

## Fischer-Z "The Writer"

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The other side of the room  
An empty bottle lies broken  
Purple faces are sure  
Of snow white sheets to soak in

His clothes are spread around  
They smell of perspiration  
A half eaten meal  
Attracts the flies attention

Do I, do I, do I, do I hear the man's cries?  
Do I, do I, do I, do I look in his eyes?  
Do I, do I, do I, do I care if he dies?  
Do I, do I, do I, do I?

Take a paper towel  
And place it over his head  
Phone up reception  
And report him as dead

Open up the window  
And expose him to light  
Push it all away from me  
No, that can't be right

A continental breeze  
Has set the blinds in motion  
Brings just a hint of change  
From the Atlantic Ocean

The ancient church bell rings  
Defies the march of progress  
The señoritas said you were  
Too young to notice

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