

Relik

"Little America"

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I can't see myself at thirty, I don't buy a lacquered
thirty
Caught like flies, preserved for tomorrow's jewelery,
again
Lighted in the amber yard, a green shellback, green
shellback
Preserved for tomorrow's eyes, in tree beer tar-black
brer sap,
The biggest wagon is the empty wagon is the noisiest,
is the
The consul a horse, Jefferson, I think we're lost

Who will tend the farm museums? Who will dust
today's belongings?
Who will sweep the floors, hedging near the givens?
Rally round your leaders it's the mediator season
Shy Anne is on the beach, do you realize the life she's
led?
The biggest wagon is the empty wagon is the noisiest,
is the
The consul a horse, oh man I think we're lost
The biggest wagon is the empty wagon is the noisiest,
is the
A matter of course, Jefferson, Jeffer

Lighted in the amber yard, a green shellback, green
shellback
Sky-lied, sty-tied, Nero pie-tied, in tree tar-black brer
sap,
Reason has harnessed the tame, a lodging, not
stockader's game
Another Greenville, another Magic Mart, Jeffer, grab
your fiddle,
The biggest wagon is the empty wagon is the noisiest,
is the
The consul a horse, Jefferson, I think we're lost
The biggest wagon is the empty wagon is the noisiest,
is the
The consul a horse, Jefferson, I think we're lost, lost

