

## OK Hieronymus

Graham Parker

I break a heart in a thousand places, she makes a slur against  
other races  
He rejects all of the unpretty faces, sticks them full of knives  
I take a shot at birds flying south, he takes the gun barrel in  
to his mouth,  
She takes a rope and ties up the house, with the kids inside;  
They just want to curl right up and die  
Them and us are only passing by

Hey Hieronymus - I know where your garden grows  
I know where your bloody roses bloom  
Hey Hieronymus - tell me what delights there are  
Right outside this window or inside this room

Just taste the odor of burning skin, the pitchfork tongues and  
the rot within  
The torture victim's wiped-out grin nothing can erase  
Somebody's pouring salt on a wound, scooping out monkey's brains  
with a spoon  
Working on warfare up on the moon, that's the latest phase;  
We just want to curl right up and die  
You and me are only passing by

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Germans and turks and English nerks spew out of doorways going  
beserk  
Inside of everyone someone lurks, they don't even know.  
Bring them all in, yeah, they're welcome here  
You can't sell your work? - then cut off your ear  
Put it right on the table there, all tied up in bows

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