Rash Of Robberies

State Radio

Solarium malaria lookin' for the stereo
Wanted to save being excommunicated from the area, it's okay
In the city said, he cut a cord of wood
No bigger than a thimble but still plenty good, it's okay
'Cause it's just a bump on a rash of robberies
On account of the worlds economy that's makin' us sick
Go get the man who said he's on to me
He thinks we're in the kitchen with our sticks
But he don't know that Paris is burnin' down
You'd never know it in this town
The governor's walkin' around
Like he's got tricks for you
Catch as Cassius never become the killin' machine
Run him over ruff shod 'til he bleeds army green out, so devout
To the saint that lost his seat he never seen
Semi-automatic rosary out devout
'Cause it's just a bump on a rash of robberies
In a world too sad for Solomon we just sit
I'll watch your economy
I'll tell you when the police have it fixed
See Paris is burnin' down
You'd never know it in this town
The governor's walkin' around
Like he's got tricks for you
So take a minute to laugh it over
We'll make sure it's all true
Just like she said
Behind the barn last December eve
Baby falls 40 feet caught by a street cleaner
Coming home from the union hall, he saw the fall, it's okay
JP Sousa found a radio, a radio
Sousa found a place to go, a radio in his head that said
It's just a bump on a rash of robberies
An old sand lot anomaly that's savin' this day
In a world too sad for sodomy
We're just sitting in the kitchen with our stray
But Paris is burnin' down
The governors are walkin' around
We'll make sure

That they do right by you
So you think you might go to Beatrice
Even though the letter was never found
Maybe it will come tomorrow noon
She is askin' her fallen saint to
Please return her straitlaced fighter
Who don't know who she is
He don't know who she is
Where are you my sweet Desmond Doss?
Have you softly gone to winter?
Here I've brought you your 2 2 dollar bills back
But I'm not waitin' for sweet Eliza
She can have her watercolors back
I found them on last December eve
You look strangely quite so familiar
The way you talk of supper time
But I don't know who she is
Don't know who she is
And you, you bring this beloved stranger
At the foot of this pile on Gideon's bed
She gave me a needlepoint motorbike
So go and take this to sweet Eliza
It was written and gently given to
The courier pendin' arrival soon
Could you hold me just one more older?
Then I'll go as your fallen fighter
Waitin' at the door, can't see you anymore
Here my dear a sweet Nostrovia
In a letter sent to December
I will wait for you to just humble me home

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