

Behind The Sun "The Professionals"

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Let us lie awhile
And tell tall tales till dawn
We'll wake before the generals
And together see them off
You burn the dispatches
And I'll put the kettle on

Beware of the professionals
Poets whores revolutionaries
They have no interest
In curing anything

These coffee grounds almost
Make life worth living out
If it wasn't for that
Hissing on your radio
He lacks the courtesy
To off himself at home

Beware of the professionals
Poets whores revolutionaries
They have no interest
In curing anything

That old snake oil salesman
Is back again
The strings have wrung
His puppets dead
We dance down
The same old ground
To our graves...

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