

The Theatre and Its Double

The Church

Baby I know there's people out there starving
Baby don't go, you got the wrong idea
Baby don't say there's people out there laughing
Baby that way it's gonna take me years

You're blowing hot and cold
I want you heart and soul
A critique of pure reason won't give me what you stole

Some day I think that nothing outside matters
Some day you blink, and you miss a thousand years
Some day I pray, fawning dumbly to my betters
Some day you stay till the audience appears

You're blowing hot and cold
I want you heart and soul
A critique of pure reason won't give me what you stole