Lunch for the Sky

Socratic

Drivers in the taxicabs.
People live their roles.
Thirty-five cents.
Throw it in the toll.
They don't know they're paying what is stealing all their food.
They're forced into the melting pot where they're simmered and brewed.
He loves being sick and he looks for a cure.
(He loves being sick)You can call this sane.
You can call this eccentric.
He marks his books with steak knives.
All we are is lunch for the sky.
Why can't we be jazz musicians?
A little melody will soon be missing.
All we are is lunch for the sky.Let's all play the lottery so we can buy all our dreams.
I'm a self-help video with the worst themes.
Everything I wanted was all in a dream.
I still wasn't much or was that just how I seem?
He loves being sick and he looks for a cure.
(He loves being sick)I stood back to the countryside.
I asked if you'd like to take a ride.
My moods came in two stages.
God-awful and contagious.
I can't tell you what I want to say.
The city digested yesterday.
Death is not the end it is the cure.

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