

## 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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