

John Lydon "Bags"

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Black rubber bags.
Sunburns in a perfect day.
Now smell the air of this perfect sky.
Silent sweet, a precious place, desirable shade.
Beneath the pinyon pine.
Drawn by the beauty of my own terror.
Close to the edge.
Swallow the void.
Vultures fly the arizona sky.
These tell-tale signs.

Bloated body like a tv dinner.
Let the (guest/death) move in and let the feast begin.
Flock of flowers, desert develops feverblister after the
rain.
Black rubber bags...(repeat)
Flock of flowers, desert develops feverblister after the
rain.
Black rubber bags...(repeat to fade)

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