

# Robert Pollard, Maggie Turns To Flies

Turning numbers low and high  
The accountant and his wife  
Hunger for their prize

In the slumber of the night  
Wrap around a sheet of fallen sky  
Gone from countless calculator eyes

You might wonder someday

You will go under one day  
When the eagle flies

Lies won't change a friend so wise  
Tradewinds blow where maggots turn to flies  
What a better life!