

Warren Zevon, Sacrificial Lambs

(Warren Zevon and Larry Klein)

We're having a party
We're burning it down
We're building an idol
He's sad but he don't frown
He's the cream of the crop
So we're making him god
Start writing this down
When I give you the nod

Them Coptic monks
Knew how to keep it real
That Rosicrucian thing
That Zoroastrian deal
Well, they might be wrong
They don't give a damn
Long as they don't run out
Of sacrificial lambs

Eat my dust
And I'll clean your clock
Eat my dust
And we'll reel and rock
Eat my dust
And I'll be your man
You can be my
Sacrificial lamb

Madame Blavansky
And her friends
Changed lead into gold
And back again
Krishnamurti said,
"I'll set you free
Write a check
and make it out to me"

Take a look
At my family tree
Every brother and sister
Wants something for free
You get what pay for
From me, my friend
Nothing for nothing
Forever, amen

Eat my dust
You can touch my stole
Eat my dust
And we'll rock and roll
Eat my dust
And I'll be your man
You can be my
Sacrificial lamb

Smokey and the Bandit
And Saddam Hussein
Were staying up late
And acting insane
Along with Russell Crowe
And Hafez Assad
Start taking this down
When I give you the nod

The boys are all ready
They've laid out the plans
They're setting the stage
For the man-made man
We've worked out the kinks
In your DNA
So sayonara, kid
Have a nice day

Eat my dust
And I'll clean your clock
Eat my dust
And we'll reel and rock
Eat my dust
And I'll be your man
You can be my
Sacrificial lamb