

# 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  
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