

# Hawksley Workman, Killed By The Common Cold

Killed by the common cold.  
Rock and roll is getting old  
And savages we need to be  
The future depends on how far back we can see

So turn off the TV  
I don't need any more reason to fear that the end is near  
That seems perfectly clear

And suffering has strange appeal(?)  
The thing you held onto is no longer real  
Lovers lie silent in bed  
Not really living, but, not really dead

So turn off the TV  
The empty colonial powers that be  
are now running scared  
from the tolling bell (?)

And mythical Jesus, you died for our sins  
or was it a license for the things that we did  
in the name of advancement, in God and in fear  
Beautiful Jesus, what are we doing here

A posthumous word to thee  
An account of a spiritual bankruptcy  
Like a note left beside the bed  
When you read it don't cry or shake your head

We're a spark in eternity  
That so briefly lit up what should never have been