

Jack Ingram

"Alien Casinos"

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The horizon has been defeated
By the pirates of the new age
Alien casinos
Well maybe it's just time to say
Things can go bad
And make you want to run away
But as we grow older
The troubles just seem to stay

Future complication
In the strings between the cans
But no prints can come from fingers
If machines become our hands
And then our feet become the wheels
And then the wheels become the cars
And then the rigs begin to drill
Until the drilling goes too far

Things can go bad
And make you wanna run away
But as we grow older
The horizon begins to fade away
Fade, fade, fade

Thingamajigsaw puzzled
Anger don't you step to close
Because people are lonely and only
Animals with fancy shoes
Well hallelujah zigzag nothing
Misery is on the loose
Because people are lonely and only
Animals with too many tools
That can build all the junk that we sell
Sometimes it makes you want to yell

Things can go bad
And make you wanna run away
But as we grow older
The horizon begins to fade away
Fade, fade, fade

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