

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

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

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
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