

Margery

Pearls Before Swine

Margery I am a wanderer
The ocean is my home
In the green saltmagic of the sea, and
The mysteries of sand

There are supermarket maladies
A sickness on the hill
All the good men are in prison
There's something wrong somewhere

Wisdom hides in bullets now
Friendship in a sneer
And I must find out why
Before I come back here

A friend is in the army now
Another is in jail
There is a blackness on the land
Nobody is well

Margery, oh Margery
Everything's in chains
Everyone is blinded to
The sanctity of change

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