

Segunda

Sprung Monkey

The streets are filled with routine today
I can see it in their faces,
I Couldn't even chisel a smile to greet a stranger
When our eyes caught passing
But your eyes they turn away,
Oh could it be from shame or pity,
But I know inside what it means to be a man,
Don't have pity for me
Well don't have pity for me
Well don't have pity for me
Well don't have pity for me, cause' I'm not sorry
The professional people running to their holes
To their borrowed buildings
To their borrowed spaces
Minutes early everyday
Well you wouldn't want to miss your own funeral
Sitting back in your big old chair
Sliding down your first cup of coffee
And then you glance at the sign on the desk that says
awful empty man,
Don't have pity on me
Well don't have pity for me
Well don't have pity for me
Well don't have pity for me, cause' I'm not sorry
Let's take a walk down a back street
Are you afraid of who or what you might meet,
Well your mind it holds the demons but your attitude
creates them
Must everything be judged by
Material equations Added up by
A one dimensional man who thinks this world is his
market
What can I make,
What can I take
And you
Have pity for me