

Sixpence None the Richer, Anything

This is my forty-fifth depressing tune
They're looking for money as they clean my artistic womb
And when I give birth to the child I must take to flight
'Cause the black in our pocket won't let us fight
A proper fight

So hey baby
Can you shed some light on the problem maybe
'Cause we're all tired and we'd like to know
If we should pack our tents, shut down the show
Yes, we should like to see a burning bush-type sign
But anything would be fine

We're all told to dance but we never picked the tune
Hanging like puppets they feed us from bent steel spoons
But we're sealing our lips for the someday when the needle
And the vinyl play all the songs of the pain
Songs that explain
All our circles and strains

So hey baby
Can you shed some light on the problem maybe
'Cause we're all crying and we'd like to know
If we should pack our tents, shut down the show
Yes, we should like to see a burning bush-type sign
But anything would be fine

We're all dying and we'd like to know
If we should pack our tents, shut down the show
Yes, we should like to see a burning bush-type sign
And we should like to see you pack your tents, shut down your show
And we should like to see a burning bush-type sign
But anything would be fine
Oh, anything would be fine