

# Crimes

## The Blood Brothers

And there's a fire on  
the 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? And 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.  
and if we rob the  
Mayor's mansion  
we could pawn his modern art and make a fortune.  
and if we rob the lonely widow,  
we could steal her credit cards  
and buy a cottage by the Ocean  
And we could swim in 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. And the children  
in the subway  
eating applecores.  
Is anybody listening?  
They're breathing paint out of plastic bags.  
Their mumbled mouths say:  
"Is anybody listening?" Oh-Ooh. Oh-Oooh.

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