

Oh I'll send you a telegram
Oh I have some information for you
Oh I'll send you a telegram
Send it deep in the heart of you
Deep in the heart of your brain is a lever
Oh deep in the heart of your brain is a switch
Oh deep in the heart of your flesh you are clever
Oh honey you met your match in a bitch

Deep in the heart of
Deep in the heart of

[]
There will be no famine in my existence
I merge with the people of the hills
Oh people of Ethiopia
Your opiate is the air that you breathe
All those mint bushes around you
Are the perfect thing for your system
Aww clean clean it out
You must rid yourself from these, these animal
fixations
You must release yourself
From the thickening blackmail of elephantiasis
You must divide the wheat from the rats
You must turn around [and look oh God]

When I see Brancusi
His eyes searching out the infinite abstract spaces
In the [radio] rude hands of sculptor
Now gripped around the neck of a [duosonic]
[]
[I swear on your eyes no pretty words will sway me]
[]
Oh look at me aah
[] cannot move ahh so much aahh everything I am
[] possible
Aah []
Feel so fucked up
[]
much too
I know I know []
[]
[]
[]
tell him to get out of here
go down to the sea
[] if he would just tell me
he appreciates Brancusi's [] space
the sculptor's mallet has been taken in place
[]
every time I see []