

Milk and Money

Eraserheads

I dream of all the years decaying
I dream of bitter endings
Street smiles
Hateful goodbyes
Demented lies

I dream of guns with red round triggers
And bullets that won't ever miss
And wounds that won't heal
Hands that won't feel

Is this hallowed ground sinking
Will tears stop their falling
Can I speak the truth if they cut my tongue
One night you wake up you're screaming
With trembling hands
And the frightening part
Is you don't understand

And as we go on living
Each day we must tell ourselves
That we have to carry on
And every night as we lay down
And deliver our prayers
To live to see another day
But then down here no one cares
And your troubles will be found
Buried six feet in the ground

We dream a land of milk and honey
Of coffee mornings bright and sunny
Sex on the phone
You're not alone

And every night as we lay down
and deliver our prayers
to live to see another day
But when nightmares come around
We'll be drinking all our wine
Buried six feet in the ground