

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 lameFortress 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 goodThoughts 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 doorThoughts 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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