

David Byrne, Crash

I met my love at a funeral
I'm tired of good-byes and burials
Friends I have known
Some I just met
Standing around
It's hard to forget - now isn't it?

The war started in Bethlehem
A quarrel between holy men
Rocket's red glare
Night without end
Burning my eyes
It's hard to forget - now isn't it?

And if our cells are our destiny
I want to be free of biology
You are my friend
But I hurt you, too
It is not what
I intended to do
I saw my love by the restaurant
Diggin' for home fries in a garbage can
Ice cream and cake
Sweetness and light
A bottle of wine
Now that would be nice - wouldn't it?