

Warren Zevon "Sacrificial Lambs"

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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 Zoroastrian thing
That Rosicrucian 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 Crow
And Hafiz 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
Do everything I tell you and then we'll talk
Eat my dust and I'll be your man
You can be my sacrificial lamb

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