Stringers

Momma

Bumpers shape the plane and pepper the scene
Archive for the public to feed
They'll give them substance to eat

Twisted metal frame, anonymous name
For a buck, they'll come face to face
And hope their footage gets claimed

But he's not a beast
He's a stringer
But he's not a beast
He's a stringer

Peels onto the grass and runs to his trunk
An open fair is spilling with drunks
He turns and tells him, "good luck"

Scrawny strangers bow, condemned to the house
Neighbors on the street look around
Cashing in what he found

But he's not a beast
He's a stringer
But he's not a beast
He's a stringer
But he's not a beast
He's a stringer
He's a stringer
Etc...

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