

Convertible Chaos

Daan

I'm crawling falling waters and rolling up my sleeves
come kiss the legal tenders and spice their waterbeds
Come find the deeper answers and spit on silver trays
Controlling zebra cockpits, importing know-how slaves

And if sometimes I wonder: "where is the time I gazed?"
Your time sunk slow out yonder, too young to be amazed
No 30 years will ponder the compensating calf
The butcher's ghost declining you're only missing half, yeah

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I'm only thinking, baby, how come you look so pale?
Your artist joined the navy and tied you to the rail
I'm saving all my euro's to buy a cleaner past
I'm trading gold for plastic 'cause we're not meant to last

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Come burn my 16 candles and bite my holy crust
I'm pulling 13 handles to save the pride from lust
Where is that tall translator? where is that seed of love?
Where is the former playboy that shot my mourning dove?

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