

## John Vanderslice "Speed Lab"

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Speed lab, speed lab  
On the edge of an artichoke farm  
We work through harm  
Tweaked and well paid  
We forgave  
What the chemicals did  
To our hands, lungs and face  
Clearly making our fall from grace  
Our fall from grace

Speed lab, speed lab  
Sun sang through eucalyptus,  
We sang along  
Angela  
I met her there,  
Sweating out the San Francisco run  
Every hotel on the five  
Was our very own pleasure dive

Our own pleasure dive

Speed lab  
Giveth and taketh away  
The love, tender loving, money, money spending  
Was before the fire, the DEA.  
Those who survived the fire fled alone  
I know that God hates alchemical work  
I love him lonely, but in the end  
What else to do but begin again  
To do but begin again

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