

Pharmacists

"The Ballad Of The Sin Father"

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when you run, digger, runner,
listener, thief, you carry it all with you.
today i woke up uncertain,
and you know that gives me the fits,
so i left this land of fungible convictions
because it seemed like the pits.
and when i say, "conviction" i mean it's something to
abjure
and when i say "uncertain" i mean to doubt i'll not turn
out a caricature.
so i set off in search of my forebears,
coz my forbearance was in need,,
but the only job i could get in dear old blighty
was working on the railway between selby and leeds.
so i took a ferry to belfast, where i had cause to think:
they wanted none of my arm-chair convictions
but nobody seemed to mind when i was putting on the
drinks!
and you didn't think they could hate you, now did you?
you didn't think they could hate you, now did you?
you didn't think they could hate you, now did you?
ah, but they hate you, and they hate you 'coz you're
guilty,
so...i stayed out all night in ibixa,
by way of san sebastian, where they said
'yanque, you better watch what you're saying, unless
you're sayin'
it in basque or in catalan!"
so all the way east to novi-sad,
where narry a bridge was to be seen,
but mother russia, she laid her pontoons on down,
so i crossed over, if you know what i mean...
then on the road to damascus, yes,
the scales, they fell from my eyes,
and the simplest lesson i learned at the mount of
olices: everybody lies.
and the french foreign legion
you know they did their best - but i never believed in t.e.
lawrence, so how the hell could i believe in beau gest?
and you didn't think they could hate you, now did you?
you didnt think they could hate you, now did you?

you didnt think they could hate you, now did you?
ah, but they hate you, and they hate you 'coz you're
guilty,
so...i spent a night in kigali in a five diamond hotel,
where maybe someday, they'll do the wa-tutsi down in
hutu hell.
and i fell in with a merchant marine who promised to
take me home,
but when i woke up beaten and bloodied,
i couldn't tell if it was jersey or sierra leone!
and you didn't think they could hate you, now did you?
you didn't think they could hate you, now did you?
you didn't think they could have you, now did you?
ah, but they hate you, and they hate you coz you're
guilty...
and the knocking in my head, just like the knocking at
my door.
and maybe it was me or maybe it was my brother,
but either me or me and him went down to the bar,
where i got seven powersin me for to give me the cure,
but when seven powers failed to spin me,
i had to get me seven more.
and when i say, "me" i mean my brain.
and when i say "give me the cure" i mean to kill the
pain.
and when i say "kill the pain" i meant to get the devil
out.
and when i say "devil" i mean the manifestation of
doubt!
and you didnt think they could hate you,
now did you you didn't think they could hate you, now
did you?
you didn't think they could hate you, now did you?
ah, but they hate you, make no mistake - they hate
you...

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