

Fall "The Coliseum"

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Coliseum, the coliseum

Look out, burn, you ought to know this by now
You with the empty crane over
They're the gate keepers and the sentinels
Their jokes are hum-drum

The coliseum, the coliseum
The coliseum, the coliseum

Brown brass leading up to ionic columns
Trust them, sometimes that is not enough
In the vast cavernous emptiness
That is the world of the callow

A bus stood outside at bottom

The coliseum, the coliseum
The coliseum

Trust them, but sometimes that's not enough
In the vast cavernous

The coliseum, the coliseum

And you gotta have a good condition
To get into the coliseum

And the jingle-jangle of this city
Makes you hunger and down
You gotta have a good condition
To get into the coliseum

The coliseum, the coliseum
The coliseum, the coliseum

Brown brass leading up to ionic columns
But sometimes that's not enough
Their jokes are hum-drum

About 7:30 to 8:00 tiredness sets in
You want to take a little break

And get out of home

The coliseum, the coliseum

Brown brass

You've gotta have a good condition

To get into, to get into

These people, they will never ever learn

They are not fit to walk through

The ionic columns of

The coliseum, the coliseum

You've gotta have a good condition

To get into the coliseum

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