

Jumpsuit City

Fish

All the way from Bucharest your skin crawled on the way to Hollywood
Through a hole in the wall
You saw the free world trading in bones

There's a guardian angel at the window
Staring at the corner
She's got nowhere to go
She's in the free world trading her bones

But if your mother didn't like it she don't need to know
As long as your sending the money home
What happened to the body of the child she bore
Answers on a postcard from Jumpsuit City

Sprayed by a moonbeam through the Linden leaves
Cast in a shadow in anonymity
He found the free world and sucked on their bones
Performing for animals he's dressed to thrill
High on a pedestal see the surgeon's skill
He lets the free world feast on his bones

Behind the curtains there's a sanctuary
For the businessman and the refugee
This is the free world and they trade with their bones
A dead flower from a buttonhole
Lies in the gutter with a million souls
It's the free world, and they're only trading in bones