

Todd Rundgren, Call To The Grave

The rain washes away and purifies
It washed down the flesh we catered for
And we who sell so much and wanted more
The crows will come and peck away our eyes
Perhaps (...)
It drove us to these tides from which we swing
Like (...) starlings on the wing
Like horse's droppings on a country road
Oh brothers learn from us, so it begins
And pray to God that he'll forgive my sins

The girls who flaunt their breasts as bait there

To catch some sucker who will love them
The youth so sly, they stand and wait there
To grab their single earnings off them
The crooks, the tarts, the tart protectors
The muggers and the maggots
The psychopath, the (...)
I pray that they forgive my sin
Someone has taken (...) crowbar
And caved their ugly faces in
I only ask to know it's over
Pray that they forgive my sin