Brownstone

Brownstone

Mr. Brownstone sits in the titan of the ship
Meddle state he will liken to a minute
Mr. Brownstone hears the misfit
Waiting on the street where he'll be with her
Take it out to Mr. Brown
Watching to the hazy mound
Mr. Brown is waiting for some hopeful news
And Mr.'s staying waiting for the 'nother truth
In through the door enclave again
The failing to attack
The mold in place upon the corner
Whose doorways face
Mrs. Purple came from behind the door
Wearing nothing but foreign clothing
Of someone else's wardrobe
Mr. Brown screamed:
Why are you doing this to me?
It seems as if the cat went out with the mouse
And shot the dog in the fucking face
We all take something
Take something for this
Take something for that
[Backwards]
Mr. Brown, what's goin' on?
Answer, where is the answer?
People work and every day they come home to see their houses torn apart
Wake up
[Backwards]
Mr. and Mrs. Jones
Walked up to the house
Now misowned
Faltering
Foreclosed upon
Mr. and Mrs. Jones thought:
What a lovely place this is
I think we can start (a) life here
Selling...
Selling all we had
Taking up residence in this place

Where is...
The former resident(s)?
Buried underneath the carpet
There was a melted spot
A warm, dripping, cot
Gentle, warm bed
Where Mrs. Purple laid her head
And Mr. Brown...
Well, he('s) around

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/