

No gold for bards
No laurel enough to bushel into a bed
You tell me one thing and do the other- that's weird!

No more cliché songs
Nothing less
Than every once
Of your heart
Though horses could easily pull me apart
No rhetoric and no gold for bards

Digging for carrots in the moonlight like an immigrant
Tearing through plastic bags like an addict
You tell me one thing and do the other- that's weird!

Are you still listening?
I can't do nothing for you, can't you see I have no feet?
We're like two peas in a pod- Netflix and die

Go on and cry
Go on and cry

You're lost for the search for Agarthā
You're lost up your own ass
Lost in the oil rainbow's blue purple shine
Lost in bad poetry
Lost in logic
Lost in a racist bourgeois town

They say the remedy for heartache
Is to drink actual gypsy tears
Is always adds up to the price of salt, why?

Go on and cry
Go on and cry

The ancients wrote it in the earth
And the good spirits all are drunk

Go on and cry
Go on and cry