

Drink The New Wine

Bauhaus

Bell bottom blues
No pain, no pain
I'll never see the boys again
'Cause I'm off to the funny farm
Drown out the blues with booze
Now it's off to the funny farm

I got news for you
Now I'm off to the funny farm
Casket of crisis
Too much tension and tears
I'll never see the boys again
'Cause I'm off to the funny farm
I'll never see the boys again
'Cause I'm off to the funny farm

Dreaming of a perfect world
Dreaming of a perfect world
Dreaming of a perfect world
Dreaming of a perfect world

The roulettista rolls the dice
The roulettista rolls
The roulettista rolls the dice
The roulettista rolls
The roulettista rolls the dice
The roulettista rolls

Off the map, off the mess
Grease the page but the book's intact
Every word, a verse, ten acts
Drop the ball and I'll bounce it back
We talk in dreams
And need not note
You're the cooling shadow
Of my cloud

I'll never see the boys again
'Cause I'm off to the funny farm

And fly the loom that the other made
We jog in dreams
(Not building a wall)
You're the cooling shadow
Of my cloud

'Cause I'm off to the funny farm
(Not building a wall)
Dreaming of a perfect world
(Not building a wall)
I'll never see the boys again
'Cause I'm off to the funny farm
(Not building a wall)
Dreaming of a perfect world
(Not building a wall)
But making a brick)

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