

(now the parties starting)...now the parties starting, friends all in the house---more are waiting at the door.

DRIVER...i'm a driver...electrical king of the road...got my peddle to the metal and you better run for shelter...i'm going to explode...i got a fever in my brain...it just won't go away...i'm a hired killer throat slitter all buisness no bullshiter i exterminate for pay...it's my buisness and buisness is good...big profit...skinned alive..up and left for dead...bullet hole through the soulno remorse the bodies cold...got him in his bed...no allegiance to any flag...nation to nation airports and bus stations...till i get the trick in the bag...it's my buisness and business is good...big profit. EXPLAIN THIS...explain this a feeling so timeless like Aphrodite and her hopeless love...explain this a feeling so painful like the Golden horde bringing down ashes...take me to the mausoleum the mausoleum of your love, with a candle and a hammer, and a grave diggers spade...explain this a feeling so weightless like Amelia Erhardt and the man on the moon...

explain this a feeling so nasty like Marquis de Sade and dieing to soon... a gargyle spits a splitting image of us and skeletons dance in the weeping shade...explain HOMLESS...i'm homeless i.e. with no home...i'm homeless out here all alone...

i'm homeless got none of my own...i'm homeless a Ceaser with no Rome...

i've got very little wind in my sails and although i try to prevail it all

works out to no avail i can't keep my ass out of jail...(chorus)...i've got a

sidewalk room with a view only problem is i've got to share it with you

but whats a person like me to do why aspire with many when i can slum

with the few...(chorus)

FALL, FALL, WALL STREET...moneys not worth anything not twenties, tens or fives...we've stripped away the lifeblood that made these mad men thrive...no gasoline for their limosene's no bullits for their guns no traipsing off to little wars and killing just for fun...(chorus) the crash

that came on wall street resounded with a roar crushing greedy buisness lords lunching with fat whores the crash that came on wall street welcomed one and all as soon as the masses are informed of the implications of the fall...profit margins don't exist when there is nothing left to sell just a chance to subsist in their own impoverished hell...

(chorus)...no caviar for their parties barely bread enough for their kids

it hasn't quite struck home yet this is something that they did...(chorus)

IN THIS WORLD...it's been a long time coming but the time of change is here

Quatzicoatl might appear and thats allright...in this world...this history

backs me up in what i say and what i do Quatzicoatl won't appear and thats

all right...in this world...now the high white wonder has got a fist to rule dime a dozen slavery and thats not allright...not in this world.

GAZA STRIPEASE...way back in mid-century a ruthless plan came to be

Ben-Gurion looked over at Palestine said "got to make that territory mine"

...the tribes of Israel spoke at length to the U.S.A. and its new found strength allies Russia and old Great Britain thought the solution very

fitting...(chorus) Gaza striptease Gaza striptease what happened to the

homeland of the Palanese fire fight fire fight westbank action a true

crusade or just another faction...after torture and six million deaths condemning facism but in the very same breath stealing the homeland of

another brave tribe with the help of giants brush them aside for forty years youv'e ruled this land with bloody money and the iron hand supposedly regaining what you had lost in the horror we now call the holocaust...(chorus)...(chorus)...a home for everyone without hurting others is it just an ideal we're all sister and brothers no bullits should fly no bombs from above all leaders should lead with wisdom and love.

IN THE MIND...in the mind of the government...on the street 'cause he wants

to be he looks good in rags does'nt he there is ample work don't you see if

we really wanted freedom no more slavery no more slavery...in the mind of

the government...socialism is hedonism and it's facism too self

determination is all but through keep them in line by turning the screws all these liberals overdue for

abuse overdue for abuse...in the mind of the

goverment...think for your self.

ENGINE 11...four alarm fiasco flames are leaping high neighbors in pajamas primed to die electrical

malfunction coincidental death fahrenheit 1050

is the devils breath...you've got a mattress so take a dive i'll be amazed if you survive no smoke alarms in this high rise land lord had all kinds of lies

...engine 11 engine 11 trying to get in touch with car number 7 no

communication radios down another human honeycomb burns to the ground

...i saw it all on the evening news some civil servant singing the we

fucked up blues what they didn't seem to mention the officer on call wasn't paying attention...you've got

a flashing light on your unit traffic backed so tight it's hardly doing it should you respond or should you

ignore people screaming on the sixteenth floor...engine 11 engine 11 trying to get in touch with car

number 7 no communication radios down another human

honeycomb burns to the ground.

STUPID FLU...you've got it and it's got you you're a victim of the dreaded stupid flu...there is a brand

new virus it's worst than all the rest they

don't really understand it they're just starting to do tests...so if you feel

light headed like a fevers coming on and you're lying in your bed kicking

sweating till the dawn i've got a bit of bad news i must relate to you i think you have contracted the

dreaded stupid flu...the early symptoms

are the worst but thats just rule of thumb they can't pinpoint the first

cause the victims are to dumb...so if you feel light headed like a fever's coming on and you're lying in

your bed kicking sweating till the dawn i've got a bit of bad news i must relate to you i think you have

contracted

the dreaded stupid flu...you've got and its got you you're a victim of the dreaded stupid flu.

FASHION FALLOUT...every tom dick and susie out on the street dressed in

faddish finery from the neckline to the feet anticipating cataloges with

the brand new spring time line are these assholes friends of your's they sure are'nt friends of

mine...we've achieved fashion fallout...sweet sister

sashe' sideways in C note dancing shoes flashing platinum at them is that the credit card that you choose

to frequent every neat boutique and add to the bulging till every sales man sees some easy prey and

moves in for the kill...we've achieved fashion fallout...awesome padded shoulders to make the small bod

look the part i don't mean to say it to your face but you look like a triangle tart its not the clothes that

your wearing its the mind set that makes you buy you get culture from commercials you're living a

modern lie...we've achieved fashion fallout.

LAND OF THE WHO HOME OF THE WHAT?...oh say can you see by the dawns early light the streets have

turned red from the savage fight what do we fight for cheap fruit and cheap labor and facist regimes for

washingtons favor...when we were children we saluted the flag pure symbol of freedom without any

snags but now they all call me they call me a nut i ask land of the who home of the what...the children go

hungry there's plenty of food the excuses for this all sound so rude supply and demand is the name of

this game the fabric of freedom has been shamelessly stained...by revolution

founded by the same it shall fall when all righteous people heed to the call

the games got to big the stakes are to high one slip of the finger we all could die.

DOWN IN THE SHIT...insanity rules this rock like a raving rapist king

jester pauper sluts are us and down in the shit we sing...freedom fell with no ropes to hold imprisoned in

this skin for moons untold new day

rising stories say teach the children new games to play...by light of day and dark of night we carry on

the idiots delight in three ring alleys death doe's dance ghosts of infant prophets dance...insanity rules

this rock like a raving rapist king jester pauper sluts are us and down in the shit we sing

...to this day the hydrogen god raises raging flames and proclaim this

spinning stone of ours no longer ours...insanity rules this rock like a raving rapist king jester pauper

sluts are us and down in the shit we sing.

(now the parties over)...now the parties over i'm walking through the

house my feet are sticking to the floor...everybodies asleep.