

Waste and want not what you advertise
I go to bed and dream of dancing girls
Alive gone wrong
I will recall beauty
And I will not fall from the cloud

One two three four five fingers on my hand will say
So long good-bye adieu my friend it's later than
you think

One more riddle left to answer for
It's you and I that have to laugh about the plans
we made
Fight for control contest of rules
Hang in and wait for your turn

One two three four five senses you can recognize
There being more to penetrate the sea behind your skin

If it rains wear a raincoat
If you get wet well that happens

Now look inside your eyes and find a way
To see the will of men and deeds who complement
your love
How can life be lived inside the head we roam in gangs
Long enough to criticize our birth
Born to a world model
Glue has not yet come unstuck

One two three four five and six and seven ways
or more
To move and choose the soul mates for your sentencing
life term