

Regina Mab

"The Soup"

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The soup, the soup, the soup, the soup...

The soup was hot and split pea and on the stove
And michael and marry and bugsy and buster were
occupied
The pictures as clear as an illusion in their mind
And the plan was foolproof but there was so much to
do

First they'd decide who'd drive the car, who'd wear the
masks and who'd bribe the cops
Then they'd decide what were the rules, when do shoot
and when do you hold back
They'd synchronize their watches and their heartbeats
and their ribcages
This can't be a mess, this can't be a mess...

Nobody knows how it comes to be that they think that
they must and they do what they can
But the cops are right there and the sirens they blare
and the bystarers stare and everyone just stands
Bugsy went down first, then marry, then michael drove
off and buster just ran
He was running like a child running in a game of tag
Until he was hit, until he was it...

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