Brian Eno & David Byrne, Poor Boy

A truck parked this morning- outside the groc'ry store
Friends face the future- they're wearin' summer clothes

Great cosmic forces- like fallin' dominoes
I love talking funny- it's the only song I know

Sweet smart and sexy- the day my life began
Burnt out and damaged- I dragged my body home

This slice is runny- it's dripping down my clothes
Flies stick to honey- it's the only game they know

Poor Boy-I walk into the river in my hat and shoes
Poor Boy-I'm sittin' at the table with a knife and spoon

Life fast die happy- don't let your panties show
I trust market forces- it's the only song I know

So come and rock my soul- where sin and sorry lie
White horses carry me- unto the other side

Poor Boy-I'm livin' in a country where my thoughts are cold
Poor Boy-I'm waitin' for the harvest of the seeds I sow

A flower in the night- with thoughts of days gone
I've got to ring that bell- and I'll be satisfied

Poor Boy- I'm wearin' silver slippers and a long white gown
Poor boy- I picture in my mind the day the walls come down

Poor Boy- I'm livin' in a country where I'm never free
Poor Boy- I'm writing down the names of all the things I see-