

# Meat Puppets, Sexy Music

The horizon breaks to pieces  
And the mainline is the twilight  
And the giant net has a perfect window  
Passage through has the ticket screaming  
I want a mind  
I'll tell you what I find  
No severed goddess hand  
No plaster in my eye  
No picture of a lamb  
No goddess hand have I  
I'm a picture of a goddess  
Of a planet in the window  
Through a tiny hole in the giant curtain  
I have watched as it stood undressing  
I want more more eyes  
I want to see more lies  
In the silence of the neurons  
Where the pathway has been printed  
There's a gleaming hope for an understanding  
Timing's gone and there's been no planning  
Two heads, one dream  
Two-thirds a crowd it seems.