

Glue Factory

The Falcon

Take me down to the ballgame where the yellow grass grows
Where the dead lay in piles under circling crows
Where the trials and tribulations of the bump and scrape
Of your life just melt into a bleak dismay. Take me to the glue factory where the horsies go
For their very last little dog and pony show
Where we melt em into glue and hold em up to our nose
Until we can't get home, til we're laughing alone And the bones rattle and we dance
And we all join in the chant
Singing "baby baby baby, you got nothing to fear because nothing this shitty can last"
The dance of the doomed is so easy to learn
Just stick your dick in until that shit starts to burn
And stand there, stopping staring, never caring
Suspicious on your lips but there's never no sharing.
Oh no. Oh no. Oh.
And the bones rattle and we dance
And we all join in the chant
Singing "baby baby baby, you got nothing to fear because nothing this shitty can last" "baby baby baby, you got
nothing to fear because nothing this shitty can last"
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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