

Richard Thompson, Outside Of The Inside

(Richard Thompson)

God never listened to Charlie Parker
Charlie Parker lived in vain
Blasphemer, womaniser,
Let a needle numb his brain
Wash away his monkey music
Damn his demons, Damn his pain

And what's the point of Albert Einstein
What do we need Physics for?
Heresy's his inspiration
Corrupt and rotten to the core
Curse his devious mathematics
Curse his deadly atom war

There's a message on the wind
Calling me to glory somewhere
There are signs too deep for the dumb
Like perfume in the air
And when I get to Heaven
I won't realise I'm there

Shakespeare, Isaac Newton
Small ideas for little boys
Adding to the senseless chatter
Adding to the background noise
Hard to hear my oratory
Hard to hear my inner voice

Van gogh, Botticelli
Scraping paint onto a board
Colour is the fuel of madness
That's no way to praise the Lord
Grey's the colour of the pious
Knelt upon the misericord

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I'm familiar with the cover
I don't need to read the book
I police the world of action
Inside's where I never look
Got no time to help the worthless
Lotus-eaters, Mandarins, crooks

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