

MERCY

I stood in the water
In the middle month of winter
My camel skin was torture
I was in a state of nature
The wind, sir, it was wicked
I was so alone
Just as I predicted
My followers were gone

And I cried 'Mercy'
Have mercy upon me
And I got down on my knees

Thrown into a dungeon
Bread & water was my portion
Faith – my only weapon
To rest the Devil's legion
The speak-hole would slide open
A viper's voice would plead
Thick with innuendo
Syphilis and Greed

And she cried 'Mercy'
Have mercy upon me
And I told her to get down on her knees

In a garden full of roses
My hands, tied behind me
My cousin was working miracles
I wondered if he'd find me
The moon was turned toward me
Like a platter made of gold
My death, it almost bored me
So often was it told

And I cried 'Mercy'
I cried mercy on me
Crying 'Mercy'
Have mercy on me

THE GOOD SON

One more man gone
One more man gone
One more man is gone

The good son walks into the field
He is a tiller, he has a tiller's hands
But down in his heart now
He lays down queer plans
Against his brother and against his family
Yet he worships his brother
And he worships his mother
But it's his father, he says, is an unfair man

The good son
The good son
The good son

The good son has sat and often wept
Beneath a malign star by which he's kept
And the night-time in which he's wrapped
Speaks of good and speaks of evil
And he calls to his mother
And he calls to his father
But they are deaf in the shadows
Of his brother's truancy
The good son
The good son
The good son

And he curses his mother
And he curses his father
And he curses his virtue like an unclean thing
The good son
The good son
The good son

One more man gone
One more man gone
One more man
One more man gone
One more man gone
One more man
One more man gone
One more man gone
One more man
(Repeat)

DIG, LAZARUS, DIG!!!

dig yourself, LAZARUS!!!!!!
DIG YOURSELF, LAZARUS!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
dig yourself, LAZARUS!!!!!!
(dig yourself back in that hole)
Larry made his nest up in the autumn branches
built from nothing but high hopes & thin air
he collected up some BABY-BLASTED mothers
they took their chances
& for a while lived quite happily up there
he came from NEW YORK CITY, but he couldn't take the pace
(thought it was like DOGGY-DOG-WORLD)
then he went to SAN FRANCISCO
(spent a year in outer space)
w/ a sweet little san franciscan girl
I can hear my mother wailing
& a whole lot of scraping of chairs!!!!!!!!!!
I don't know what it is
but there is definitely something going on upstairs
dig yourself, LAZARUS!!!!!!
DIG YOURSELF, LAZARUS!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
dig yourself, LAZARUS!!!!!!
(dig yourself back in that hole)
!!!! WANT!!!! Y!!!!!!!! TO!!!!!!!! DIG!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
yeah, NEW YORK CITY, he had to get out of there
& san francisco, well, I don't know
& then to LA, where he spent about a day
he thought even the pale sky-stars
were smart enough to keep well away
from LA!!!!!!
meanwhile Larry made up names for the ladies, like
MISS BOO!!!! & MISS QUICK!!!!!!
he stockpiled weapons & took pot shots at the air
he feasted on their lovely bodies like a lunatic
wrapped himself up in their soft yellow hair
I can hear chants & incantations
& some guy is mentioning me in his prayers!!!!
I don't know what it is
but there is definitely something going on upstairs
dig yourself, LAZARUS!!!!!!
DIG YOURSELF, LAZARUS!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
dig yourself, LAZARUS!!!!!!
(dig yourself back in that hole)
!!!! WANT!!!! Y!!!!!!!! TO!!!!!!!! DIG!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
well NEW YORK CITY, man
SAN FRANCISCO, LA (I don't know)
Larry grew increasingly neurotic & obscene!!!!!!!!!!
HE NEVER ASKED TO BE RAISED UP FROM THE TOMB!!!
no one ever actually asked him to forsake his DREAMS!!!

anyway, to cut a long story short
fame finally found him
mirrors became his torturers
cameras snapped him at every chance
the women all went back to their homes
& their husbands
(secret smiles in the corners of their mouths)
he ended up like so many of them do
back on the streets of
NEW YORK CITY!!!!!!!!!! (crowd)!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
in a soup queue/
a dope fiend/ (a slave)
then prison/ then the madhouse/
then the grave
O POOR LARRY!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
but what do we really know of the dead
& who actually cares?????????!!!!
I don't know what it is
but there is definitely something going on upstairs
dig yourself, LAZARUS!!!!!!
DIG YOURSELF, LAZARUS!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
dig yourself, LAZARUS!!!!!!!!!!
(dig yourself back in that hole)
!!!! WANT!!!! Y!!!!!!!! TO!!!!!!!! DIG!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!