

# Violent Femmes, New Times

New Times. New Times. New Times.  
Good morning. Good morning. Good morning.  
I'm the guard. At one time  
This was rather pleasant  
The poets they still had to muse  
Over the classicism of clean shoes  
But who today still knows a button stick  
Well, that's the new times  
That's the new times  
That's the new times  
The girls would lie down before us  
First one went dancing, then behind the bushes  
Today you have to run through twenty places  
Get drunk on saccharin and methyl  
And then you still don't get them that far  
Well, that's the new times  
That's the new times  
That's the new times  
Now take it easy there in the early morning  
Who arrives but the brethren from the press  
If somewhere there lies a cadaver  
Or something is foul in the state  
You can be sure that a writer is not far behind  
With his Excellency I only say:  
Hands off the literature  
The laurel wreath one gets today  
Second hand so to speak  
>From the old Empire's stories  
Sold underhand at the Alexanderplatz  
With all the wigs and costumes  
Twitching from the shoulder one is informed  
Well, that's the new times  
That's the new times  
That's the new times  
New times. New times. New times.