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Pere Ubu "Beach Boys"

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Somehow I must love the pain The hollow earth, on it the sound of rain Burn my home Burn my shoes Burn down the glorified Home of the Blues

Wake up! Don't be slow Drunken sailors are blockin up the main road They're up in arms, reeling on their feet Or millin round, they're marchin on the Home of the Blues Marchin on the Home of the Blues Marchin on the Home of the Blues Marchin on the Home of the Blues

Say my name low and sweet Then you'll go away, we'll never meet In awhile I'll be there too, standing in the rain

Marchin on the home of the blues Marchin on the Home of the...

Marchin on the Home of the Blues

Nobody can feel all the things that we feel And nobody knows how it is always leaving and never Go

Marchin on the Home of the Blues Marchin on the Home of the...

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