

Culture Vulture

Morning Parade

Numbers turn to money
Ain't it funny how we're built
To spend the whole of our lives running
Number crunching on assumption
There's reason in repeating rhymes
And throwing keys and swapping wives
As long as it's within the privacy
Of our own private lives
Stuck with no direction
Seeking everyone's attention
Out for his or hers affection
For I've got the recollection
No Viagra, no erection
No insurance, no protection
And no cure and no prevention
Did you ever think to mention
A smaller house, a smaller town
where bladed gossip does the rounds
Giant fish in tiny ponds
Where nothing's really going on
And everyone knows everyone
And everybody's goings-on
And everyone wants everyone
To try to fuck to get along
A-N-X-I-E-T-Y
The booze will cut you loose
If even for a day or two or three
Or four or five or six or ten
You'll never be the same again
And people won't remember you
Your children and your children's too
We alone can contemplate
And dig the hole for their remains
A-N-X-I-E-T-Y
Do I have you so innate
And so uptight, yeah
A-N-X-I-E-T-Y
Do I have you so innate
And so uptight
I hope I sleep tonight
I hope I sleep tonight
I hope I sleep tonight
So then you change the channel
Turn your cheek and look the other way
Your life now on hiatus

Checks the status of your friend's new status
Tell them all about those bags
Tell them all, but do be frank
Tell them all those people died
Let's see what's on the other side And no one cares 'cause no one minds
'Cause everybody's filled their time
With everything that's going on
And on and on and on and on
And on until the end of time
No way to know about what's right
Growing up and getting older
Just another culture vulture

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