

# Well Done Sonny

## The Weather Prophets

Lawyers and accountants, naked bodies and blood  
Bandages and helicopters, platitudes and fools  
Someone get a doctor says the blade faced girl  
And the clown head smiles and the bubble bursts

Beer cans, leather hands, dirt shiny jeans  
Muscle fingers, midnight fires and bad, bad dreams  
A helicopter sky full of eat your words smiles  
Cross yourself in jest but the moment is soon

Searching the crowd for the man with the lion against you  
And I'm searching the crowd for the man who's aligned against you  
Here he comes, here he comes  
The circus has begun  
And blood been saying please spare time for a change  
A baby character stands so stiff  
A station starts across her stare

Pull the red rose  
Make believe devil  
Move around in circles  
Chew on the air

A naked face and body  
Makes a break for the stage  
These devils are real and you're going nowhere  
Make the sign of a wolf  
Put your hands to your mouth  
Act like a creature  
Put your arms in the air  
Pray that it's all right and it doesn't matter that you care  
Sat heavy with fear you just don't matter

I'm watching the crowd. Don't touch that bike.  
And I'm watching the crowd or a man with a knife  
See him sleeves of white  
See the gun against her dread  
See the struggle see the I'll be dead  
See you watch her face of fear a nothingness

I said now what can a poor boy do  
When he sees green turn to red  
Except get the executioner to throw flowers on the dead  
Oh walk, walk away  
Fly, fly away,  
Try to forget  
Said what can anybody do except run away from this  
Run away

Lyrics Submitted by Kedjy

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