

(R. Pollard)

The yellow moon looks down now
Lights the scene for the night ahead
Surround the chairs in a circle
And I just can't sit down

{chorus}
But the freak stares on
Puts on his glasses and he smokes it down
That don't matter for much now/dear/downhere
He says, "I'm gonna put your head on
and don't you screw it up."

The message was delivered
The mothers wept uncontrollably
Mad children went to the warehouse
Heavens trumpets blow

{chorus}
{chorus}