

David Byrne "Burnt By The Sun"

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Atom-smashers in the cocktail lounge tonight
Opera singers in the graveyard keeping time
And the DJ mixes them all
And the music rhymes but it crawls
And the music comes from hydrogen bombs
Rock bands died when amateurs won
Data in a hurry, using the new rubble
Wipe it up baby, gonna get yourself in trouble

We were burnt by the sun
Having way too much fun
Sleepless downtown overload
Does the daylight bring you down?

Money pours down and it drowns the little man
Parking lot attendants stuff their pockets with their
hands
And the children laugh in your face
They can see what you have erased
When dogs make love they don't look at themselves
Checking out each other by the way that they smell
Rubbing and a'scratching, itching all the time
Stop me if I talk too much, do another line

We were burnt by the sun
Having way too much fun
The church of private enterprise
Did the daylight bring you down?
I love salt, I love sweets
I know there's danger but I fall asleep
The curves, the gasps, the love of life
Headlines, gum box, faceless paradise

Life rafts bobbing at the bottom of the pier
Wood burns faster if it's soaked in gasoline
All these towns look the same, everybody's clean
Roll 'em out, cheap and fast, kiss me when I fall

We were burnt by the sun
Having way too much fun
Sleepless downtown overload
Did I stay outside too long?

Alcohol, razor-blades
All the clouds are miles away
Take me down, far away
Everyone's on holiday
Alcohol, razor-blades
All the clouds are miles away
Take me now, fly away
Everyone's on holiday
All the clouds are miles away
All the clouds are miles away
Everyone's on holiday
Everyone's on holiday
Everyone's on holiday
Everyone's on holiday
Everyone's on holiday
Everyone's on holiday

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