

Crop of Illusions

Diorama

The yuppie is leaned against
the bar with the highest repute
and everyone is beckoning
him over to the grinning terrains

He tangoes to major chords
yelling intelling quotes
about shocking french movies
and holes in the m-theory

They will hunt you down
they will hunt you down
until you're put on the right track again
until you match up to your talents again

Their deeds are efficient
their voices are dulcet
they know about water
they know about wine
about who's marrying who
and which kid's in the corner
and who always grabs the big share

So go with the yuppies stay invulnerable
go with the yuppies and stay in their company
always clocking in - never clocking out

They will hunt you down
they will hunt you down

I'm the crop of illusions
I'm stalking the streets at night
I'll make you let go of all your chances
if you cross my way