

Fugazi

"Stacks"

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I feel it passing through the telephone,

No one is home now,

No one is home.

These stacks,

They keep me down,

So I build some more.

America is just a word but I use it.

Language keeps me locked and repeating.

This time is real,

I see it passing by the avenue,

Nothing to do now,

There's nothing to do.

I see them spinning on,

So I spin out.

America is just a word but i use it.

Language keeps me locked and repeating.

Fugazi Stacks

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