

Too Many Movies

Roy Harper

Seems that God's little mother
Is bringing his son up so right
She's wearing the heart of America
Where daddy is just 'out of sight'
She's got Al Capone's ghost in his diaper
And Sitting Bull made out of wax
And hard plastic dolls that cry 'mama'
Whose eyes close when laid on their backs
And the gas in the lungs of Carl Chessman
Is made up of Femme-Fresh and gin
You see, 'cause unlike crazy mum's Billy Graham
She forced the poor guy to breathe in

We've been watching too many movies
Laid right back, cut 'n' dried
With heroines in happy hereafters
Where death is for failed suicide
Where death is for failed suicide

The virgin Mary's good gangster
Is thinking of mum as he dies
She wiped out his mind as a youngster
His soul sweeps the jail of her lies
And gone with the wind and the cool hand
Are Luke and the truth about dad
While showbiz princesses lie sun-tanned
Still thinking John Henry is bad
The father, the son and the holy disgrace
Bathe in the blood of the race
No way, no way to treat a lady

Is nearer than twice Peyton Place
Is nearer than twice Peyton Place

We've been watching too many movies
Laid right back, cut 'n' dried
With heroines in happy hereafters
Where death is for failed suicide
Where death is for failed suicide
And whatever Mother says is justified