

# Murder By Death, Five Years

Pushing through the market square  
so many mothers sighing  
News had just come over  
we had five years left to cry in

News guy wept and told us  
earth was really dying  
Cried so much his face was wet  
then I knew he was not lying

I heard telephones, opera house, favourite melodies  
I saw boys, toys electric irons and T.V.'s  
My brain hurt like a warehouse  
it had no room to spare  
I had to cram so many things  
to store everything in there  
And all the fat-skinny people, and all the tall-short people  
And all the nobody people, and all the somebody people  
I never thought I'd need so many people

A girl my age went off her head  
Hit some tiny children  
If the black hadn't a-pulled her off, I think she would have killed them

A soldier with a broken arm, fixed his stare to the wheels of a Cadillac  
A cop knelt and kissed the feet of a priest  
And a queer threw up at the sight of that  
I think I saw you in an ice-cream parlour  
Drinking milk shakes cold and long  
Smiling and waving and looking so fine  
Don't think you knew you were in this song

And it was cold and it rained so I felt like an actor  
And I thought of Ma and I wanted to get back there  
Your face, your race, the way that you talk  
I kiss you, you're beautiful, I want you to walk

We've got five years, stuck on my eyes  
We've got five years, what a surprise  
We've got five years, my brain hurts a lot  
We've got five years, that's all we've got