

Bad Meets Evil

"Stranger Than Fiction"

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A febrile shocking violent smack
The children are hoping for a heart attack,
Tonight the windows are watching,
The streets all conspire,
And the lamppost can't stop crying,
If I could fly high above the world,
Would I see a bunch of living dots spell the world
stupidity?,
Or would I see hungry lover homicides,
Loving brother suicides,
And olly olly oxenfrees,
Who pickaside and hide

The world is scratching at my door,
My morning papers got the scores,
The human interest stories, and the obituary

Cockroach naps and rattling traps,
How many devils can you fit upon a match head?,
Caringosity killed the Kerouac cat,
Sometimes truth is stranger than fiction

In my alley around the corner,
There's a wino with feathered shoulders,
And a spirit giving head for crack and he'll never want
it back,
There's a little kid and his family eating crackers like
thanksgiving
And a pack of wild desperados scornful of living

The worlds is scratching at my door....

Cradle for a cat, Wolfe looks back,
How many angels can you fit upon a match?
I want to know why Hemingway cracked,
Sometimes truth is stranger than fiction

Life is the crummiest book I ever read,
There isn't a hook, just a lot of cheap shots,
Pictures to shock and characters an amateur would
never dream up

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