

# Scott Walker, Plastic Palace People

Over the rooftop sails Billy  
A string tied to his underwear  
Through cobbled stone streets a child races  
And shouts "Billy, come down from there";

"My mother's calling" his voice whimpers  
A string clutched in his tiny hand  
Not till I've seen the sky's not lit up  
In tears, child try and understand  
Don't pull the string, Don't bring me down  
Don't make me land

Plastic palace people  
Sing silent songs, they dream too long  
Their memories just stare  
Plastic palace Alice  
She steals her cards tomorrow deals  
With deafening despair

Hurry, you've got to get in line  
Your nose might start to shine  
And sweat it out and dance about  
The whole eternal life

A harvest of stars surrounds Billy  
The night clings to his happy eyes  
A sleeping town square beneath a fountain  
A child murmurs a weary sigh  
My mother weeps, And weaves her hair  
With worries please, Come down from there

Plastic palace people  
Through fields of clay and granite grey  
They play without a sound  
Plastic palace Alice  
Blows gaping holes to store her fears  
Inside her lovers head

Listen, they're laughing in the halls  
They rip your face with lies  
To buzzing eyes you cry for help  
Like gods they bark replies

Over the rooftops burns Billy  
Balloon sadly the string descends  
Searching its way down through blue submarine air  
The polka dot underwear  
To meet the trees, In morning square  
Just hanging there, Just hanging there