

Marketland

Lemon Demon

Market Town.

What a doozy walking around
With all these putrid people everywhere.
"You've gotta buy this!"
Screams a whiskey stinking vermin vendor
Holding up a rotten pear.

But I hold on to my dollar,
Looking all around me.
In this place, I hide my face,
But dirty people hound me.

Market Street.

I could use a bite to eat,
But I don't want to buy a whole raw fish, no.
No, not a blanket!
Yes, it's lovely but I'm hungry,
And that's really not my favorite dish.

So I hold on to my moolah,
My mazuma, money.
There's no trash that's worth my cash,
It all just smells too funny.

In Marketland,
You can buy what's in demand.
Fifteen years ago, wow.
In Marketland,
All the world is in your hand.
I'd go wash it off now.

Market Lane.

Either I'm going insane
Or there's an urchin hawking book reports.
Oh, that's a new one:
Some old guy with just one eye's
Selling his obviously soiled shorts.

But I hold on to my dollar,
Looking all around me.
In this place, I hide my face,
But dirty people hound me.

Market Hell.

There's no food too old to sell.
There is no merchandise too urine-stained.
"You've gotta buy this!"
Scream the whiskey stinking vermin vendors.
Well, at least I'm entertained.

Still I hold on to my moolah,
My mazuma, money.
There's no trash that's worth my cash,
It all just smells too funny.

In Marketland,
You can buy what's in demand.

Fifteen years ago, wow.
In Marketland,
All the world is in your hand.
I'd go wash it off now.

In Marketland,
You can buy what's in demand.
Fifteen years ago, wow.
In Marketland,
All the world is in your hand.
I'd go wash it off now.