

# Telepath

## The Church

You got no reason to go  
I'll make it up, I don't know  
You got no reason to stay  
Anyway, anyday

The flowers down the side of the house this morning  
The tiny wheels within the whorl  
A date pulled backwards and then left drowning  
So the future can uncurl

You got no reason to laugh  
Lead you down telepath  
You've got no reason to cry  
Anyhow, anyhow

The women by the shore in the night are leaving  
The angry dawn that slyly grins  
The soulscraper air that the boys are breathing  
Assembled parts, tiny sins

You got no reason to live  
Pheremone  
You got no reason to die  
Anyhow, anytime

The music and the traffic and the rain are blending  
The water meters, the fire escapes  
Children in the present moment unending  
Nobody knows their former shapes

You got no reason to live  
Pheremone  
You got no reason to die  
Anyhow, anytime