

Collapse

Soul Coughing

Mid-level manager
Says he heard about
Some mulatto girl
Shot him in the mouth,

And left him a hotel Near the mid-south offices.
He worked in distribution,
Regional vice-president.

Collapse, unload it, pop! pop!
I must accumulate, unload it,
Pop! Pop! I must accumulate.

Well the soil is rich
Competition fat
Ripe and vulnerable
Oozing from the slats

And too cash-heavy, bloated
Sitting there all puckered up.
Index of numbers is,
Scrolling upscreen, scrolling up.

Smash it down to digits.
Gut it out and break it down.
Liquid assets are Seeping down, seeping down now.
Seeping down, seeping down now.