

The Man Who Loved Beer

David Byrne

To whom can I speak today
The brothers they are equal
But the old friends of today
They have become unlovable
To whom can I speak today
The gentleness has perished
And the violent man has
Come down on everyone
To whom can I speak today
The wrong which roams the earth
There can be no end to it
It is just unstoppable
Death is in my sights today
As when a man desires
To see home after many years in jail
February through December
We have such a tragic year
As separate as the fingers
Suddenly as one as the hand
And the violent man
Has come down on everyone
And the violent man
Has come down on everyone

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