

# Neat; Manageable; Piles

## The Paper Chase

Slip soft that serpentine  
And live life off of our knees  
Saw tooth and hate  
Can edge away ape-man dignity  
She said...  
"You better leave with what you have  
Because when the big one hits 'subtract'  
Your no prize like me,  
Young bodies always heal quickly"  
Stacked bones by the furnace steams  
A neatly places homecoming queen  
Your lumpish inate is the figure eight  
It's a bit of me and I feel  
Anything can happen  
Anything can happen  
Anything can happen  
Anything can go wrong  
Soulder me like a wire that breathes  
Your carbon copy fibre optic plea  
Why should we communicate with sans technology?  
Your no prize like me  
Young bodies always heal quickly

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