

Tarred and Feathered

Cardiacs

From *Big Ship*, 1987

I find I understand the rules but cannot find the reasons
Do they include everything and they change for every season
It's only a matter of...

Time is of the essence, shall I put up some resistance?
Cursed with the awareness of my own existence
It's only a matter of...

Time tends to pass by quicker than the nail
That boxes me together forever it forms the seal
Is the knowledge of my own existence real?

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A slice of life a piece of mind
Laid on a plate of my own kind
I'll take a key from the gravy
And unlock the cage that holds the ravens in

What's it like flying high?
I've a cone for a beak, but the tar makes me cry
That holds me together, tarred and feathered

Breathing home, hoping for the day
The radio and television's thrown the rest away
Oh dear me, look who's come around
Now all I have to do is hide my body in the ground
It's all I have to do

When they who to the sea go down
And in the waters ply their toil
Are lifted on the surges crown
And plunged where seething eddies boil