

# The Trapper's Pelts

Yard Act

What a day to be alive!  
The state of everything  
I know you saw the sign (in the window)  
The braying fist on hollow wood  
Sticky fingers on sugar glass  
Are you really so? (desperate desperate desperate)  
All that divides us is evil  
All that unites us is evil  
No, all that really divides is the binary hive mind  
And the restraint that it takes, not to stick ourselves  
Into every abstract object on the gallery shelves

Then the trapper came around  
He was trying to sell me pelts  
It was midday on a Monday  
So all the smart people were at work  
Trap music blaring from his furry boombox  
The trapper tripped, I laughed he flipped, said  
Shut your fucking trap  
Or I'll eradicate nature, right now forever  
Or I'll eradicate nature, right now forever  
So I bought all his pelts (all his pelts!)  
At a bulk buy discount

I took out a small business loan  
And I bought all his pelts  
I threw them in the boot of my car and drove downtown  
I pitched up a stall, outside the office blocks  
And come five o'clock, it was so cold  
That everybody needed one, everybody wanted two  
So I upped the price and I bled them dry cause that's what you do  
And come six o'clock, I'd oversold  
And my smile was made of solid gold

I collapsed under the weight of my own success (Yes)

And driving away with my many grapes, my many women  
And my ginormous mountain of never ending blow  
I saw the trapper disappear from my rear view mirror  
With no pelts to call his own  
Shivering, naked and all alone... In the snow

The senseless charm, the gnawing guilt (THE TRAPPER'S PELTS, THE TRAPPER'S PELTS!)  
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