

Constantines, The "The Long Distance Four"

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Let the Parisian crowd stand and shout.
Let the audience in the riot drown the players out.
That scene is long since vacant.
All the great halls have been washed out.

This is no broken promise, no national lampoon.
My generation is a ghost town.

Roll me over, to the long distance four,
There's no order to these numbers.
For those stuck between the wars,
it's boredom beyond measure.
Roll me over.

Collect the body of Isadora Duncan.
Forget your rock culture stuck in tow.
Let my limbs hang crucified from Naja Schonberg's
bow.

To the long distance four,
There's no order to these numbers.
For those stuck between the wars,
it's boredom beyond measure.
Roll me over.
Roll me over.
Roll me over.

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