

## New Times

## Violent Femmes

New Times, New Times, New Times  
Good morning, good morning, good morning  
I'm the guard at one time this was rather pleasant  
The poets they still had to muse over the classicism of clean s  
hoes  
But who today still knows a button stick

Well, that's the New Times, that's the New Times  
That's the New Times

The girls would lie down, the girls would lie down  
The girls would lie down before us  
First one went dancing, first one went dancing  
First one went dancing and then behind the bushes

Today you have to run through twenty places  
Get drunk on saccharin and methyl  
And then you still don't get them that far

Well, that's the New Times, that's the New Times  
That's the New Times

Now take it easy there in the early morning  
Who arrives but the brethren from the press  
Now take it easy there in the early morning  
Who arrives but the brethren from the press

If somewhere there lies a cadaver  
Or something is foul in the state  
You can be sure that a writer is not far behind  
With his Excellency I only say  
Hands off, hands off hands off the literature

The Laurel Wreath one gets today  
Second hand so to speak from the old Empire's stories  
Sold underhand at the Alexander Platz with all the wigs and cos  
tumes  
Twitching from the shoulder one is informed

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New Times, New Times, New Times