

With perfect prose and a broken nose,
He beats the early morning streets,
He's not a king or anything and he's felt like this for weeks,
The rain has come again and it doesn't mean a thing,
Everyone's mouth is moving but they don't say a thing,
I spent last night in bed with a young photographer friend,
She's a wounded dove. A pretty swastika,
Her smile is like amphibian,
Won't you take a picture?
Develop it in liquor,
Keeping it in frame,
Diet Coke is a better mixer

Well you attempt the perfect crime,
But you must be out of your mind,
You tell me "What else can I do?"
But she's a little young even for you,
Interest or disinterest, she's a simple-minded mistress,
Interest or disinterest, well, you're making it my business,
The morning dew smells like manure,
Nature is my rainbow sewer,
You say you wanna get some sun,
Well go ahead, I hope you have some fun,
I'm talking in my sleep but everyone is listening,
"Did you find a job today?"
Well I didn't know one was missing