

Fly Like The Wind

Meat Puppets

You can run but you'll never
get away from the smell of the garbage
and there's crap on your shoes
and the thought of it is making you happy
and the seeds all explode
and the aphids have eaten your garden
and they're all so confused
and the thought of it really takes little

Fly like the wind, right on
and remember slave,
that nobody asked you
Fly like the wind, right on
and remain on your knees
before your raping master

I'm right now, and I'm also
exploring the worlds of the future
and the mall of my choice,
I am shopping and making a purchase

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and there's crap on your shoes
and the smell of it is making you happy

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