

Poor Bailey

"The Pines"

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I need some money, some currency, I'm feeling
worthless.
I need a job, some security, some possessions.
I need some money.
Took out a loan.
Made for the coast where the pines meet the water.
At the fork in the road,
I found a fortune that sat high upon the cliffs
Where the land begins to slope and spew away
To make shelter for the fish who swim.
And now I'm selling watches, a measuremental guide
You can't live without it, you can't beat the crash.
You better get 'em while you can 'cause there's a
limited supply
You won't know when or why
But at least you'll know the time is ticking
And now I'm rich.
I'm real rich, I've gained control of the market
Everything I need, got everything I want in my back
pocket,
Right inside my wallet.
I got the all-American dream.
I got food on my plate, I got shoes on my feet.
I'm walking into the future and I'm watching my back
I'm stacking my coins and counting my cash and
It's paying off, it's taking me to the bank
Where the tellers are friendly,
They know me by name.
They say, "Mr. Olender, will that be all for you, sir?
Don't hesitate to call us with questions or concerns."
What have I done, what have I done, I missed the
meaning.
Sometimes the scenes following dreams can be
misleading
All this money's worthless.
No one's impressed.
Oh what have I done, this is not happiness.
A material domain should cushion my pain,
As I wither away to the market place singing la la la la
la...

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