

Junkhouse "Shine"

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We live around the hydro towers
Listen to them singing in the park
Wind our clock too tight
And all the radios are glowing in the dark

Mothers lie down in the day time
And dream about Hollywood
I know that they'd get there if they could

It's just a matter of time
Before we get to shine
It's not a question of when
Or who does the crime

We show our skin through picture windows
Sit around cross legged on the floor
Our living rooms electric, TV's, light bulbs
Irons, cancer to the core

Out in our back yards waiting
For women in flying saucers
Under the stars and power lines

It's just a matter of time
Before we get to shine
It's not a question of when
Or who does the crime

The fans and the air conditioners
Runnin' in movie houses
The mother's not coming home again

It's just a matter of time
Before we get to shine
It's not a question of when
Or who does the crime

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