

## L A L A L A L A

You play your two-for-a-penny songs  
Whose echoes won't live very long  
When you stroll on the surface of the moon  
You like to feel alive, alone  
In the heatwave of the sun  
Inspiration shows you this tune  
La la la la la la la la

When all you needed was a market place to stand  
Markets were moving out of the land  
To make way for the tourists  
Since they don't understand a word  
In your own tongue you'll be heard  
Singing "To you all I dedicate my songlists"  
La la la la la la la la

Sometimes you even sing for your folk  
Not all of them always get the joke  
Rather stay home in their stables  
Say "Hey here's a television"  
They're cosy in their tunnel vision  
While outside it's raining chairs and tables  
La la la la la la la la

Long time ago you used to protest  
Wanted to overstep the rest  
But you were inexperienced  
You were delayed by his politics  
You were betrayed by her dirty tricks  
And your neighbour's constant interference  
La la la la la la la la

In summer you sleep under a stone  
In winter by the hearth at home  
You sit and watch the flames mounting  
From time to time from your window  
Give a nod to the U.F.O.  
Who crashed landed on the mountain