

Falcon, The

"Feed The Monkey, Drown The Worm or Goin' Home"

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I'm thirsty, oh lord, I'm so thirsty
Pour 'em and lay me on down
I'm thirsty, oh lord, I'm so thirsty
Pour 'em and lay me on down

There's nothing but windmills and smokestacks
As far as these two eyes can see
My world is crammed into this backpack
Sleep don't come easy to me

Man, I gotta get back to the city
And get back to poundin' that beat
This long list of failures ain't pretty
The smell of these trees ain't that sweet

Fuck all that's happened before this
I'll do all my looking ahead
Do all my living and drinking
And sleep if off after I'm dead

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These are the last days of disco, the final farewell
The fiddle is playing, that's the fire you smell

These are the last days of disco, the final farewell
The fiddle is playing, that's the fire you smell

Goodbye, goodbye
I'm going home
Going home
I'm going home
I'm going home
I'm going home
Going home
Going home

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