Crimes (Alt. Version) [Bonus Track]

The Blood Brothers

There's a fire
on Junk Island where
they send their garbage
is anybody listening?After work we'll watch
the seagulls diving in
and out of the lashing towers of flame.It twinkles like a pile
of rotting jewels left
to bake in the sun.
Is anybody listening?We're just like those condom wrappers: used up torn up
thrown away.
And we're just like yesterday's headlines:
drifting, floating, towards the blaze.If we rob the
liquor store we could
be in Tijuana by the crack of dawn.
If we rob the
mayor's mansion
we could pawn his pawn his modern art and make a fortune.
If we rob the lonely widow
we could steal her credit cards
and buy a cottage by the ocean.
If we swim to Junk Island we'll burn up like the seagulls
and the whiskey bottles.We're scrapped valentines.
We're tangerine rinds.
We're crimes, crimes, crimes, crimes, crimes. [x4]And the children
in the subway
eating apple cores.
Is anybody listening?
They're breathing paint out of plastic bags.
Their mumbled mouths say:
"Is anybody listening?"

Songwriters
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