

Bay of Pigs

The Acacia Strain

Soon.

Soon.

Listen, I've been drinking
as our house lies in ruin.

I don't know what I'm doing
alone in the dark

at the park or at the pier,
watching ships disappear in the rain.

The world's just bones.

The world is black stones dressed up in the rain
with no place to go but home-
just like Nance.

On a night like this, why, she's pro-stars, pro-sky.

All lit up and sick of fighting
beneath the diseased lighting of the discotheque at night.

It don't mean a thing. It never means a thing.

It don't mean a thing. It never means a thing.

It's got that swing.

I've seen it all. I've seen it all.

Magnolia's a girl. Her heart's made of wood.

As apocalypses go, that's pretty good.

Sha-la-la, wouldn't you say?

Please remove your spurs.

Come to think of it, remove your antlers.

Haven't seen you for ages.

I still fly into rages at the mention of your name,
Christine White.

I think about you often, off in the desert,
laughing your head off in the Forest of the Night.

Say a prayer for the light.

So now I live well. I live in the mine.

I'm still slinging mud at the towers all the time.

I took a walk

and threw up in an English Garden.

I was born in the North, but my father's from the South.

Love is a political beast with jaws for a mouth. I don't care!

You're upset- and have every right to be.

Regretfully, you decline.

Every night was a waste of time.

Every night. Every night. Every night.
You were on the side of good.
I was inside of the sea's guts,
a crumbling beauty trapped in a river of ice.
A crumbling beauty trapped in Paradise,
oh yes, it was Paradise!
The tide comes in and the tide goes out again.
I suppose this is the kind of thing we see every day.
The tide comes in. The tide goes away.
Oh, the tide comes in. Yeah, the tide. Yes, the tide.
A ransom note written on the night sky above
reminds me what-in-particular about this wine I love.
Like a punctured beast, better-off dead,
compliments going to my head:
La-da-da, la-da-da!
And speaking of my mind (the Sunflower),
and speaking of a world turning sour on you,
I was twenty years old in 1992.
I was bathed in golden sunlight, alright?
I was ripped on dope. You were a ray of sunshine.
I was a hopeless romantic. You were swine.
You've got to spend money to make money.
You've got to stop calling me "honey".
Oh world! You fucking explosion that turns us around!
The searchlight slumps over, so sick of the night,
and the kids on the boats, busted in the shipyard
going down, down, down, down, down, down, down.
You traveled light (all night, every night),
to arrive at the conclusion
of the world's inutterable secret,
and you shut your mouth.
I've seen it all. I've seen it all. I've seen it all.
Free and easy. Gentle. Gentle.
The wind through the trees makes you mental for me.
Nancy, in a state of crisis, on a cloud.
Soon. Soon.

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