

The house caught on fire in the winter  
the bosses lay slain  
and each of the workers decided to ten-fold their pay  
and they saw in the mirror the sun had been shot down in flames  
and nobody minded the hole in the sky or the rain

But it doesn't really matter when the judgements are said  
'cause we all take our chances to find out romance is in some others bed  
and you might burn your fingers hock your best rings for those  
who'd have you standing naked then publicly auction the use of a hose

all the children were laughing their faces in half at the pain  
of the girl who loved talking to walls and jumping at trains  
and the words that ring true in the playground of fools will remain  
and nobody minded the hole in the sky or the rain

but it doesn't really matter when the rights have been read  
'cause we all take our chances to glance at the wife in the opposite bed  
and I bet Nero and Pilate could easily explain  
how policemen & pirates get stoned in glass houses just finding their way