

Robert Wyatt, War Without Blood

Half the time is pantomime
half the time it's only make believe
heaven knows, heaven only knows
it's anaemic as hell with it's soft syckle cell

but still the moving target's hit
we stop them in their tracks
with modern artefacts
till the gutter turns to mud
the show goes down a bomb
with modern artefacts

after death occurs, the show must go on, and off and on
and over time, the three days week, the monthly board
roll by to fill the greater mas cavities hold our teeth
apart it's too much to take in, it's too much to take in
it's too much to take in.

Till we learn to loose the game
we'll always play the game.