

## Tailpipe Blues

13 ENGINES

Grey monoliths reach out into the starless night  
Strip malls, bungalows, developers' wet dream  
Spreads out like a virus  
From the city  
Hurry up, you move to slow, no one's got  
The time to wait upon you  
You've got no money  
What do you want, what do you need  
And more importantly  
What do you think you can get?  
You've got no money

O there's a place, where there's gold  
Like the conquistador slaughtered for  
And there's rubies, hanging from the trees  
Laying down on the ground  
And there's emeralds scattered all around

Tell me more, tell me more, who do you think, who do you think  
you are?  
Some kind of prophet or some kind of a priest  
Well you can wrap your lips around the tailpipe of my car

Sometimes when I'm down, I close my eyes  
I don't hear a sound  
And I remember the places and the people  
I want to see again

And there's a place where there's gold  
Like the conquistador murdered for  
And there's rubies hanging from the trees  
Laying down on the ground  
And there's emeralds scattered all around

And the snow comes, and covers it up  
Without a sound  
Yes the snow covers it up  
Without a sound