

## Walkabouts

### "People Such As These"

Visit "[People Such As These](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

To begin, to begin, there is the first born  
He who is like a melon  
He who has a big nose  
He who doesn't know his name  
Because he drinks a lot  
And he's been drunk-- for a long time  
Does nothing with ten fingers  
He can do no more than that  
Completely cooked  
Sees himself as king  
Drunk every night  
On rotgut wine  
But you'll find him in the morning  
Sleeping in a church  
Stiff as a board  
White like the dove of Easter  
Sitting and stuttering  
Bleary eyed  
It must be said, sir  
People such as these  
We do not think  
We do not think  
We only pray

And then there is another  
With carrots in his hair  
Who never saw a wig a scamp with ticks  
Gives the shirt off his back  
To the happy poor  
He who married Denise  
A girl from the town  
Actually from another town  
And it's not finished

He does his little business  
With his little hat  
His little coat, his little car  
Wants us to believe, he has style  
But he has none at all  
We shouldn't play rich  
When we don't have the money

It must be said, sir  
People such as these  
We don't live, sir  
We don't live, we trick

And then there are the others  
The mother who says nothing  
Or spews, anything at all  
From evening to morning  
From beneath her pretty face  
Face like an apostle  
And in the wood frame  
The mustache of the father  
He who died in a fall  
He who watches his flock  
Graze on their cold soup  
He who makes big slurps  
And now we see one of the very old

One who doesn't stop shaking  
To whom nobody listens  
Though it's she who holds the cash  
But nobody listens  
To what her poor poor hands say  
It must be said, sir  
People such as these  
We don't speak, sir  
People such as these  
We just calculate

And then and then  
And then there's Frida  
Beautiful like the sun  
Who loves me the same  
Who I love, Frida  
Even though we often said  
We would own a house  
With many windows  
And few walls  
That we would live there  
And it'd be the good life  
Of course none of it was sure thing  
At best there was a small chance  
Because the others didn't want it  
'Cause the others didn't want it  
The others they talk like this  
They say she's too pretty for me  
They say I am only good enough  
To slit the throats of cats  
But I've never killed cats  
Or at least if I did, it was long ago

Or maybe I just forgot  
Yes, if I did, it's because they stunk  
No, in the end they didn't want it  
No, in the end they didn't want it

Sometimes when we meet  
We act like it's a coincidence  
And with teary eyes  
She says she'll leave  
She says she'll follow me  
And for one moment  
Only one moment  
That's what I believe  
Just for one moment  
That's what I believe  
Because from people such as these  
We do not escape  
Because from people such as these  
We do not escape  
I gotta go, I gotta go  
I gotta go

Visit [Walkabouts](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.