

Jet Set Roger

"The End"

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We sleep by the ever-bright hole in the door / eat in the corner / talk to the floor -- cheating the spiders who come to say "please??" (politely). They bend at the knees. Well, I'll go to the foot of our stairs. Old gentlemen talk / of when they were young / of ladies lost and erring sons. Lace-covered dandies revel (with friends) pure as the truth -- tied at both ends. Well I'll go to the foot of our stairs. Scented cathedral -- spire pointed down. We pray for souls in Kentish town. A delicate hush -- the gods / floating by / wishing us well -- Pie in the sky. God of ages / lord of time -- mine is the right to be wrong. Well I'll go to the foot of our stairs. Jack rabbit mister spawn a new breed of love-hungry pilgrims (no bodies to feed). Show me a good man. I'll show you the door. The last hymn is sung and the devil cries "more.?" Well, I'm all for leaving and that being done, I've put in a request to take up my turn in that forsaken paradise that calls itself "hell??" -- Where no-one has nothing and nothing is well meaning fool, pick up thy bed and rise up from your gloom smiling. Give me your hate and do as the loving heathen do. Colors I've none -- dark or light, red, white or blue. Cold is my touch (freezing). Summoned by name -- I am the overseer over you. Given this command to watch over our miserable sphere. Fallen from grace / called on to bring sun or rain. Occasional corn from my oversight grew. Fell with mine angels from a far better place, offering services for the saving of face. Now you're here, you may as well admire all whom living has retired from the benign reconciliation. Legends were born surrounding mysterious lights seen in the sky (flashing). I just / lit a fag then / took my leave in the blink of an eye. Passionate play -- join round the maypole in dance (primitive rite) (wrongly). Summoned by name / I am the overseer / over you. Flee the icy Lucifer. Oh he's an awful fellow! What a mistake! I didn't take a feather from his pillow. Here's the everlasting rub: neither am I good or bad. I'd give up my halo for a horn and the horn for the hat I once had. I'm only breathing. There's life on my ceiling. The flies there are sleeping

quietly. Twist my right arm in the dark. I would give two
or three for one of those days that never
made impressions on the old score. I would gladly be a
dog barking up the wrong tree. Everyone's saved -- we're
in the grave. See you there for afternoon tea. Time for
awaking -- the tea lady's / making a brew-up and /
baking New bread. Pick me up at half past none -- there's
/ not a moment to lose. there's / the train on which I
came. On the platform are my old shoes. Station master
rings his bell. Whistles blow and flags wave. A little of
what you fancy does you good (or so it should). I thank
everybody for making me welcome. I'd stay but my
wings have just dropped off. Hail! Son of kings / make
the ever-dying sign / cross your fingers in the Sky for
those about to be. There am I waiting along the
sand. Cast your sweet spell upon the land and
sea. Magus perde, take your hand from off the
chain. Loose a wish to still / the rain / the storm about to
be. Here am I (voyager into life). Tough are the soles
that tread the knife's edge. Break the circle / stretch
the line / call upon the devil. Bring / the gods / the
gods' own fire. In the conflict revel. The passengers /
upon the ferry crossing / waiting to be born / renew
the Pledge of life's long song / rise to the reveille
horn. Animals / queueing at the gate that stands upon
the shore / breathe the Ever-burning fire that guards
the ever-door. Man / son of man / buy the flame of ever-
life (yours to breathe and Breathe the pain of living):
living be! Here am I! Roll the stone away from the dark
into ever-day. There was a rush / along the Fulham road
/ into the ever-passion play.

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