

Buddy in the Parade

Hop Along

I heard you were the king
You didn't leave behind a goddamn thing

Why did I look into the dim eye of the mole?
There was no silence, their many voices spoke
Thinking I died, I tried to listen
I saw one hundred saddles without horses, galloping

Get out of here, go home
That's what you used to play at shows

Sister, sister, sister watches the furniture go
She just didn't have the scratch to keep you in that sorry hole
Money, money, money don't let you sleep
Switching graves in the cemetery
They buried you so many times, can't find your body

Get outta here, go home
That's what you used to play at the ends of shows
In the middle of the parade, you were frothing at the mouth
"Didn't he ramble 'til the butcher cut him down?"

Fool, all you touch on this turning dream
Is either gonna be burned or buried
All your jewelry goes around from town to town
All your pretty ones, I'm not gonna say where they are now

"Get outta here, go home"
That's what you used to say at the ends of shows
In the middle of the parade, you were frothing at the mouth
Children, turn on your radio and don't go out

Don't go out
Don't go out
Don't go out
Don't go out
Don't go out
Don't go out, out
Go out
Don't go out
Don't go out
Don't go out
Don't go out
Don't go out
Don't go out
Don't go out, don't