

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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The money need is taking everything I see