

# Heartbeats

The Angels

Staggering weary dinosaur  
He of the burned out industry  
Knocking back drinks at lunch  
Stumbling in all punch drunk

Wasting time like it wasn't no thing  
Here's the table, nothing to bring  
Replacing the practice with preaching  
And calls another "strategy meeting"

It's hard to take advice  
From one so out of touch  
This is where the heart beats  
But you won't find a pulse

Heartbeats on empty streets  
It's kinda hard to believe  
We're still standing here

Neurotic wife, hopeless son  
Only too willing to cut and run  
The world sees a cruel joke  
The charade went up in smoke

He delegates from a cubby-hole  
Calls 'em in, spits vitriol  
He won't find a friend here  
The last ship sailed from bikini atoll

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