Letter to the Editor

Something for Kate

A letter to the editor, from the man in the corner.
It's all in vein.
They want your head, they want your head on a plate.
For every fly that's on the wall,
been used up, trow too fast anymore.
It's just information burned up, passed out, spun to your door.There's a light in your eyes.
And there's fiction fallin' from the sky,
See it all in black and white.A letter to the editor, scrapin' sky by the river.
Now could it be,
all the fear that seems to be catching all around here?
They've been kicking down my door,
but I'm not taking any calls.
Well the choice of words is choose no words,
saying nothing, nothing at all.There's a light in your eyes.
And there's fiction found between the lines,
See it all in black and white.
See it all in black and white.
Tell it like it is.
Tell it like it is.I put the pieces together but I never ever, learn.
Never ever, ever.There's a light in your eyes.
And there's fiction fallin' from the sky.
See it all in black and white.
See it all in, black, and white.

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