

Frog Eyes

"Time Destroys Its Plan At The Reactionary Table"

Visit "[Time Destroys Its Plan At The Reactionary Table](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Oh billy come on, cause I've heard your hundreth song
And though I liked the tale of the millionares that
Constructed the fine bolts and put the buildings in the
Air
Billy come on, oh come and sing your hundreth song.
Precautionary tales to reactionary table, ha-ha

Granted your songs have been living in this world
Have been eating in this world
Have been breathing in this world
Rain on rain on

I find it unacceptable
I've made concessions to the world
To the running of the world
To the turning of the world
Can beneath me burn

Billy was a girl, but he couldn't tie his curls
But the proxis breaks, the angry bed
The lover and the wood lives on common care

Billy come on in the echoing morning calm
Try to find your breath and breathe the air for the
Troupe of sellers and millionaires

Billy come on like a population bursts from your songs
For the birdies and the babies and the downtown
Pushers, please billy

Granted your lungs have been sucking in this world
Have been breathing in this world
Have been lying in the sand
Rain on rain on

I find it unacceptable that you keep singing to the
World
And keep lying in the world
And keep crushing everybody's heads... (?)

