Mid-Day Anonymous

Jets to Brazil

what will you do to turn this around
so many behind you so many before you
ticket in one hand gun in the other
what will you do which hand will you use?came on the run and you will leave running
there's always someone to keep you from thinking
loving her desperately knowing you're leaving
what will you do now with no one to go to?there are so many places to see
there are so many people to be
this country was promised to me from the startthe kids. the park. the crosshairs find their mark.
i think i'm the sum of what's before and what's to come
a saint with a scope and a holster full of hope
it depends it depends some stories never end
but mine unwinds in secondswhat will you do to save your own life
drink yourself brilliant, make love to your image
dad's on the left side, mom's on the right
what will you do now to keep them divided?eyes out the window the folly of humans
mid-day anonymous when guns find their purpose
end of the country the end of the century
ending of everything the ending is everythingthere are so many people in me
there are so many women to meet
remember me to all the ones i have lost
the glock is cocked. the sheep begin to drop
i think i'm the son of what's before and what's to comea saint with a scope and a pocketful of dope
seven stars! seven stars! the kingdom is ours
the stairs the light the street the blue and whites
deep in the flat with the technicolor cat
and hey my varicose guilt!

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