Envy And Other Sins, Step Across

I've got no time for your apologies,
Your butter-wouldn't-melt demeanour doesn't wash with me.
Old Julius, he knew just what he'd done,
He said "you've got to take your chance 'cos you might never get another one
So "Carpe Diem" as those Romans say,
You've got to learn to turn and seize the day.
The day the cat's away, the mice will play,
They'll get their guitars out and they will play, play, play.

Take my hand, lead me on to the banks of the Rubicon,
Step across and it won't be long tonight.

Talk is cheap these days, it's everywhere,
The radio waves are flying through the air.
If you scream your lungs out you just might me heard,
So you'd better be saying something more than words, words, words.

Shake my hand, tell me "Son, you're on the banks of the Rubicon,
Step across and you won't belong that side.