

# Joey Cape, Minus

Here is the world they'll try to sell you  
Here is the ache barbiturate  
They'll have your eyes and they will hang your view  
So high  
Minus the world we'd find forgiveness  
Minus the world she'd find herself  
Minus the walls, she wouldn't hang her view  
So low

White of their eyes  
Shadow and plague  
Those creatures we portray  
Born into this  
Unbearable mess  
This bankruptcy they and I have left

Paradox, conundrum, irony

Minus need you are going cold  
Minus belief we are growing old

Minus our fears she is outspoken  
Minus our hands she is clean

Budding filth, we destroy purity once conceived

Sorrow and shame  
Tangled and maimed  
Indebted endlessly  
Heir to the day  
Of depravity  
She'll have to make believe tranquility  
Minus the world we leave