

# Richard Thompson, Outside Of The Inside

(Richard Thompson)

God never listened to Charlie Parker  
Charlie Parker lived in vain  
Blasphemer, womaniser,  
Let a needle numb his brain  
Wash away his monkey music  
Damn his demons, Damn his pain

And what's the point of Albert Einstein  
What do we need Physics for?  
Heresy's his inspiration  
Corrupt and rotten to the core  
Curse his devious mathematics  
Curse his deadly atom war

There's a message on the wind  
Calling me to glory somewhere  
There are signs too deep for the dumb  
Like perfume in the air  
And when I get to Heaven  
I won't realise I'm there

Shakespeare, Isaac Newton  
Small ideas for little boys  
Adding to the senseless chatter  
Adding to the background noise  
Hard to hear my oratory  
Hard to hear my inner voice

Van gogh, Botticelli  
Scraping paint onto a board  
Colour is the fuel of madness  
That's no way to praise the Lord  
Grey's the colour of the pious  
Knelt upon the misericord

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I'm familiar with the cover  
I don't need to read the book  
I police the world of action  
Inside's where I never look  
Got no time to help the worthless  
Lotus-eaters, Mandarins, crooks

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