

# Bugs!

Ratboys

In the land I like, sun shines down like a peach  
I love to think of fuzzy hairs of fire swaying so  
The shaman I saw yesterday told me simply, 'Go'  
So I calmly left her teepee and went home without a noise

The psychics minds are sewing, but the gypsies' hands stay stil  
l  
The worlds around them change and spin, and rain soaks their cl  
othing  
But, one yells out, whispering, 'It's all clearer to me now'  
He dances in it, psychics sewing words he's yet to say

The bricks are catty-corner to the grease below them now  
And every time I look at them I wonder who laid them  
But, they've been here for ages, weather's touched these natura  
l tiles  
It's something I must leave behind and re-visit when I die

What I've meant to say this time is bugs are coming now  
It's after dark, they're closing in, it was humid out today  
And, one decides to try and make an entrance in my ear  
Thinks my head is the bee hive and there the bounty will be fou  
nd

Bugs behaving badly, get 'em to the prison now  
I tell you, yes, it is their fault, you should spit 'em from th  
e sky  
But, if you have too kind a heart to cause these things to die  
Then move on with my admiration trailing from behind

Bugs follow on like constellations frozen in the sky