

Horse Feathers, Finch On Saturday

Boys, they've got wicked things on their minds.
Before the father said you're toin' the line.
Like a finch on Saturday, sin with wings.
Give your tongue to God, on Sunday sing.
It all seems fine. These things are off your mind. Remember we're born to die,
but she was born to cry.
To cry herself to sleep.
Red cowards in the home of the brave.
Rather the knaves and crooks that twist the good book.
Peasants, paupers, pilgrims they are the same.
They give their dollars to God but they need their pay.
It all seems fine. These things are off your mind. Remember we're born to die,
but she was born to cry.
To cry herself to sleep.