

Birthday Party, The

"Dumb Europe"

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on this European night out on the brink
the cafes and the bars still stink
the air is much too thick for seeing
but not thick enough for leaning
I leave in a catatonic crawl
and if I die tonight then throw me in
some bleak teutonic hole
six feet under with a snap-frozen soul
and really we could all just die of shame
dumb Europe, dumb Europe, dumb Europe.
oh the Utopian night on the brink
Mama's face staring up at me from the bottom of the
sink
witness my trail of destruction
trying to leave this drinking place
my feet are magnetised for furniture
the floor's attracted to my face
and if I die tonight
sell me as some pre-historic bone
a lump of junk-souvenir for Jap
to fob off on his friends back home

the money-dance...

I find it hard to cope with days like this. pass the bottle
etc.

dumb Europe, dumb Europe, dumb Europe.

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