

# The Falcon

## "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  
I'll do all my living and drinking  
And sleep if off after i'm dead.

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.

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