

# Keller Williams, Vacate

there's a line in the sky  
its jet exhaust  
its moccasin looking straight cloud  
and if you turn your head sideways  
it can look like a distant twister  
coming to swing a cow  
a quarter mile  
in three seconds.  
and lift up my camper and drop her down  
not so gently

ain't nothing to worry about  
its all under control  
ain't nothing to see here  
please vacate the premisses

we must secure the area  
and dust for prints  
let the evidence be fondled  
mentally attempt to solve  
the mystery thats before you  
with clues and leeches poppin up  
take em down town for questioning

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you have the right to remain silent  
as well as to yell!  
at the top of your lungs  
why abuse your rights  
why not abuse your wrongs  
its there where the fun begins and the things  
we see in the clouds become real

she creeps by candle light  
shadows to start conversing  
and the flowers on the bedspread  
waiting to suck me up  
i drift to unconciouness  
only to awake  
till metal starts grinding on pavement  
riding next to my head

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