

Lazy Flies

Beck

Lazy flies all hovering above
The magistrate, he puts on his gloves
And he looks to the clouds, all pink and disheveled
There must be some blueprints
Some creed of the Devil inscribed in our minds
A hideous game vanishes in thin air
The vanity of slaves, who wants to be there?
To sweep the debris, to harness dead-horses
To ride in the sun, a life of confessions
Written in the dust
Out in the mangroves, the mynah birds cry
In the shadows of sulfur, the trawlers drift by
They're chewing dried meat
A house of disrepute, the dust of opiates
And syphilis patients on brochure vacations
Fear has a glare that traps you like searchlights
The puritans stare their souls are fluorescent
The skin of a robot vibrates with pleasure
Matrons and gigolos carouse in the parlor
Their hand-grenade eyes, invalid and blind
A hideous game vanishes in thin air
The vanity of slaves, who wants to be there?
To sweep the debris, to harness dead horses
To ride in the sun, a life of confessions
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La la la
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La la la
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