

## Good Morning, Mrs. Smith

### Street Sweeper Social Club

In the military outpost know as hell  
We was way too drunk of Muscatel  
Prone to fail and get thrown in jail  
From the stories that the TV was known  
To tell  
This night at the end of the world  
Police sirens sing to boys and girls  
Handful of pills to press your curl  
Baby shine that light  
Let your fight unfurl

My confession is also my blessing  
Hollered Hail Marys suckin on a Smith & Wesson  
May salutations interrupt your isolation  
I'm just like you  
Another profit calculation  
I learned a lot  
From things left at my apartment  
Forgotten papers that you dropped on  
My carpet  
Musical chairs  
You thought your luck was just startin  
Who told the record to stop?  
Took the collection note you left at my spot  
And made you  
Origami

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Dancin in my kitchen  
With Sly Stone's permission  
Lit my ignition  
Cursing fascist apparitions  
You said your life was something like the  
Inquisition  
All you could do was lay there in prone  
Position  
I said there's love inside the people  
Connectin  
And interactin  
Strugglin  
Finding direction  
That's why you see insurrection

Here's some affection  
We the targets of war  
Took the eviction note they tacked on your door  
And made you  
Origami

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I heard that power is the rum of the  
Brain and  
For us it's fixin  
Not just numbin  
The pain  
And I'm not just comin complainin  
I'm just explainin  
How this life is a blessin  
I took the farewell note you meant for  
Your exit  
And made you  
Origami

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