

Shoot Out At The Fantasy Factory

Traffic

You rise upon a black day
Coming from a mile away
And every time I hear you say
I don't have to be this way You sneak upon a mean moon
That casts it's shadow too soon
And when the spell is in tune
Your shadow slips away Good man gets the good wife
While bad boy's cleaning up his knife
And all I got is trouble and strife
Just to help me on my way You're running 'round to nowhere
Someone said it might be there
When the spell is in tune
Your shadow slips away You're quick in getting downtown
Sergeant Gruesome got shot down
National Guard came all around
But they couldn't find his knees Mickey Mouse was all put out
While Donald Duck began to shout
And when they do what was put about
They would get theirs next

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