

On the Brink

Brieve Morison

A foreign king said to his queen
Get me the generals and the minister of dreams
I have forgotten exactly who I am
If my name is Ivan or if my name is Sam
She said you don't need them
You need a drink
You always think different
When you're standing on the brink

The queen was restless
Pacing up and down
The king was busy
Stealing jewels from the crown
The general was lying on the floor with a map
Talking to himself
Saying maybe perhaps
No one saw the queen
Board the plane with the mink
You always think different
When you're standing on the brink

Well the general came in
Shouting that will do
Deal with it now
Do what you have to
We've got a problem
It has to be solved
He saluted the soldier
Said you are absolved
Doing it won't be
As bad as you think
You always think different
When you're standing on the brink

There were people writing letters
People taking pills
People praying and
People making will
The students at the gate
Were burning the flag
Rumours were spreading

Tongues began to wag
Everyone was pleased
When the sun began to sink
You always think different
When you're standing on the brink

There was talk of love
And compromise
How in the face of fear
Reason flies
Talk about tomorrow
Like there was no today
If they had another chance
It wouldn't be this way
They thought they'd found
The missing link
But you always think different
When you're standing on the brink