

Lie Dream Of A Casino Soul

The Fall

Well, I didn't eat the weekend
But I put the weight back on again
And our kid got back from Munich
He didn't like it much
Has a psyche that hadn't been synthesized
Just like machines
It's getting like that here now
It just goes to show

I got no nerves left Monday morning
And I think I'll cut my dick off
The trouble it got me in
Went home to my slum canyon
On my way I looked up
I saw turrets of Victorian wealth
I saw John the ex-fox
Sleeping in some outside bogs
There's a silent rumble
In the buildings of the night council
It's a meeting of controllers
Who drive right through the gates
In white roll-tops

And I guess this just goes to show
The lie dream of the casino soul

I'm a bit jagged right now
In a tongue-tired, wired state
Cause Sunday morning dancing
I had an awake dream
I was in the supervision dept.
Of a bigtown store
Security floors one to four
They had cameras in the clothes dummies.
A man came up to them
He wanted sex in the dummies eyes
Then came up the cry:
"Security, mobilized!"
Meanwhile in the sticks
Proles rich, dance in cardboard pants
And I guess this goes to show
The lie dream of a casino souls scene