

## Split Shift

### "The Great Nothing: Iv: Submerged"

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The boy has got potential  
But he's never had commercial success  
There's flies in his ointment  
There's Stuyvesants and liquor on his breath  
We'll have him charge the gate  
We'll have to set him straight  
We'll have him seal his future fate  
Before it's too late

I worked with him closely  
It must have been ten years ago  
Of all the pains in the asses  
He's the worst  
I've had the bad taste to know  
He's undirectable  
Completely uncoachable  
But perhaps we can put him  
In an altered state  
Before it's too late

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