

# Genesis, The Lamb Lies Down On The Broadway

Play me Old King Cole  
That I may join with you  
All your hearts now seem so far from me  
It hardly seems to matter now  
And the nurse will tell you lies  
Of a kingdom beyond the skies  
But I am lost within this half-world  
It hardly seems to matter now  
Play me my song  
Here it comes again  
Play me my song  
Here it comes again  
Just a little bit  
Just a little bit more time  
Time left to live out my life  
Play me my song  
Here it comes again  
Play me my song  
Here it comes again  
Old King Cole was a merry old soul  
And a merry old soul was he  
So he called for his pipe  
And he called for his bowl  
And he called for his fiddlers three  
The clock, tick tock  
On the mantelpiece  
And I want  
And I feel  
And I know  
And I touch  
The wall  
She's a lady, she's got time  
Brush back your hair  
And let me get to know your face  
She's a lady, she is mine  
Brush back your hair  
And let me get to know your flesh  
I've been waiting here for so long  
And all the time that passed me by  
It doesn't seem to matter now  
You stand there with your fixed expression  
Casting doubt on all I have to say  
Why don't you touch me, touch me  
Why don't you touch me, touch me  
Touch me now, now, now, now, now  
Now, now, now, now, now  
Now, now, now, now, now  
Now, now, now, now, now ...