

The Vanishing Spies

Frank Black

The vanishing spies
Just something I read
A couple of eyes
From out of the head
And all that was said
Was that's just how some things don't materialize
Could be they broke
And swam like a bird
Fear of spooking the folk
With talk of the third
Or maybe the third
Played a joke
Give me a blip
And I'll totally flip
Say it's nothing but sky
And I'll be a lonely guy
The vanishing spies
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A couple of eyes
Sent out from the head
And all that was said
Was that is just how some things do not materialize
Give me one little blip
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