

Beirut

"The Penalty"

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A plague in the workhouse
A plague on the poor now
I feed on my drum 'til I'm dead
Yesterday, fever
Tomorrow, St. Peter
I'll feed on my drum until then

What melody will lead my lover from his bed?
What melody will see him in my arms again?

Set fire the foundation
And burn out the station
You'll never get nothing of mine
The pane of my window
Will flicker and glimmer
Leave only the stitching behind (?)

Oh, what melody will lead my lover from his bed?
What melody will see him in my arms again?

I'll sing of the walls of the well
And the house at the top of the hill
I'll sing of the bottles of wine
That we left on our old windowsill
I'll sing of the usual spin
Getting sadder and older, oh love

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