

# Lie Dream Of A Casino Soul

The Fall

Well, I didn't eat the weekend  
But I put the weight back on again  
And our kid got back from Munich  
He didn't like it much  
Has a psyche that hadn't been synthesized  
Just like machines  
It's getting like that here now  
It just goes to show

I got no nerves left Monday morning  
And I think I'll cut my dick off  
The trouble it got me in  
Went home to my slum canyon  
On my way I looked up  
I saw turrets of Victorian wealth  
I saw John the ex-fox  
Sleeping in some outside bogs  
There's a silent rumble  
In the buildings of the night council  
It's a meeting of controllers  
Who drive right through the gates  
In white roll-tops

And I guess this just goes to show  
The lie dream of the casino soul

I'm a bit jagged right now  
In a tongue-tired, wired state  
Cause Sunday morning dancing  
I had an awake dream  
I was in the supervision dept.  
Of a bigtown store  
Security floors one to four  
They had cameras in the clothes dummies.  
A man came up to them  
He wanted sex in the dummies eyes  
Then came up the cry:  
"Security, mobilized!"  
Meanwhile in the sticks  
Proles rich, dance in cardboard pants  
And I guess this goes to show  
The lie dream of a casino souls scene