

Rebecca Parris

"When Fat Pigs Fly"

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breaking it down like a bold lie
bury it down like it's bad wine
a sense of relief oh sweet victory!
but there's no escape from biblatic prophecy
this is not the course of old
this is not over
laying it down on luther king st.
a sense of despair you may never meet
secrets swept up by the sleigh
burn the wrinkled hand and just watch it fall away
this is not the course of old
this is not
over time we all will justify our hells
to each his own as his own as his own mind builds this
cell

at the end of the day he turns off the lights to his office
and turns on the lights to his car
and it says: "you did a wonderful job today"
when fat pigs fly you'll be waiting
when fat pigs fly you'll be salivating
laying it down on luther king st.
a sense of despair you may never meet
secrets swept up by the sleigh
burn the wrinkled hand and just watch it fall away
this is nuts
this is not the course of old
this is not over

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