

Charlie Sexton, You Don't Belong Here

She said, "Ain't this some congregation?
Ain't this some kind of crowd?"
Spit in the eye of creation
So educated and powers
Their plans are outrageous
And the tales are so tall
The conversation's contagious
But their talk is so small
Sidewalks and the streets
Are overflowing with dread
Every night down here
Is night of the living dead
You don't belong here
You know it's true
Oh, you look all wrong here
Don't know how to act or do
But you know sometimes I think
I don't belong here too
Walking down the fire
It's like shedding your skin
And throw your clothes out the window
Oh, face the person within
It's like dying in public
It's like learning to fly
Leaving the world behind you
It's like being born thrice
You're probably right, all right
But this is my home
What kind of home is that
Living on long death row?
You don't belong here
You're just passing through
Oh, you look around here
Man, you're just not that cruel
You don't belong here
You should know it's true
Oh, you don't belong here
You don't know how to act or do
But you know sometimes I think
You will be leaving soon
She thought that he was a king of the world
But he was walking 'round in rags
She told him who the king of the world really was
She told, told him to pack his bags
It was a Saturday night
It was the end of our worlds
It was a fantastic fight
Oh, was impressing the girls
We was impressing the Russians
Even impressed the Chinese
We had 'em running for cover
We had 'em down on their knees
Broke the code
And surround the building at dawn
But they had disappeared mysteriously
Meanwhile the war rages on
You don't belong here
Yes, you know it's true
Oh, you won't last long here
Man, you're just not that cruel
Oh, you don't belong here
You should know it's true
Oh, you don't belong here
Man, you're just not that cruel

