

Gasoline

Enter The Haggis

Outside around the side
Form a circle forward I'm an
Outsider on the side
Formerly a farm-boy
Inside I'm on the side
I'm divided undecided
Back then around again
Second time's a charm boy
upside mortified
Rubber-necking bottle-necking
Smoke-stacks cigarettes
Polish on the details
I try to stay inside
Eyes and ears and curtains closing
They lie on their sides
Casualties of retail
back then the earth was green
Dirt was black and the air/water was clean
And then upon the scene
Cars and trucks and gasoline
Inside I'm petrified
I don't want to hide/watch it anymore
black or white/left or right or in between
I'm never really sure which way I lean
Hey mister what does it mean he said
Cars and trucks need gasoline.