

## Stacks

Fugazi

This time is real,  
I feel it passing through the telephone,  
No one is home now,  
No one is home.  
These stacks,  
They keep me down,  
So I build some more.  
America is just a word but I use it.  
Language keeps me locked and repeating.  
This time is real,  
I see it passing by the avenue,  
Nothing to do now,  
There's nothing to do.  
I see them spinning on,  
So I spin out.  
America is just a word but i use it.  
Language keeps me locked and repeating.