

## Put It on the Air

Gazpacho

Can we train our mice to spin the big wheels  
Polish swords and beat their wives  
Scare them to death on their ship of fools  
Every day of their lives

Be the sum of all their fears  
In this ever changing maze  
Let them count teeth through  
Our electric cage

Can we train our dogs to bite reality  
Eat the world when they smell its fear  
Create a dimension of make believe  
And put it on the air

Can we kill their tired years  
Keep them staring at this flame  
To feed our jukebox God  
When we're out of change

Suspended in emergency silence  
Her heart pounding not to give up on his life  
Waiting in Trauma for her baby brother  
A random pattern  
Buzzards circling a lie  
Are you afraid to live it all again?

Can we train our minds to spin their big wheels  
Polish swords and beat our wives  
Be angry and cold can we do it at all  
Every day of our lives

When this lap dance comes too near  
With its dirty little game  
Now we've seen her tears  
Can we buy her shame?

Suspected he's in fingerprint silence  
The man at the door said he put up a fight  
This key is electric and the cage is murder  
You know we've been through this a million times  
And go on believing everything is all right

Survival in this grief stricken violence  
Where hatred is a sanctuary and love is a cause  
Wailing your innocence as the guilty cry louder  
You're turning a blind eye though you know it's not  
right

It's not right

Can we place the guilt of our disasters  
On cosmic signs in suns and moons?  
When the dots are connected will it ease their minds  
Our horoscopes don't lose