

# David Byrne, Burnt By The Sun

Atom-smashers in the cocktail lounge tonight  
Opera singers in the graveyard keeping time  
And the DJ mixes them all  
And the music rhymes but it crawls  
And the music comes from hydrogen bombs  
Rock bands died when amateurs won  
Data in a hurry, using the new rubble  
Wipe it up baby, gonna get yourself in trouble

We were burnt by the sun  
Having way too much fun  
Sleepless downtown overload  
Does the daylight bring you down?

Money pours down and it drowns the little man  
Parking lot attendants stuff their pockets with their hands  
And the children laugh in your face  
They can see what you have erased  
When dogs make love they don't look at themselves  
Checking out each other by the way that they smell  
Rubbing and a'scratching, itching all the time  
Stop me if I talk too much, do another line

We were burnt by the sun  
Having way too much fun  
The church of private enterprise  
Did the daylight bring you down?

I love salt, I love sweets  
I know there's danger but I fall asleep  
The curves, the gasps, the love of life  
Headlines, gum box, faceless paradise

Life rafts bobbing at the bottom of the pier  
Wood burns faster if it's soaked in gasoline  
All these towns look the same, everybody's clean  
Roll 'em out, cheap and fast, kiss me when I fall

We were burnt by the sun  
Having way too much fun  
Sleepless downtown overload  
Did I stay outside too long?

Alcohol, razor-blades  
All the clouds are miles away  
Take me down, far away  
Everyone's on holiday  
Alcohol, razor-blades  
All the clouds are miles away  
Take me now, fly away  
Everyone's on holiday  
All the clouds are miles away  
All the clouds are miles away  
Everyone's on holiday  
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