

# Robert Pollard, People Are Leaving

People are leaving  
In total frustration  
The throw up their hands  
People are leaving  
As I stomp into spring  
(that don't mean a thing)

So:  
The angels are making circles  
A gift to every naked fat baby  
But everyone's leaving  
To look for a new place to dance

And drilling the heart with sparrows  
We'll try to get up from the ages  
And re-write the book of the pharaohs  
At least add a couple of pages  
And dance  
Before everyone leaves

The servants are making a promise

We'll all rise above the depression  
The angels are making new circles  
A gift to every naked fat baby