

Feathered Friends

The Tear Garden

Smoky Joe's done firing, no use hosing the remains
Now we've got drunken heads and charcoal bunnies, funky
frosted flakes
Now we've got lava lamps, the toast is coasting, blocking
all the drains
And me and you wound up as effigies and made the hall of
fame
We are shouting, we are shouting
We are screaming
We are screaming, ahhh
I guess there won't be a model like those folks in old
Pompeii
Like Tutankhamen, Cutthroat Canyon, Darby's Dungeons in
Marseille
With kiddies poking and provoking, scratching, f**king
(out again?)
Now we are shouting, we are shoutingWe are screaming, we
are screaming, ahhh ...
We're your heritage, a monument wonderfully preserved
They came to see us by the thousands but we never ever
heard
Now I really need to scratch
It's torture that these kids have gone
(And except them?) for the birds
For the birds ...
I'm shouting, I'm shouting
I'm screaming, I'm screaming, for the birds