

## The Drones "Mean Streak"

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A meat wagon in the shadow of a tenement block  
You got the Pigs up in the stairwell  
Asking questions and taking down names  
I say 'that boy had a mean streak  
Seems he's better off dead anyhow  
I aint trying to be mean  
He's just easy to hate  
He had a spike in his vein for a number of years  
It's all cold memory now  
He tells me that he has gone clean  
A black white TV set up the back of his head  
That shatters and stutters  
But won't never go dead

That boy had it down  
Holier than thou  
Though he was dumber than a bag of hammers  
I didn't know  
He'd figure pull the trigger  
With his left big toe

Well he shaved off his hair  
Leaving only the eyes in his head  
And a hole for a mouth that looked  
More line an asshole I swear  
He never had no family he's sit up on the ledge  
Staring up at a moon that died in the nights arms  
To keep watch like a ghost in his heart  
In its throws and its calms

Well it aint how you fall it's how you land  
I'd remind him 'life has its lessons' he'd say  
'I'll come goof once I figure to learn them  
I kicked junk with the bottle  
Now it's merely a teething concern' he would tell me  
But I had my doubts  
A 13th floor bed-sit a kitchen a couch  
The only way's down cause the bottom you'll find  
Is much clearer to the eye than the top is the other way  
around

