

White Noise

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I've got a question
Who's got an answer
It's all on the line
All on the label
Chip in the glass
Tall drink of water
Started out close
Image is farther away than it seems
Carpet of bees on the floor of the house where you lay down and
die in your sleep

Go tell the kids
Foods on the table
It's all you can give
All that you're able to do with yourself
Manage your health
Calling the doctor
At least he can offer you sex in a pill
And willingly fill your prescription for anything over the counter
And still

Tired old man
Fish out of water
Give up your sons
Give up your daughters
Give up the ghost who told you the coast wasn't clear when it was
as when you needed it most
Head full of hammers
Fist full of nails
Lid on the coffin
Powder keg bailout
The bow of the boat
Barely afloat in a sea full of sailors howling one note
At the moon as it screams with a skeleton scream
Who are we, who are we
Who are witness to a legion of dreams