

Bright Ideas

Greg Laswell

Back down off the sun
I need a light to tell the time
I'm sure the sky wants its black back
Air attack
So in love with the view
You bombast
Itches like a sunburn
But contagious
You really are outrageous
When you've got
Your bright ideas on

And I believe you when you say that the mail is killing you
Cause I believe the mail-man is slowly killing me too

Ease up on your mouth
I can't make any words out
The fruitflies all buzzing out
Man, what are you getting to?
You may be right
And I may be wrong
But I'm all that you've got to
Hang your bright ideas on

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You may say
I'm not here