

# Van Der Graaf Generator, The Liquidator

I read the news in a paper:  
no flowers, please, donations to charity  
like the N.S.P.C.V.d.G.G.  
yeh, send the money  
to Guy and Hugh and David and me.

It's a joke,  
there is no hope left,  
oh, whoever might disagree.

Tell me juicy rumours,  
dish me the dirt,  
go on and rip the back right off my shirt.

Tell me how I hate Hugh Banton,  
tell us that the bank account is zero  
and that anyway there's no-one left to play to...  
oh, well, there you go.

Are we ever going to get this act together on time?  
It's been totally screwed up and I really just don't know.  
Is there any way of keeping a clean feed line?  
It's out of the question when the triple distortion booster's blown.

"Jackson, please!"  
"What's the matter, man?"  
"You're freaking me out, you know."

Only playing happy families,  
maybe playing different tunes,  
always playing too hard, too fast, too soon.

Waiting for our fate to take us,  
waiting for the liquidator,  
can't be cut off by the paper  
in the middle of a show.

Waiting for our fate to take us,  
waiting for the liquidator,  
the only news is bad news  
and the only story's breaking up  
or carrying on.

Waiting, waiting, waiting, waiting...  
carrying on.