

Joy Electric, The Phonograph Plays, Part And Parcel

Hear what is played, what is sung
In the sight of the orphans
Near to the night, so to hide every deviant notion
You try to leave, but become as one horrid invention
Run to the leaf covered home to prepare you protection

The phonograph plays, part and parcel

Odd signatures of the kind you missed from the last century
You start to think of the ones who have betrayed your memory
Put to complete disarray while the handles are turning
What comes to you comes too late as the needle is touching

The phonograph plays, part and parcel

Ever turning all our worries and our troubles
You look over, what you see is innocent
And the lions come to greet us by the hundreds
From a corner one is watching us being eaten