

A Sad Lament

Orange Juice

You came exactly on the hour
You know such precision worries me
I like it but in her mower [unknown]
As you watch me from the balcony Take the stage and take the plunge
Break a leg or a bust a lung
I'll disarm those who carry guns
And neutralize their caustic tongues The shattered fragments of a star
Shining with a cruel content
We'll make our way to Tommy's Bar
While whistling a sad lament That's what you are
That's what you are
That's what you are
That's what you are
What you are

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