

Sounds of methylated muttering...
hand stretched out for a mark.
The mark of death stamped over
one eye-two flies wrestle on his raincoat...
copulating to the muzak.
But the people just fly by...

Finds a sanitary sanctuary...
food stretched beneath the door.
Takes a drag on a fag and it's good 'cos it's menthol.
He throws back his head and he dreams of the mountains.
He's inhaling to the muzak.
People will fly by...

And as inebriated evening spat a path for nausea night;
the lights went out with smothered curses.
A young nurse cried - a cop cried with her.
Cops are dating to the muzak.
And the people just fly by...

He got an apathetic epitaph...
There's no name on the headstone.
They buried him on Tuesday.
It rained. No one came...
Busy listening to the muzak.
People will fly by...
Bye bye, world.