

eels, The Other Shoe

It's a beautiful morning
The sky is black as ink
The city's sleeping still
And soon they'll wake up
To the stink

And soon they'll wake up
To the stink of life passing them by
Wake up and smell the stink of their lives

The garbage trucks are coming
To take your shit to the dump
You're smelling pretty now
Such a pretty little lump
A pretty little lump of flesh
Who's lost your way
Another night another day

And when you sleep at night
Dreaming of the pretty things
Don't be too surprised
When the telephone rings

I'll be sitting here
Waiting for the other shoe to drop
I'll be sitting here
Waiting for the other shoe to drop