# Strangelight

## Fugazi

the sun's a strange light nothing grows right anymore
scars on every stalk
whose mouth should i use to talk?
the force that marks the routine
temperature whatever degrees create the bad thing
and lay our heads in it now
it's hard to punch the clock on the site where production stopped
i'm just a warehouse filled with junk
some somethings for some someones tacking
time with tracking eye tectonic shifts one nerve at a time
i lay my head in it a hundred plans to fortify beige concrete foes on for miles
hiding cities under it fill my mouth with with non-mouth spit there was a light at
the window there was light under the door but it's not there anymore
(come on over get your shoes on put your feet on baby come on over)

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