

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.