

Talking Heads, Cool Water

Day by day ... Whistle while you work ... Our
backs are breaking ... Up from hollow earth ...
From end to end ... The noise begins ... In the
human battle stations ... And the big one's
coming in

Work, work, work, work ... Work till holes are
filled ... Work, work, work, work ... Bags of
bone and skin ... Lovers hold hands ... Tossing
their heads ... Tangled in hair ... Tied to earth
... With skin and glue

But their skin is the same as yours
Coming in for the world to see
They can sit at the table, too
The same blood as you and me

Speak very softly .. Hold my hand ... Someone is
sleeping ... In my bed ... Priests pass by ...
Worms crawl in ... One dreams to be ... One dream
for all
His skin is the same as yours
Is he not made the same as you?
And some have fallen down
And blood spilled on the ground

Work, work,work
Till his life is doneu
The old man .. Is at our door ... And he's
knocking ... knocking ... As his neighbors weep
... Each day repeats ... Are we nothing in your
eyes? ... Someone answer, someone answer ... This
rusted garden gate ... Can barely even stand ...
Their work is over now ... And rest will be at
hand

Is their skin not the same as yours?
Can they sit at the table to drink
Cool water
Cool wateru
And his lungs are filled with rain...
And the water's rushing in...