

# Vision Thing

## Prong

Twenty-five whores in the room next door  
Twenty-five floors and I need more  
I'm looking for the can in the candy store  
Two thousand Hamburg four  
And colours I ain't seen before  
It's a small world and it smells funny  
I'd buy another if it wasn't for the money  
Take back what I paid  
For another motherfucker in a motorcade  
In a long black car  
With the prettiest shit  
From Panama  
When the sirens wail  
And the lights flash blue  
My vision thing come  
Slamming through  
It's a small world and it smells bad  
I'd buy another if I had  
Back  
What I paid  
For another motherfucker in a motorcade  
Slamming through  
Slamming through  
What do we need to make our world come alive?  
What does it take to make us sing?  
While we're waiting for the next one to arrive?  
One million points of light  
One billion dollar Vision Thing  
Another black hole in the killing zone  
A little more mad in the methedrome  
One blinding flash of sense  
Just like the president's  
Well, I don't mind  
Out of my mind  
Blizzard king  
Bring it on home  
It's a small world and it smells bad  
I'd buy another if I had  
Back  
What I paid

For another motherfucker in a motorcade  
And a vision thing  
And a vision thing  
And a...  
Sha la la la  
What do we need to make our world come alive?  
What do we need to make us sing?  
While we're waiting for the next one to arrive?  
One million points of light  
One billion dollar Vision ThingSha la la la  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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