

Stan Ridgway, Crystal Palace

Movin' kinda slow, no I never had much balance
Why does everyone I know keep makin' lots a' dough
I guess I'll find out soon when I get to that crystal palace in the sky

I've heard stories second hand about its grand interior
Its gold and silver strands, cathedral ceilings way up high
All the furnishing's unique when you get to your crystal palace in the sky

Well, I've worked as a part time circus boy
Collected cans down Saticoy
And patiently put forth my master plan

I've imagined futures and full plates
And slept with every subliminal tape
But now I'm so angry at someone
My contract is in breach
Why must my crystal palace be on hold this week?

I feel lucky I suppose, at least we're all still breathin'
Stuck here in escrow, just a' waitin' out our loan
But no big armed patrol will stop me when I get to my crystal palace by and by

And it'll be my way or the highway
Gettin' to my crystal palace in the sky