

Gramm Lou

"New Franchise"

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I'm opening a new franchise with my baby from the orchid.

An opportunist, I pounce on chance, one for ladies, I long for romance.

Our Marriage.

Equations group and align, sentences find rhyme, watches and clocks spiral backward in time.

Long dormant loves arise, old flames re-ignite and feuding divorcees offer respite.

Now the meaning of life is irrelevant.

No, the meaning of life is a lost concept.

Another siren swirling, trembling skyscrapers, ambulances, police car chases.

I'm opening a new franchise, with my baby our new franchise.

Another siren swirling and the pitch lifting, it calls over and out, cries over and out to bothered teenage mothers grabbing at their children, it calls over and out, cries over and out -

'Don't be afraid, we're on our way; Hell, we are on our way, don't go forgetting how to fly. Hear me now tonight someone, hear me now tonight - If I get the chance to walk again, I'll get out while the going's good.'

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