Da da da da...

Oh you don't get no deposit on a bottle of champagne
And anyway, while your drinking
You don't think to complain
I sober up in time to say I've learned
'Cause in my line of work a person could get hurt
A person could get worse
A person could get burned

On guard they used to say, when the sword was in their hands
And after all, there was fair warning
At least we knew the game
But nowadays the weapon rarely shows
And in my line of work a person never knows
A person could get hurt
A person could get burned

Fragile is the spirit
When the body walks into the world
Like a stone wall
Fragile and determined
And a little bit mad

When I leave my body I am never coming back I'll just evaporate into thin air And the folks can breath me out That's just a line, I know I will return 'Cause in the game I play the person never learns A person could get hurt A person could get burned

Da da da la da da...

Oh you don't get no deposit on a bottle of Champagne And anyway, while your drinking
You don't think to complain
I sober up in time to say I've learned
A person could get burned
A person could get burned

Ah, la da da...

On a bottle of champagne