

Spring

Momus

Who beats the clock?
Nobody
Who's for the chop?
Everybody
There are so many words to heed
But is there any blood left to bleed?
Make this stop
Somebody
We're for the chop
But not today
I know there's so much left to do
I can't accept that we are through
I don't feel quite right inside
But there are five things left to try
Denial, anger, bargaining
Depression, and then accepting
Got me through to spring
I just can't accept that everything's screwed
There must be something we can still do
Why not push that button on the right?
Do a new drug test tonight
"Give this a try," says everybody

"Let's lie down and die," says nobody
Don't just stand there, do something
I know you've got your song to sing
I don't feel quite right inside
But there are five things left to try
Denial, anger, bargaining
Depression and then accepting
Gets me through to spring
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Who's for the chop?
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There are experts yet to heed
But is there any blood left to bleed?
And I'm not feeling right inside
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