

Ojos Locos

"The Fix Is In"

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When we got to Boston, we knew we'd missed a turn.
No one back in traffic school had
Told us there are signs that can't be learned.
Geography's too stubborn and people are too clear,
So let's go find a road-side motel with a clerk who won't
tell.
Days will turn into nights, nights will turn into days,
weeks, seasons, and years.
We'll stay for years.

Red and white for blood cells, red and white for wine.
They could be the whole damn spectrum if
We'd all just let them. Lord, it's such a crime...
Working on an inch less waistband in the
Strip mall wasteland outside of this town,
Or clawing at the penthouse kitchen floor for just one
smidgen
More,
Everybody knows, everybody knows that it's in.
The fix is in.

Let's go back to Boston. Forget about the turn.
Atlases and gas station attendants are none of our
concern.
We'll forge a little life dear (oh dear) and double down
our debts,
And I guess it stands to reason that the passing
seasons will
Slowly dull regrets.
Working on an inch less waistband in the strip mall
wasteland
Outside of this town,
Or clawing at the penthouse kitchen floor for just one
smidgen
More,
Everybody knows, everybody knows that it's in.
The fix is in.

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