

Klaus Fluoride "Ships Upon The Bay"

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The bridges are all closed
The cars both ways are stalled
If the wrong voice answers the question
The parole board gets a call
The operator's lucky
A very lucky girl
The welfare's rising steadily
And housing starts are down
Auto sales, dismal
This is a shrinking town
The police are oh so busy
And why not
Well the crisis wasn't the Gulf
Or the lack of steady heat
But unfolded in the canyons
And the pits of old Wall Street
It happened on a Sunday
Do*Do*Run*Run
An orchestra continued
To perform Pete's Pathetique
It's too bad that the museum
Well it up and died last week
I saw a lovely painting
"Ships Upon the Bay"
It sent a chill through the system
I sent a letter through the mail
I sent some kids to foreign places
I sent a mother off to jail
It was such a silly notion
It surely had to fail
The last one called
In the middle of the night...

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