

Who-Knows-What

The Walkabouts

I waited all day
And it seemed like one day too many
To find out who knows what
And why all the gallons are hanging
Deadmen are sneaking
Over thr hills
Something forgotten
Is going on there still
I waited all day
and still it seemed like one day too many
Down in the basement
With gunfire closer than distant
And upstairs the band
Played a cynical waltz
The whole world a blamin'
When it's everyone's fault
Who knows what
Who knows what
Tell me what kind of
Is at the end of the world who knows what
What kind of is at the end of the world who knows what
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