

Fields Trilogy: C. Motorcade

Hammers of Misfortune

See through the window, the city goes by
Streets full of suckers with dimes in their eyes
Heads full of sediment, buzzing with flies
Helplessly dreading the next big surprise

Escorting friendlies, a walk in the park
Unlock the cages as soon as it's dark
Motorcade motorcade easy to mark
Send in the snipers to swim with the sharks

Breadline is burning, the headcount's a joke
Soon they'll be feasting on mirrors and smoke
Motorcade motorcade horses to show
Fish in a barrel and ducks in a row

Pheasants in Fields to be hunted and plucked
Such is their ration of sixpenny luck
The party's decorum is crucial tonight
Scatter the parasites, vermin and blight
Motorcade motorcade easy to mark
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