

# No Mas

## Eureka California

This is one you can take home  
And paint it on your tail fin  
And when your coffee tastes like bathtub gin  
All your thoughts resemble West Berlin You'll re-ride  
The Orange Line  
And only insects will hum  
You will slowly come undone  
Like a sweater There's no Flying Dutchman to be found  
All ghost ships run aground  
And as you stand out to the coast  
Awash in overtones Pampered in plastic  
One day it will end  
All the King's Horses  
And all the King's Men  
Quietly quote  
"Off with his head!"  
Just like Alice And this one you'll recognize  
Back when they called it a classic  
Now you're being sent to your room  
Like a naughty boy with a tall glass of antiseptic And you'll write  
Amis in rhyme  
And it always comes out the same  
Nobody will remember your name  
Oh I've got a name  
No Mas

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