

I can flick a cigarette butt
Further and with more accuracy

Lots of practice, i guess
Someday we will all be editors

That jumps around from person to person
And bites you on the ass
A certain static is required
The albino butterfly
Thank you thank you very much
Little spiders making little webs
Nuts is what you have become
Kind of fractured of the facts

Dylan and drugs and the sweat bee
Shake and stretch the stiffness out

Exercise? Not right now
Applauded for your idleness

Connects to a power line
That runs over my head
In the cool wet morning air
As we sit under a tree
Thank you thank you very much
Little spiders making little webs
Nuts is what you have become
Kind of fractured of the facts

An upsidedown wire heart
Being sucked into a periscope
Still the mind is dull
Like you need another excuse
Your thoughts lift like a fog
As the sun burns it away
A soft ball and a stick
And the imprint that it makes
Like a chamber from a gun
After the shooting's done
This is what you have become
Now make something out of it