

Has it come and gone?  
Is it long before the spirit shaves his legs?  
Is it wrapped in trash, sent back to a sanitation tank?  
Is it disinfected, disconnected 'til it grafts some wires?  
Is it sped up, spun around brown and yellow in the fires?

What is this town?  
They said I got no place to be  
The money meter's taking everything I see

Is it comes in lovely bones that put their shirts on ice?  
Is it fireflies that cross out eyes with any spice?  
Is it normal, born-again?  
Let the vultures drink and drown  
Is its force from weathers, birds of feathers never found?

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