

There are stings strung from a hand,
They extend to every point across this land.
And the ants keep moving fast,
They just blink and nod while miracles slip past.

There's a face, unearthly clean,
That stares up at me from every magazine.
Computer screens and concrete lines,
I think I might let my subscription slide.

There's this song stuck in my brain,
With the unrelenting pulse of the inane.
And the words go tra-la-la,
Tra-la-la-la tra-la-la-la la-da-da.

There's a tick, and there's a tock.
They pursue like Hare Krishnas while I walk.
Storefront signs broadcast the time,
I think I might let my subscription slide.

There are words hung in the sky,
That the crazy children hum while they walk by.
Human souls on sale for dimes,
In a game of chutes and ladders run by mimes.

There's this voice, it won't shut up.
Says I should spill my juice and overflow the cup.
You've got rules, and I've got mine.
I think I might let my subscription slide.

There are rules, and we all subscribe.
I think I'm gonna let my subscription slide.