

## Vincent Minor "Late Night Show"

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I sow and I reap  
I'm my worst enemy  
I'm losing memory  
All I need is a little hit of E.C.T.

I knock myself out  
I always do that  
My luck is never learned  
And it pulls the wisdom out of my teeth

He's indoctrinated with a pregnant point of view  
He's constipated on a treadmill  
On the late night, late night show  
On the late night, late night show

I'll use my camera  
So I can't distort  
Or warp what's really there  
'Cause I'll see witches in cupboards  
Catching killers

I'll drink some Chianti  
And read some Freud  
Double-dutch with Morrissey  
And tap a secret in morse code...

... To Brian in the desert who's doing L.S.D.  
Sugar glider on your shoulder drew maps on me  
On my body body, on my body body

Marching bands dance migraine heads to sleep  
And a gentle touch of a masculine man  
R.I.P. R.I.P. R.I.P. Rest In Peace

So get your masts out  
Sail to the jungle of your 9 to 5  
I got 5 to 9 stuck on the 405

His thoughts run in circles on conveyer belts  
He's balanced on a thin string when he sees a mouse  
When my mouth opens... comes out  
On the late night, late night show...

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