

TYRO

Tyro was apathetic, looking at the video screen,
he didn't even care about what went on below.
He'd trampled down some big things,
just like he did when he was young
But it had been different, been no fun, solitary.

Refrain:

He hardly recognized those people shooting, people screaming.
It didn't really hurt like the way he felt, when he woke up.
He looked for someone with a size like him, a heart that small.
His Lady Dinosaur, where had she gone to leaving him?!

Tyro went on trampling through the city's restless streets
looking for familiar signs, Brontosaurus to cross his way.
He walked on towards the water to cross the sea somehow.
Just like a drunken hobo, weeping on, he trampled on.

Refrain:

And while below his feet those people cried, those people died,
he thought of those warmer times; of memories with tears in eye.
And as the final bomb hit him right in his weary heart,
relieved somehow, he started dreaming.

1993
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