No Sleeves

Les Savy Fav

the singer of the band
has been encased
in a circuit board formed
from arsenic and old lace.
the piano has been dropped
a c-note hits the cop
so he would turn away
while we're cleaning up the slop.
this is the bishop's finger
this is the bishop's hand
onto Jesus' body
the people place demands.
they're pointing with their pistols
while we're reaching for the sky
the soundtrack of their lives
is an eye for an eye...hail hail the talk show
cocked after cocktails
i lied and i lied...
god save the techno
the sequencers don't know
when it died, when it died...Edison put the gun in our hands
the black bear put
the muzzle to its muzzle.
the dogwood didn't care
but the maple was troubled.
trademark, this is a trademark
this move was trademarked in 1883.

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