NoMeansNo

Well, Christ was married on the cross My father was married to my mother And I am married to a cigarette butt lying in the gutter And I am married to a cigarette butt lying in the gutter Oh, that's too bad, isn't it Rags and bones, are we finally alone? White Man, you, you just starting to get the blues I said, White Man, you, you just starting to get the blues The blues Rags and bones, are we finally alone? The beast has arisen, all sins are forgiven The beast has arisen, all sins are forgiven In the belly of the beast I shall be released In the belly of the beast I shall be released She rises, Captain! She rises, Captain! Captain --- dive, dive! Captain --- dive, dive! If I could choose to believe or not to believe You know I would choose not to If I could choose to believe or not to believe You know I would choose not to But I can't choose Not to Rags and bones, are we finally alone? Any old rags and bones? Who would have thought that I would be A sailor on the deep blue sea Any old rags and bones?