

Joe Jackson

"Tulza Avarice"

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Vocal (Voice of Conscience) - Joy Askew
Vocal (Voice of Forgetfulness) - Dawn Upshaw
Vocal (Voice of Cynicism and Greed) - Joe Jackson
Other voices by Radio Croatia and the Avatar Rainbow Coalition]

Of all the treasure in our chest
We love the golden God of War the best

(Look, look at that little clown
Here, look through the binoculars
Someone burned his schoolhouse down
And he's blinking in the sun
He's drying something in the sun...
Ha! It's an old tea bag!
Now he rolls it up
Look! He made a cigarette
But he's not going to smoke it yet
Maybe he's gonna sell it
How much d'you think he'll get?)

A slice of ham, a long goodbye, three days of peace
A bar of soap, a can of oil, ten years of debt
A pinch of salt, a week of news, 4 double-A's
A plastic bag, a place to hide, one sucker bet

I got what you want
You got what I need

Of all the sterling men of steel
We crave the one who'll teach us not to feel

(Look at the guy selling beer
Where the hell does he get it from?
He's the King of the Hill
He's the bug that survives the bomb
See the smirk on his greasy face
Handing a bottle to the mortal foe
It's not the time to kill
Not that he forgets...
As he takes a crumpled bill

And thinks this is better yet)

A pot for the rain, a pair of shoes, two hand grenades
A spade for a grave, four lovely eggs, three cigarettes
A stick of gum, some wood for a fire, two table legs
A cup of rice, a pint of blood, one pound of flesh

Line up to buy here
Line up to die there

(Look, look through that window
Looks like your sister there
In a Chetnik's bed
Look, there on the table
Looks like she did it for a loaf of bread
Shit! She's got a knife!
And he's snoring like a pig
Is he worth more alive or dead?
How much for his boots?
How much for his head?)

Through all the days and all the times
We count the coin and stash away the crimes

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