

Pretty Things, Sickle Clowns

Down by the river
Three sickle mounted souls,
Lay wined on the green leaf,
Digging their rock 'n' roll,
Hey hey, digging their rock 'n' roll.
Slashed by the wild geese,
The silence it did tear,
Sticks swung in violence,
You america murdered there
Hey hey, young america murdered there.
As one soul lay dying,
Only two were there to care.
On through the valleys,
Sad sickle clowns they ride.
Pressed tight against morning,
Beneath the blackened sky.
Hey hey, beneath the blackened sky.
There on a hill of gold

Wild children play.
They bend to pick the flowers.
The sun dissolves the day.
Hey hey, the sun dissolves the day.
If you can't close one eye,
Then turn the other way.
Faces bark in anger,
With savage bitter words,
Twist against the friendship,
With rapid shots they're blurred.
Hey hey, with rapid shots they're blurred.
There by the highway
Two sickles melt in flames.
They burn without the knowledge
Of why their lives were claimed,
Hey hey, why their lives were claimed.
As the smoke drifts skyward
We search for those to blame