

Fall, The "Middle Mass"

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The evil is not in extremes
It's in the aftermath
The middle mass
After the fact
Vulturous in the aftermath
Summer close season
A quiet dope and cider man
But during the season
Hard drug and cider mates
The boy is like a tape loop
The boy is like a uh-uh
Not much contact
Drinking, the men wait
They are set at nought
Because cripple states a holy state
Because cripple states a holy state
The Wehrmacht never got in here
The Wehrmacht never got in here
The Wehrmacht never got in here
The Wehrmacht never got in here
Thought it took us six years
The wehrmacht never got in here
And living here you whisper, bub
And living here you whisper, bub!

This boy is like a tape loop
And he has soft mitts
But he's the last domain
Of a very black, back room brain
He learned a word today
The word's misanthropy
And he's running to and from
The cats from tin pan alley
And he's running with and from
The cats from tin pan alley
And going down the alley
Take the cats from the alley
Up to them
The alley's full of cats from tin pan
Come into the back room Brian
And meet

The middl mass
The middl mass
Vulturous in the aftermath
Middl mass

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