

# Morning New Disease

## Jets to Brazil

Morning new disease, charcoal in bed  
Bone soaked anemic listen in horror  
To the scraping of flatware and china  
And saran wrap to stifle libido  
Air shaft a chasm their lives flung open  
Sickness is a time for hating your neighbors  
In their milk flats with five kids too many  
Having day sex because they're all daughters  
And you're thinking the same two things over and over again  
I am dreaming of a life, I am dreaming of waking up  
There's this anger rising cancer in me standing like a wall  
Between the waking world I seek and this infected plane of sleep  
Love come like an Axe to all this ice and set  
me free  
There's a black rewarding book  
Beneath this stiff sheet if you look carefully  
Noise police white hearse TV air wave methadone  
Diet contact safe sex antibiotics  
For your safety we've taken sharp objects  
It's their object to keep you from waking  
Taste test serenade we dig the grave  
Lose weight astrologically, no money down  
For your enjoyment we've excised the dialog  
For your protection we've installed this camera  
Just keep thinking the same clean thoughts  
And keep telling yourself it's all right  
I am dreaming of a life and it's not the life that's mine  
In a stolen car I rocket west out past that Jersey line  
And the robots in their riot gear glimmer in my rear view mirror  
Love came like an Axe and had her way with this coarse earth  
And the rich deserving book she once recovered and understood  
And I awoke

Lyrics provided by

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