

Faith No More, Smaller And Smaller

Drought makes the workers dream
Muscles and fields of green
Shovel the last few crumbs
Of generosity
Open heart, open mind, open mouth, open vein
DRAIN
Someday the rains will come
My blistered hands tell me
Tomorrow, tomorrow, tomorrow

BITE
BITE
BITE
CRY

I'll keep coming back
Smaller and smaller and smaller
Squash me
Smaller and smaller and smaller
Under the charity
Smaller and smaller and smaller
Under the topsoil
Smaller and Smaller and smaller
Under the fingernail
Smaller and smaller and smaller

Then the small becomes all becomes all..... P>

BITE
BITE
BITE
CRY

(It's not a mirage)
(It's not a mirage)
(Trickling downward, trickling downward)
(It's not a mirage)

DRAIN
DRAIN
BITE
BITE
BITE
CRY

Smaller and smaller and smaller and smaller and smaller.....