

## Mid-Day Anonymous

Jets to Brazil

what will you do to turn this around  
so many behind you so many before you  
ticket in one hand gun in the other  
what will you do which hand will you use?

came on the run and you will leave running  
there's always someone to keep you from thinking  
loving her desperately knowing you're leaving  
what will you do now with no one to go to?

there are so many places to see  
there are so many people to be  
this country was promised to me from the start

the kids. the park. the crosshairs find their mark.  
i think i'm the sum of what's before and what's to come  
a saint with a scope and a holster full of hope  
it depends it depends some stories never end  
but mine unwinds in seconds

what will you do to save your own life  
drink yourself brilliant, make love to your image  
dad's on the left side, mom's on the right  
what will you do now to keep them divided?

eyes out the window the folly of humans  
mid-day anonymous when guns find their purpose  
end of the country the end of the century  
ending of everything the ending is everything

there are so many people in me  
there are so many women to meet  
remember me to all the ones i have lost  
the glock is cocked. the sheep begin to drop  
i think i'm the son of what's before and what's to come

a saint with a scope and a pocketful of dope  
seven stars! seven stars! the kingdom is ours  
the stairs the light the street the blue and whites  
deep in the flat with the technicolor cat  
and hey my varicose guilt!