

Fall, The

"Lie Dream Of A Casino Soul"

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Well, I didn't eat the weekend
But I put the weight back on again
And our kid got back from Munich
He didn't like it much
Has a psyche that hadn't been synthesized
Just like machines
It's getting like that here now
It just goes to show
I got no nerves left Monday morning
And I think I'll cut my dick off
The trouble it got me in
Went home to my slum canyon
On my way I looked up
I saw turrets of Victorian wealth
I saw John the ex-fox
Sleeping in some outside bogs
There's a silent rumble
In the buildings of the night council
Executing the mind controllers
I drive right through the gates
Sucked in my roll tops

And I guess this just goes to show
The lie dream of the casino soul
I'm a Mick Jagger right now
In a tongue-tied, wired state
Cause Sunday morning dancing
I had an awake dream
I was in the supervision dept.
Of a bigtown store
Security floors one to four
They had cameras in the clothes dummies.
A man came up to them
He wanted sex in the dummies eyes
Then came up the cry:
"Security, mobilize!"
Meanwhile in the sticks
Proles wretch, dance in cardboard pants
And I guess this goes to show
The lie dream of a casino souls scene

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