

# 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