

## **Make Believe**

### **"Temping As A Shaman"**

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oh how good you could have been kid, if no one had  
every told you, that you were any good.  
you really could have been as good kid, as you were  
before anyone ever told you, that you were any good.  
like a space age cave man.  
i got this job as a temp as a shaman, waiting in an  
endless line of my identical selves. [x2]  
waiting only to betray my own monument.  
like an ancient astronaut.  
i got this job as a temp as a shaman, waiting in an  
endless line of my identical selves. all these me's just  
stand around, tapping the me ahead of me on the  
shoulder to ask, "what are you here for?"  
and you know what your voice says about you when you  
speak of taste and say, "i'm sorry i'm not sorry."  
and are you comfortable under my algebra, between  
the folds of my palms? temping as a shaman. temping  
as a shaman.

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