

# Prefab Sprout, Don't Sing

An outlaw stand in a peasant land, in every face see Judas.  
The burden of love is so strange.  
The stubborn beast and the priest, are hiding from the captians.  
The burden of love is so plain.  
Are they happy to see you?  
No, you always bring trouble.  
Cast a shadow on Mexico-denial doesn't change facts.  
Like most I'll cone when I want things done,  
please God don't let that change.  
The anguish of love at long range.  
Should've been a doctor, oh, then they can see what they're getting.  
Oh no, don't blame Mexico,  
that's the feast that the whisky priest may yet have to forego.  
Rob me a colour, make the sound duller, but never go away.  
Trough teeth of sharks the Autumn barks, and Winter squarely bites me.  
Don't ever do this again.  
Dawn breaks in the Southern States, and blindfolded he rests,  
the burden of loves last request.  
That's the feast that the whisky priest may yet have to forego.  
Oh no, don't blame Mexico,  
they ask for more than you bargained for and then they ask for more.  
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