

The Church, Telepath

You got no reason to go
I'll make it up, I don't know
You got no reason to stay
Anyway, any day

The flowers down the side of the house this morning
The tiny wheels within the whirl
A date pulled backwards and then left drowning
So the future can't uncurl

You've got no reason to laugh
Lead you down, telepath
You've got no reason to cry
Anyhow, any why

The women by the shore in the night are leaving
The angry dawn slyly grins
The soul scraper air that the boys are breathing
Assembled parts, tiny sins

You've got no reason to live
Pheremone
You've got no reason to die
Anyhow, any time

The music and the traffic and the rain are blending
The water meters, the fire escapes
Children in the present moment unending
Nobody knows their former shapes

You've got no reason to live
Pheremone
You've got no reason to die
Anyhow, any time