Speed Lab

John Vanderslice

Speed lab, speed lab
On the edge of an artichoke farm
We work through harm
Tweaked and well paidWe forgave what the chemicals did
To our hands, lungs and face
Clearly marking our fall from grace
Our fall form graceSpeed lab, speed lab
Sun sang through eucalyptus
We sang along Angela
I met her thereSweating out the San Francisco run
Every hotel on the five
Was our very own pleasure dive
Our own pleasure diveSpeed lab, giveth and taketh away
The love, tender loving, money, money spending
Was before the fire, the DEA
Those who survived the fire fled aloneI know that God hates alchemical work
I love him lonely but in the end
What else to do but begin again
To do but begin again

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