

Ho-boys! Small army. Beat to a pulp. Keep to ourselves. Recruited from streets to a cult. Itinerants. Power of observation and inference. Between the lines of obstacle and hinderance. Travelers. Cavalier, fearsome, overpowering. Foreigners on the corner of Houston and the Bowery. Dregs of the wasteland, part of an erased plan. Product of the union of a wicked witch and spaceman. Fall collections. Break 'em down in smaller sections. The Japanese word meaning 'in all directions'. Unwelcome. No words found. Lower ground's ours. Homeward bound. It's a forward sound of war drums and ghost stories. So sorry. The have-nots with the most glory. H. O. - hopping the B. O. - box cars. Up in arms. On top of it. The opposite of rock stars.

Hoo-hoo! Ho-boys! Get 'em while the going's good... Hoo-hoo! Ho-boys! Making the record scratch...

Utterly out of touch. Exiled. No one gone. We have no idea what the hell is going on. Outcasted bums, we outlasted angelinas. Demands demean us. Biting the hands that feed us. We kindle wicks. Candles. Bamboozle and swindles tricks. Punchy, wandering the country with bindle sticks. No assurance or health care or welfare. Deep snow and keep going. Try our luck elsewhere...

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Arms were drawn. In the morning, alarms were on. Home after the war, our families and farms were gone. Half-asleep, stirring all night long during. Waking up in clothing that smells like urine. Yolks over our shoulders, we're soldiers and drifters. Not looking for a handout, we do beg to differ. Drums of despair, listen. Crumbs in our hair. On the side of the road with our thumbs in the air. Fugitives. Offensive. Convention demolishers. Running with the bulls and unknowns and bone polishers. Career misfits. Rotten apples and beer tickets. Looking for work we smoke snipes and spear biscuits. Scope and frame. Filled with both hope and blame. Rope and chain. Cooking over an open flame. Depressed clown, dressed down, heading for the next town. It's almost time for me to catch the west bound...

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