

Morten Harket **"Brodosky Tune"**

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As you pour yourself a scotch
Crush a roach or check your watch
As your hands adjust your tie people die
In the towns with funny names
Hit by bullets, caught in flames
By and large not knowing why people die
And in small places you don't know of
Yet big for having no chance to scream
Or say good-bye people die
Chorus: La, la... Let me know
People die as you elect
New apostles of neglect, self restraint
Whereby people die Too far off to practice love
For thy neighbour, brother Slav
Where your cherubs dread to fly people die
Chorus...
While the statues disagree
Cain's version, history for it's fuel tends to buy
Those who die
As you watch the athletes score
Or check your latest statement
Or sing your child a lullaby people die
Time, whose sharp, bloodthirsty quill
Parts the killed from those who kill
Will pronounce the latter tribe
As your type

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