

## Brodsky Tune

Morten Harket

As you pour yourself a scotch  
Crush a roach or check your watch  
As your hands adjust your tie people die

In the towns with funny names  
Hit by bullets, caughts in flames  
By and large not knowing why people die

And in small places you don't know of  
Yet big for having no chance to scream  
Or say good-bye people die

Chorus La la...  
Let me know

People die as you elect  
New apostles of neglect, self restraint  
Whereby people die  
Too far off to practice love  
For they neighbor, brother Slav  
Where your cherubs dread to fly people die

Chorus La la...  
Let me know

While the statues disagree  
Cain's version, history for its fuel tends to buy  
Those who die

As you watch the athletes score  
Or check your latest statement  
Or sing your child a lullaby people die

Time, whose sharp, bloodthirsty quill  
Parts the killed from those who kill  
Will pronounce the latter tribe  
As your type