

Never to Be Found

Meat Puppets

We got road, we got time
So we're out of here
We got rows, we got rows
As far as we can see In the dust we can see your catastrophe
Shining dimly like a mudslick in the sun
Sparks fly from their eyes, birds fly from their mouths
Echoing off this procession is a sound, never to be found With a tip of the hat we would exit here
Off you go with a pie on your face
Down the road we can see the electric chair
Who'll be the first? I don't know, it's a race With a drop of the fly we should exit here
Off you go with the crumbs on your face
One-eyed clown in the road with electric hair
At his best he's a total disgrace

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