

The jet plane draws a jagged wound along the dimming autumn sky  
His breath steams on ahead of him as through the tenement he does stride  
to knock upon some doors  
The boy who asked for more  
and who hid his real fears so the people just saw...  
they saw him smiling  
They only ever saw him smiling

He breathes the air of the barber's shop  
The steam, smoke and cheap cologne  
He says, "Old man, tell this razor blade  
how much you want to be left alone."  
Over the mirror to the left  
A postcard girl with naked breasts  
brings us greetings from Crete to this ugly man's street just by smiling  
Look, she's all smiling

Yeah, she pouts and acts hot with James Bond on his yacht  
His arching eyebrow, his martini seed  
while in her village in Milan starving people stole cans  
and [bad] silver or the loser will bleed

In a few more years the cruel boy makes his way  
up to where the real power is  
until a bomb in his car blows him all over a wall  
and his comrades shake their fists  
We see the biggest killers of all who say they are appalled  
They say, "Our rage is extreme," but you know what they mean  
Upstairs they're smiling  
Still scared and smiling