

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