

Mike Doughty "Cash Cow"

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Refreshing bills
To warm the slots in the till
Infernal wheel
That churns the ocean of milk
That long wire is frayed
Don't shout out proudly that the cash cow's lame
That proud call is wrong
Don't scoot by trumpeting the cash cow's gone

Dododod

The quantize knob
That drains the beat of all soul
You hapless slob
Go back to sink in your hole
This thing's going down
Don't gift-horse gawk it at the cash cow now
Disdainful clown
Don't go 'round mocking on the cash cow now

And I will offer you a place
In my pavilion
And I must stick close to the grace
Of fifty billion

Smoke in the mouth
Stick in a candy apple
So luminous-
Skinned, but the face is awful
Some cloud unknown
This pinkness creeping as the sun comes low
That long haul, wow,
Don't go 'round mocking on the cash cow now

And I will offer you a place
In my pavilion
And I must stick close to the grace
Of fifty billion

And I will offer you a place

And I must stick close to the grace

And I will offer you a place
And I will offer you a place
And I will offer you a place
And I will offer you a place
[To fade..]

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