

Tuxedomoon, In The Name Of Talent (Italian West

IN THE NAME OF TALENT (ITALIAN WESTERN 2)

He went through life sometimes crying,
Never trying,
Sometimes crying,
The books that he read and the TV set,
All wasted time,
He began to think that his future lay in the hands of fate,
(You see) He'd move this way,
He'd move that way,
Or just hesitate,
It comes out the same,
He wondered what was to blame,
He travels light,
No excess baggage,
His religion saved him but there was a price to pay,
His friends could see it in the way he stared that day,
A life on over ride (repeats)