

# 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