

Soft Bomb Salad

I Mother Earth

Inside of a moment shines the wet unbelievable And broken with all the right drugs Beside every problem
there's a rat under siege In time, in depth, in present tense We are who we are I'm cold and awful, yes I know
Uptight, intent on making sense Because in a cold wind there's a laugh underneath Instead of a motion there's a
rest unachievable Unspoken in all the right tongues I'm cold and awful, yes I know In time, in depth, in present
tense We are who we are Uptight intent on making sense I'm so unpopular, I know In mind and breath, in my
own head We are who we are In life and death, and second chance And half along Were slaughtered in song
When left alone When all is done is all I can be lying here To be honestly numb We were unsafe Awake A mild
psychosis holds my hand underneath it all A kind of ferocious old regret on its knees And groping for just the
right gun

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