

## Time

Vundabar

God damn, I am biding my time  
Stealing watches off the wrist  
Tried to eat an oil painting  
But I couldn't choke down the whole canvas  
Hard to handle, thoughts dismantle  
Trade them out for cash money  
Time to buy bills, bills to buy time  
But at least I'm [?]

I'm losing time

This shit is made of traded love  
So nothing sides with traded love  
All-knowing hand, I've had enough  
All-knowing hand, you never stop

As the days went on, the walls grew tighter  
As the cuckoo clucked with urgency  
Grandfather, I'm like a gunshot  
But I smashed them both so I could not see  
The counter shines across the kitchen  
All the keys in bowls about the towel  
A beam of light shone through the window  
And it made a mess of sun-dyed, oh

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