And

The Chariot

Maybe I should speak.
We can count our blessings in the rain.
Talking is so cheap, save the parlor tricks,
count your money alone.
Holding on to the free.
I want to show you all what I mean.
careful what you say And never
underestimate the wait. I know you
hear the songs that we could sing but
do not stay. I hope you know the change.
I love the change and now we got the change,
we make the song sound like what we want.
Who am I to tell you what is wrong?
Talking is so cheap, so save the politics,
you can never get rid of me.
I tell you everything, I write it down.
(Whats the destination?)
Well, I sew my body to yours so
that I can speak but my serpent-hands
are holding me, but, my razor tongue
will fix it all away. It might be two dimensional,
but the story is great. I sew my body to yours
so as I can see the lovers in the front row and
all the ghosts in the back seat. I sew my body
to yours, so as I am free. There's two versions
of my fate... and so we shall see. Put me in the dirt.

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