

David Byrne "Poor Boy"

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A truck parked this morning- outside the grocery store
Friends face the future- they're wearing summer
clothes

Great cosmic forces- like falling dominoes
I love talking funny- it's the only song I know

Sweet smart and sexy- the day my life began
Burnt out and damaged- I dragged my body home

This slice is runny- it's dripping down my clothes
Flies stick to honey- it's the only game they know

Poor Boy- I walk into the river in my hat and shoes
Poor Boy- I'm sittin at the table with a knife and spoon

Life fast die happy- don't let your panties show
They trust market forces- it's the only song they know

So come and rock my soul- where sin and sorry lie
White horses carry me- unto the other side

Poor Boy- I'm livin in a country where my thoughts are
cold
Poor Boy- I'm waitin for the harvest of the seeds I sow

A flower in the night- with thoughts of days gone by
I've got to ring that bell- and I'll be satisfied

Poor Boy- I'm wearin silver slippers and a long white
gown
Poor boy- I picture in my mind the day the walls come
down

Poor Boy- I'm livin in a country where I'm never free
Poor Boy- I'm writing down the names of all the things I
see-

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