

Lullaby

Gerry Cinnamon

"I don't have to tell you things are bad. Everybody knows things are bad. It's a depression. Everybody's out of work or scared of losing their job. The dollar buys a nickel's worth. Banks are going bust. Shopkeepers keep a gun under the counter. Punks are running wild in the street and there's nobody anywhere who seems to know what to do, and there's no end to it. We know the air is unfit to breathe and our food is unfit to eat, and we sit it watching our TVs while some local newscaster tells us that today we had fifteen homicides and sixty-three violent crimes, as if that's the way it's supposed to be! We know things are bad - worse than bad. They're crazy. It's like everything everywhere is going crazy, so we don't go out anymore. We sit in the house, and slowly the world we are living in is getting smaller, and all we say is: 'Please, at least leave us alone in our living rooms. Let me have my toaster, and my TV and my steel-belted radials and I won't say anything. Just leave us alone.' Well, I'm not gonna leave you alone. I want you to get mad! I don't want you to protest. I don't want you to riot - I don't want you to write to your congressman, because I wouldn't know what to tell you to write. I don't know what to do about the depression and the inflation and the Russians and the crime in the street. All I know is that first you've got to get mad. You've got to say: 'I'm a human being, god-dammit! My life has value!'"

I got friends in high places and limited time
I got a long list of women who pay me in kind
I got different reasons for wasting my mind
I don't need nothing when I wanna get high

But I gotta keep rolling
Just to get by

I got different voices inside my head
I got plenty of demons under my bed
But I don't get scared cos I'm already dead
And now I'm walking round looking like I've never been fed

I tell a million stories
With no words said

Sing me to sleep, sing me a love song
Sing me a lullaby of days gone by
Sing me to sleep, sing me a love song
Sing me a lullaby of days gone by

Sell my soul to the devil just to get paid
I'm taking one last breath as reality fades
Wasting time on the streets where heroes are made

And now I'm hanging round your place trying to get laid

I got different methods
For wasting my day

And I'm turning twenty-nine at the end of the year
Yeah I wonder if they'll find me in the blood and the gear
I'm in a little bit of trouble cos I got no fear
It's like I'm crying out loud but nobody can hear

I got plenty good reasons
For hiding my tears

Sing me to sleep, sing me a love song
Sing me a lullaby of days gone by
Sing me to sleep, sing me a love song
Sing me a lullaby of days gone by