Soft Bomb Salad

I Mother Earth

Inside of a moment shines the wet unbelievable Beside every problem there's a rat under siege And broken with all the right drugs In time, in depth, in present tense I'm cold and awful, yes I know Uptight, intent on making sense We are who we are

Instead of a motion there's a rest unachievable Because in a cold wind there's a laugh underneath Unspoken in all the right tongues

In time, in depth, in present tense I'm cold and awful, yes I know Uptight intent on making sense We are who we are In mind and breath, in my own head I'm so unpopular, I know In life and death, and second chance We are who we are

And half along Were slaughtered in song When left alone We were unsafe When all is done To be honestly numb is all I can be lying here Awake

A mild psychosis holds my hand underneath it all A kind of ferocious old regret on its knees And groping for just the right gun