

Without Applause

Horse Feathers

Work was on the way
And I'd rather be no one, work in vain
All the suits are formally
And as for me, I'll soon take that front seat

And time she bears a cross
In an ocean teaming with froth
I'm on the shore without applause

Mama's here and nothing can be done
No other thought meanwhile something thaws
Dad to rise, there to fix something
It's not the drinking but the worry that does him in

I learned you were sober
On root that's so gold
Gears of nothing
Stacked at nothing

She bears a cross in an ocean
Teaming with froth
On the shore without applause