

Lawrence Of Arcadia

David Keenan

I have just realised my mind has been asleep
My past lives in a mausoleum
I sell postcards of Spain outside the GPO to remind us of sunlight in winter
It's a thankless job but poetic tendencies just will not pay in my mind
On these scorched streets, I praise the gods, I open my mouth,
and see what heaven sends

I am calling all the bards in
To illuminate me now
And if I lean towards the trigger you say
"You can't kid a kidder, no"
No you can't kid a kidder, no

I am Lawrence of Arcadia, who exactly are you anyway
You're looking at the last known bar stool prophet to retire early from the trade
I'm going fishing for pearls of wisdom
I'll be dancing through the pissing rain
You're welcome to join me young annoyance for I find you quite amusing all the same

I am calling all the bards in
To illuminate us now
And if I lean towards the trigger you say
"You can't kid a kidder, no"
No you can't kid a kidder, no

I must consult Christie who's selling bin tags from his liberated bicycle of gold
Oh if there is answers to be sought out, sure it's him that knows all that's being told
Or the eat your dinners of my shoes barber outside his hungry door
And well I know I'm taking notes but tell me, who it is that's keeping score

I am calling all the bards in
To illuminate us now
And should my words flow like the river, you say
"Oh he can't kid a kidder, no"
No you can't kid a kidder, no
No you can't kid a kidder, no
No you can't kid a kidder, no, no
No you can't kid a kidder, no