The Spectator

Lubricated Goat

The birds are up when he collapses through the door
Spilling out in constellations on the floor
Soaked in liquor he's soft as bread
And everything that's left of him to beckon to his bed

He is a nocturnal always alone
But you'll speak in secret codes
That he has never known
In this world, but not of it
So he watches from above it
A visitor here, this is not home

I am the spectator
I can see the world passing by from here
I am just a child, to a man
Back to the dust where i began
I was never even here at all
I am the spectator
I am the spectator

His eyes, like two cats, scratching in his head
Begging him for sleep, starving for a bed
But sleep, it never comes
so he ticks the time away
Hour after hour, hear them play their bells go

Chime chime chime, ticking ticking time
Chime chime chime, ticking ticking time

I am the spectator
I can see the world passing by from here
I am just a child, to a man
Back to the dust where i began
I was never even here at all
I am the spectator
I am the spectator
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And the bells go

Chime chime chime, ticking ticking time (x3)

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