

Waste and want not what you advertise  
I go to bed and dream of dancing girls  
Alive gone wrong  
I will recall beauty  
And I will not fall from the cloud

One two three four five fingers on my hand will say  
So long good-bye adieu my friend it's later than  
you think

One more riddle left to answer for  
It's you and I that have to laugh about the plans  
we made  
Fight for control contest of rules  
Hang in and wait for your turn

One two three four five senses you can recognize  
There being more to penetrate the sea behind your skin

If it rains wear a raincoat  
If you get wet well that happens

Now look inside your eyes and find a way  
To see the will of men and deeds who complement  
your love  
How can life be lived inside the head we roam in gangs  
Long enough to criticize our birth  
Born to a world model  
Glue has not yet come unstuck

One two three four five and six and seven ways  
or more  
To move and choose the soul mates for your sentencing  
life term