

# Roger Clyne & The Peacemakers, Lemons

I'm sailing the seas of red wine  
I'm strummin' this nonsense tune  
Adding my voice to a rebel serenade  
Echoing off a waxin' moon

And I have crumpled our paper captain  
Now who will lead this swarthy crew?  
Tear the teeth off the gears, keep 'em as souvenirs boys!  
The world needs a few good mutineers now

Sometimes I slumber on a bed of roses  
Sometimes I crash in the weeds  
One day a bowl full of cherries  
One night I'm suckin' on lemons and spittin' out the seeds

I am the fat native, skinny-dippin, semi-professional tourist  
a gold watch at the bottom of the sea  
Tis time I depose of those petty tyrants  
One on the throne, One inside me

Bring on the change  
Let's keep it simple now  
Don't confuse your wants with your needs  
Believe in Love, forsake your greed  
And give away what you want to receive

&quot;what you say?!&quot;

Give away what you want to receive

&quot;what you say?!&quot;