

Food Will Win The War

"Cactus"

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Four years
I wanna go
Out with you
It's so cold
Gowanus Canal
In concrete boots
You've been warned
This is what you get
When you mess with us
You fucked up
Spout shit
Violate our trust

Bad news
Just heard
Worn out used up two-thirds
One flock
The rest are just
Dying birds

The cactus tree
The cactus me
It pricks my hand and wants to bleed

A short trip
Van Brunt's okay
To the water front
Some blown glass
Some carved wood
Gonna have some fun
A small shop
Petit café
And a drink with you
A quick game
Afternoon delight
And a smoke with you

Bad news
Just heard
Worn out used up two-thirds
One flock

The rest are just
Dying birds

The cactus tree
The cactus me
It pricks my hand and wants to bleed

The cactus tree

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