

SICK BLUES #6

I'm sick of the thunder, I'm sick of the wind and the rain
I'm going under to preside over my paradise of pain
Call me a doctor, I feel like a rat who drowned
I'm sick of the sickness
In the thick of the fury and the sound

It's the way of a waster to be a liar who forgets his own name
Let me give you a taster of my repertoire of cowardice and shame
If you ever forgive me there'll be nothing else which would astound
You who are quick to accuse me
In the thickness of your fury and your sound

Oh give me a break now. I'm sick of your broken refrain
No brick, no mortar would ever repair your disdain
Take me back to the country, I'm sick of this dirty old town
In the Twenty-First century
In the thick of the fury and the sound

Please get me some water, I'm dying of thirst from the booze
Be it longer or shorter it's always gonna be the same sick blues
Please get me some bread! I'm not even heavenward bound
She's killing me dead
In the thick of the fury and the sound

I'm sick of my conscience, I'm sick of my honesty, my lies
I'm sick of my stickiness, I'm sick of the innumerable tries
To make it all better, to put it back together, but how.....
I'm sick of the makeshift
Thickness of the fury and the sound

We are sick of hard labour, we are sick of soft conservatism
We lick under the table, we stick to an old stigmatism
We don't even square up, not even when we're around
We tick with the cuckoo-clock
Thick with dust and fury and sound

Who's sick the crisis, who's sick of the sun in their eyes
Who's still looking for Isis, who's still trying to synchronize
What still entices us to pray to Gods and idols long uncrowned?
Why bother even wake up, when all is woe, fury, sound.

Dog-gone sick of autonomy, God-damn sick of sacred excuses,
Sick of th'economy, juggle the cash, hide the abuses
Who still got a dollar, a euro, a yen or a pound
Can toss it into my hat
I'm sick of the fury and the sound

We've done enough damage, we walk on eggshells each day
Neither noble nor savage, we burnt our bridge, we blocked our way
We dignify an answer, how to tame hell's cancerous hound
We signify nothing,
We are sick with the fury and the sound

So sick of the wicked, so sick of the nationalist fronts,
I'm singing Jerusalem, but I'm sick of the terrible cunts
I'm going to Switzerland, or Hong kong, or any neutral ground
I'm going to sleep now
I'm thick with the fury and the sound