

Beck, Lazy Flies

Lazy flies all hovering above
The magistrate, he puts on his gloves
And he looks to the clouds
All pink and disheveled
There must be some blueprints,
Some creed of the devil
Inscribed in our minds
A hideous game
Vanishes in thin air
The vanity of slaves
Who wants to be there?
To sweep the debris
To harness dead-horses
To ride in the sun
A life of confessions
Written in the dust
Out in the mangroves
The mynah birds cry
In the shadows of sulfur
The trawlers drift by
They're chewing dried meat
House of disrepute
The dust of opiates
And syphilis patients
On brochure vacations
Fear has a glare that traps you
Like searchlights
The puritans stare
Their souls are fluorescent
The skin of a robot
Vibrates with pleasure
Matrons and gigolos
Carouse in the parlor
Their hand-grenade eyes
Invalid and blind
Vanishes in thin air
The vanity of slaves
Who wants to be there?
To sweep the debris
To harness dead-horses
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