

The sun's a strange light nothing grows right anymore  
Scars on every stalk  
Whose mouth should I use to talk?  
The force that marks the routine  
Temperature whatever degrees create the bad thing  
And lay our heads in it now  
It's hard to punch the clock on the site where production stopped  
I'm just a warehouse filled with junk  
Some somethings for some someones tacking  
Time with tracking eye tectonic shifts one nerve at a time  
I lay my head in it a hundred plans to fortify beige concrete floors on for miles  
Hiding cities under it fill my mouth with with non-mouth spit there was a light at  
The window there was light under the door but it's not there anymore  
(come on over get your shoes on put your feet on baby come on over)