

I got your letter with the stamp of Godard  
I'll never open it I know how dead we are  
The splotches of ink are not tears, they're not blood  
And hope our K1's not physical love  
The whole mess could sink me again  
You stay in Corvisart  
I'll stay in bed  
Looks like the CIS has won once again  
Won once again  
Smaller and weaker use words to survive  
Words are not currency when you arrive  
On overstayed visas and cancelled requests  
I've got the DIA you've got an arrest  
The whole mess could sink me again  
Held up at Kennedy  
Sent back to DeGaulle  
Looks like September has won once again  
Won once again  
Other John Vanderslice songs