

There are stings strung from a hand,  
They extend to every point across this land.  
And the ants keep moving fast,  
They just blink and nod while miracles slip past.

There's a face, unearthly clean,  
That stares up at me from every magazine.  
Computer screens and concrete lines,  
I think I might let my subscription slide.

There's this song stuck in my brain,  
With the unrelenting pulse of the inane.  
And the words go tra-la-la,  
Tra-la-la-la tra-la-la-la la-da-da.

There's a tick, and there's a tock.  
They pursue like Hare Krishnas while I walk.  
Storefront signs broadcast the time,  
I think I might let my subscription slide.

There are words hung in the sky,  
That the crazy children hum while they walk by.  
Human souls on sale for dimes,  
In a game of chutes and ladders run by mimes.

There's this voice, it won't shut up.  
Says I should spill my juice and overflow the cup.  
You've got rules, and I've got mine.  
I think I might let my subscription slide.

There are rules, and we all subscribe.  
I think I'm gonna let my subscription slide.