

# Tommy

## Algorithms

Tommy was a preacher's son  
Now he's running through the jungle "yes sir!"  
Fingers cold and fire  
When you get so tired and we're so tired

Lazing back in this desert  
Waitin' for that sunny day

Tommy was a preacher's son  
Now he's running through the streets sellin' up that cocaine  
Those fires will get ya  
When you get too tired and we're so tired  
Eyes blister beaded fortress rolling fevered freight trains in

Well I met three men with friends in office  
Smooth dark skin and ivory teeth smiles  
Our boots come alive in this mud and this shit

"Life is hard to fill with teeth that bite and eat up our fears"  
Through August fall of '69  
Jesus had birthed him  
He spoke in guns through crippled sheets  
For Jesus had birthed him  
Sugar cubes fingernails worming snakes that built the fire

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