

Roger Clyne & The Peacemakers, Lemons

I'm sailing the seas of red wine
I'm strummin' this nonsense tune
Adding my voice to a rebel serenade
Echoing off a waxin' moon

And I have crumpled our paper captain
Now who will lead this swarthy crew?
Tear the teeth off the gears, keep 'em as souvenirs boys!
The world needs a few good mutineers now

Sometimes I slumber on a bed of roses
Sometimes I crash in the weeds
One day a bowl full of cherries
One night I'm suckin' on lemons and spittin' out the seeds

I am the fat native, skinny-dippin, semi-professional tourist
a gold watch at the bottom of the sea
Tis time I depose of those petty tyrants
One on the throne, One inside me

Bring on the change
Let's keep it simple now
Don't confuse your wants with your needs
Believe in Love, forsake your greed
And give away what you want to receive

"what you say?!"

Give away what you want to receive

"what you say?!"