

Numbers turned to money
Ain't it funny how we're built to spend the whole of our lives running
Number crunching
On assumption there's reason in repeating rhymes
And throwing keys and swapping wives
As long as it's within the privacy of our own private lives

Stuck with no direction
Seeking everyone's attention
All for his or her affection
For life cover and collection
No Viagra
No Erection
No insurance
No protection
And no cure and no prevention
Did you ever think to mention the smaller house

The smaller town
Where banal gossip does the rounds
Giant fish in tiny ponds where nothings really going on
And everyone knows everyone and everybody's goings on
And everyone wants everyone to try the fuck to get along

A. N. X. I. E. T. Why?

The booze'll cut you loose if even for a day or 2
Or 3 or 4 or 5 or 6 or 10
You'll never be the same again
People won't remember you, your children and your children's too
As we elope in cars and planes to dig the hole for their remains

A. N. X. I. E. T. Why do I feel so inane and so uptight?

A. N. X. I. E. T. Why do I feel so inane and so uptight?

I hope I sleep tonight
I hope I sleep tonight
I hope I sleep tonight
I hope I sleep tonight

So then YOU change the channel
Turn the cheek and look the other way
YOUR life now on hiatus checks the status of your friends who say
"It's terrible about those banks."
"It's terrible but to be frank - it's terrible those people died, let's see
what's on the other side."

And no one cares cause no one minds
Everybody's filled their time
With everything that's going on
And on and on and on and on and on until the end of time
Til' we're gone and the blood runs dry
Growing up and getting older
Just another culture vulture.