

Scott Walker, Bolivia '95

Doctorie
give me a
C
for this
babaloo

opiate me
with that key doctor
babaloo

Please
don't you laugh doc
Manos arriba bien

With springs tickling
less than two feet
from your chin

Lemon Bloody Cola
Lemon Bloody Cola
Lemon Bloody Cola

gonna sponge you down
gonna sponge you down

Save the crops and the bodies
from illness
from pestilence hunger and war
I journey each night like a Saint
to stand on this straw floor
our uniforms are loose
they look flimsy
night black shadows
under the peaks of our caps
shaved up to August
I still hear them singing

babaloo
babaloo

Lemon Bloody Cola
Lemon Bloody Cola
Lemon Bloody Cola

gonna sponge you down
gonna sponge you down

Hey you
Hey you
This isn't through

Opiate me
just for
me
with my
babaloo

please dont you laugh?
Manos arriba bien

again and again
again and again

Lemon Bloody Cola

Lemon Bloody Cola
Lemon Bloody Cola

gonna sponge you down
gonna sponge you down

I journey tonight I'm a saint
to stand on this straw floor

The tiles speckling
darker and darker
around my feet