

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 still
The worlds around them change and spin, and rain soaks their clothing
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 natural 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 found

Bugs behaving badly, get 'em to the prison now
I tell you, yes, it is their fault, you should spit 'em from the 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