

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!