

Smaller and Smaller

Faith No More

Drought makes the workers dream
Muscles and fields of green
Shovel the last few crumbs
Of generosity
Open heart, open mind, open mouth, open vein

DRAIN

Someday the rains will come
My blistered hands tell me
Tomorrow, Tomorrow, Tomorrow

BITE

BITE

BITE

CRY

I'll keep coming back
smaller and smaller and smaller
squash me
smaller and smaller and smaller
under the charity
smaller and smaller and smaller
under the topsoil
smaller and smaller and smaller
under the fingernail
smaller and smaller and smaller
then small becomes all becomes all.....

BITE

BITE

BITE

CRY

It's not a mirage
It's not a mirage
trickling downward, trickling downward
It's not a mirage

DRAIN

DRAIN

BITE

BITE

BITE

CRY

smaller and smaller and smaller and smaller and smaller.....