

# Walkabouts, Who-Knows-What

I waited all day  
And it seemed like one day too many

To find out who knows what  
And why all the gallons are hanging

Deadmen are sneaking  
Over thr hills  
Something forgotten  
Is going on there still

I waited all day  
and still it seemed like one day too many

Down in the basement  
With gunfire closer than distant

And upstairs the band  
Played a cynical waltz

The whole world a blamin'  
When it's everyone's fault

Who knows what  
Who knows what

Tell me what kind of  
Is at the end of the world who knows what

What kind of is at the end of the world who knows what