

# Station

## Meat Puppets

Every thought's a game  
A pack of chimps I cannot tame  
You're wondering who to blame  
Now your ride has come up lame Fortress full of hate  
Fears and hopes all pound the gate  
Too early, it's too late  
What is evil, which is great? Pigs are sheep and cats are dogs  
And thoughts are made of Lincoln Logs  
To tend to the mice and wood  
Where black is blue and bad is good Thoughts that I keep my money in  
Melt some wax and chunks of tin  
Forget your name, how to walk and ignore  
The light shining in from under the door Thoughts like a thread through a foam device  
Liquid bread and rubber ice  
Make a promise, grow teeth, go to bed  
Wake up when you're dead

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