they were so far apart
The heart is like a little chapel somewhere,
The pretty lights and the empty chairs
But I'm gonna bring a broom next time
I'll sweep out all the broken strings I find She walks me down to my private train
And lays me down in my sleeping car
She keeps my elephant out of the rain
And sees to the care of my vintage cars
She is the blood of my life
Without her I would starve Who you gonna run to?
Who you gonna hide behind?
Who you gonna turn to
When there's nobody home but you? What's a father to do
With all theses school-less injuns
Running in circles around the wagons
What's a father to do
With all these monster debts
Around my neck
On a sad sun deck
Oh, my children, the times are jaded
The simple life is complicated
Oh, my children Now if the dark of the night
Arrives in the middle of the day
I'm gonna say my prayer
For sweetness and light,
Gonna fix myself a Coke,
And hope it's alright If the bat-winged beast sweep down
For a feast on me
I'm gonna pin my soul
To a hot-air balloon
Gonna make it pop
And shoot me to the moon Now you've had another piece of my mind,

A cup of coffee and a slice of time
If you'll excuse me I should say goodbye
I gotta go now.

Songwriters

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