

## **Bedtime For Charlie "The Mind Boggles"**

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It's weird to look up at the sky when the man on the  
moon was just a lie.  
And a UFO's a satellite to have your private  
conversations spied.  
Like actors they speak layment terms to give us fake  
and vague concerns  
While poisoning us with sweeteners to tame the  
bitterness.  
All across this crazy fucked up world.

Johnny Pendelton what is the secret of your super  
drink?  
Is it an acid car washer? But it's too goddamn good to  
stop and think  
About the un-suspected truth obscured by oil  
companies and land owners  
So question their lies or burn in the flame.  
Like so many before you and I.

But I'm still pretty fucking sure that  
Somewhere over your rainbow,  
Across your sea of blissful ignorance  
There must certainly be a chance.  
For us to not turn out like you.

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