

The Paper Chase

"Neat; Manageable: Piles"

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Slip soft that serpentine
And live life off of our knees
Saw tooth and hate
Can edge away ape-man dignity
She said...
"You better leave with what you have
Because when the big one hits 'subtract'
Your no prize like me,
Young bodies always heal quickly"
Stacked bones by the furnace steams
A neatly places homecoming queen
Your lumpish inate is the figure eight
It's a bit of me and I feel
Anything can happen
Anything can happen
Anything can happen
Anything can go wrong
Soulder me like a wire that breathes
Your carbon copy fibre optic plea
Why should we communicate with sans technology?
Your no prize like me
Young bodies always heal quickly

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