

Hymn from a Village

James

This songs made up, made second rate
Cosmetic music, powderpuff
Pop tunes, false rhymes, all lightweight bluffs
Second-hand ideas, no soul, no hate
Wasn't mean to be
Built on complacency
The nightmares ride away
When you refuse to play
Oh go and read a book
It's so much more worth while
Being a song-smith crook
Study death in style
Death in style This language used is all worn out
A walking corpse that won't play dead
Disease dragged on from bed to bed
Pay for your twist, paid for shout
Wasn't meant to be
Built on complacency
Open your eyes and see
That lie is not for we Raise a rope and a knife
Cut it out - the lie
I don't want to decay
Take the short cut away
Oh go and read a book
It's so much more worthwhile
Being a song-smith crook
Study death in style
Study death in style Heard you calling through the drumbeat
Answered with sticks and bones
Scream, shout, and dance about the campfire
You can hear the question, can you feel the reply? Heard you calling through the drumbeat
Heard you calling through the drumbeat
Can you hear the question, feel the reply?
Can you hear the question, feel the reply?
Hymn from a village
The hymn from a village

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