Cash Cow

Mike Doughty

Refreshing bills to warm the slots in the till
Infernal wheel that churns the ocean of milk
That long wire is frayed
Dont shout out proudly that the cash cows lame
That proud call is wrong
Dont scoot by trumpeting the cash cows goneThe quantize knob that drains the beat of all soul
You hapless slob go back to sink in your hole
This things going down
Dont gift those gawk it at the cash cow now
Disdainful clown
Dont go round mocking on the cash cow nowAnd I will offer you a place
In my pavilion
And I must stick close to the grace
Of fifty billionSmoke in the mouth, stick in a candy apple
So luminous skinned but the face is awful
Some cloud unknown
This pinkness creeping as the sun comes low
That long haul, wow
Dont go round mocking on the cash cow nowAnd I will offer you a place
In my pavilion
And I must stick close to the grace
Of fifty billionAnd I will offer you a place
And I must stick close to the grace
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And I will offer you a placeAnd I will offer you a place
And I will offer you a place
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