

Share the End

Carly Simon

Here come the priests, each one wailing and bemoaning
Lordy, they got their heads bowed down
Here come the madmen, they're too excited for atoning:
"Burn the mosque," they're shouting, "Burn it down!" Save me a place, surround me with friendly faces
All of us have gathered here to share the end
To watch the world go up in flames Please, Lord we're not ready
Give us a day
Give us an hour Here come the kings, Let's dispense with their apologizing
Just bring on the acrobats and clowns
Here comes the rumble, Hang on for universal dying
Please ignore the baying of the hounds Save me a place, surround me with deadly faces
All of us have gathered here to share the end -
To watch the world go up in flames Please, Lord we're not ready
Give us some time to work things out
Please, Lord we're not ready
Give us a day
Give us an hour
Please, Lord we're not ready
Give us some time to work things out
Please, Lord we're not ready
Give us a day
Give us an hour

Songwriters

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