

XTC

"Across This Anthheap"

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Soldiers, workers, slaves and farmers
Nurses, queens and drones
Wish they'd leave my head tonight
Let me rest my bones

A billion feet sound just like a billion drums
A bed is creaking as the messiah comes
The cars are crashing and the bacon is hacked
The coffin's lowered and the lunches get packed

Still segregating 'cause we insects are too proud
Doesn't matter what colour of cat you are there's no
dogs allowed
And the screaming sky won't let me sleep
The stars are laughing at us
As we crawl on and on across this anthheap

War planes go over but no wages go 'round
A sign goes up to say hey we're twin town'd
The dough is rising but no bread will be baked
The fur is genuine but the orgasm's faked

We're spending millions to learn to speak porpoise
When human loneliness is still a deafening noise
And the screaming sky won't let me sleep
The stars are laughing at us
As we crawl on and on across this anthheap

Soldiers, workers, slaves and farmers
Nurses, queens and drones
Wish they'd leave my head tonight
And let me rest my bones

And all the world's babies are crying still
While all the police cars harmonize with power drills
As jets and kettles form a chord with screeching gulls
Accompanied by truncheons keeping time on human
skulls

And the screaming sky won't let me sleep
The stars are laughing at us
As we crawl on and on past lovers who'll leap

On and on past widows who'll weep
On and on no more than skin deep
On and on across this antheap

On and on, on and on
On and on, on and on
On and on, on and on
On and on, on and on
On and on, on and on
On and on

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