

## The Jig Is Up

Quasi

The Jig is Up  
We're throwing our clocks out the window  
Make for high ground  
And watch the sun's blood over mexico  
Come back kid forget what you did  
Forget where you've been  
My poor long lost twin  
Long lost twin

We kick through the shards  
Of the white plastic domes of the moneymen  
The dust of the stars and the burned out controls of the mind-  
machine  
Day bears the nights night bulls the day  
It just don't seem right to just piss it away  
Piss it away