

## Crimes

### The Blood Brothers

There's a fire on  
Junk Island where  
they send their garbage  
is anybody listening?

After work we'll watch  
the seagulls diving in  
and out of the lashing towers of flame.

It twinkles like a pile  
of rotting jewels left  
to bake in the sun.  
Is anybody listening?

We're just like those condom wrappers: used up torn up  
thrown away.  
And we're just like yesterday's headlines:  
drifting, floating, towards the blaze.

If we rob the  
liquor store we could  
be in Tijuana by the crack of dawn.  
If we rob the  
mayor's mansion  
we could pawn his modern art and make a fortune.  
If we rob the lonely widow  
we could steal her credit cards  
and buy a cottage by the ocean.  
If we swim to Junk Island we'll burn up like the seagulls  
and the whiskey bottles.

We're scrapped valentines.  
We're tangerine rinds.  
We're crimes, crimes, crimes, crimes, crimes. (4x)

And the children  
in the subway  
eating apple cores.  
Is anybody listening?  
They're breathing paint out of plastic bags.  
Their mumbled mouths say:  
"Is anybody listening?"