

# Slate

## Rechenzentrum

A worn out joke to keep the flies away carried it this far

    The west side winds to keep it steady

Bury the hatchets we find could carry that heavy load

    If I really thought it would matter farcical hair appears

As a blind side, clean the slate working in the halls of shame

Lay it down in full view, lay it down What the Hell were we thinking before the fire burned out?

    I can't find you now and I didn't know you then

    Loneliness drinks the bitters till the cold winds warm again

    It's a feel for the game mouth open wide

    Screams and hollers working in the halls of shame

Lay it down in full view, lay it down I gambled once and won, never made a dollar and beauty fades to gray

    And I pray the very best will guard her and provide the way it's a telltale sign

    When it's chairs up, and time to go working in the halls of shame

    Lay it down in full view, lay it down

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