

Spock's Beard, Lay It Down

Children yet to be born
Don't you mourn me now
'Cause the crows are in the corn
Lay it down, lay it down

Old man's on his porch
His house burning down
When he passes you his torch
Lay it down, lay it down

And the young man comes
To beat his drums
And the old man sings
'Here it comes, here it comes'
And Newsweek's featured
everyone by now
Lay it down, lay it down now
Lay it down

We built this house of cards
We can tear it down
When it hurts don't take it hard
Lay it down, lay it down

And the wildman brings
His wild man things
While the press keeps
Pressing on the pressure king
And the drums are beating
Everywhere by now
Lay it down, lay it down
Lay it down