

Turning Blue

Madness

With the ease of a practised smile
The tears of a crocodile
Well shake then wash your hands
Of the smell of foreign land
The propaganda woman said
It might be worse you could be dead
Now we've an impressive show
Let's wind it up and watch it go

Still a strange thing to me
Is there's no place I'd rather be
Rollercoasting backwards to
Up and down and turning blue

No pie in the sky
For the small man gets smaller
But a poke in the eye
From an unwelcome caller

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Policeman's eyes on overload
A fractured island might explode
A million pieces washed ashore
From Disneyland to Warsaw

Let's have a rehearsal run
An underground holiday in the sun
Take time to sit and reflect
A white wall where the sun collects

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