

Frog Eyes

"Policy Merchant, The Silver Bay"

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Father once told me that the night is so ghastly
It was born to be beastly.
And did you ever think of yourself as a runaway?
Did you gaze upon the waves and did you consider
yourself
A symphony of runaways?
Oh my body is lost on the pity of bosses,
Oh there's values and costs in the wondering if you
should
Throw yourself up on runaways,
Skip the hills and cut yourself up on runaways
Mercer is a merchant, a policy merchant:
He calls himself urgent!
He gathers all of the urchins up in their [filthy]
tearaways,
He gathers them into his palm and then he sings
"Another day!"
Oh, the Vale-dic-dic-torian is about to pay,
He gutted 20 sturgeons up from the silver bay
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