

Wall Of Voodoo, Far Side Of Crazy

I'm Pilate and Jesus
And I wept when Lennon died
Yet I envied his assailant
When I visited the shrine
I cried for all those Beatle Fans
So old so quick they grow
I follow the example to destroy
What I love most

And I remain on the far side of crazy
I remain the mortal enemy of man
No hundred dollar cure will save me
Can't stay a boy in no man's land

I once hid my lust for stardom
Like a filthy magazine
I stroked the shaft on my guitar
And watched you on the screen
I've become now what I wanted
To be all along a psychopathic poet
The Devil's bastard son

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I shot an actor for an actress
But he lived to make a joke
Shot two other men who could have been
The bodys of my folks
I stagger toward the future
I stagger day to day
Plot revenge inside of darkness
I am withering in pain

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