

Held Up By The Wires

State Radio

Bought the old farmland for a song
Sold it for many reasons
Too many of them wrong
Horseshoe bets and the women that came along
Blind-drunk on their demon rum

Is knowledge a product of his holiness
A mad cousin to his loneliness
Maniacs in cages
And patriots and sages
A cruel old/on telling of the books

But I'll not give
Myself, to the ground
I kill more than I
Live so slowly
Live so slowly

Say one thing and then do another
Bunker down in your alsatian den
We ain't got room for your politics here
Politicians make a bad name for the con-man

And water felt like burning metal
Set off by a dying sun
Them women they circle
Like covered wagons crying
Their loved ones back from where they, gone

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