

I've got blood on my hands,
And sand between my toes
If the crowd gets too unruly,
We'll spray 'em with the hose

I'm so bored with the whole thing
-keep hearing laughter when i turn-
Seen a million sunlit faces
But none that really burned

I can't keep myself from laughing
When I spot someone possessed
The fool that's always grinning,
Never quite gets the jest

But I know the one I'm laughing at
Plays it by the book
And screams for revolution
Behind his vacant look

We'll keep their eyes red & runny,
Kill them in their homes
Watch them pray forgiveness
And pay interest on their loans

It was us in the beamers,
The penthouses & shrines.
If you want absolution
We can provide all kinds...

But that's just the way we are
Our heads in the ozone
And our minds in shangri-la