

# Walkabouts, Smokestack

Swept the floor of dreams  
Live ones in the cracks  
Crawling from the woodwork  
Just to break your mother's back

Hail the future king  
No surprises left  
Formula is widely know by chemists  
And the minds they've blown

Smokestack  
Smokestack  
Smokestack

Count 'em 1 in 10  
Can't hold on to those threats  
Not-so-distant cousins  
Of the nails on which you slept

Amateur contortionist  
With pyrotechnic skill  
This is not a mob you rule  
It's just the family barbecue

Smokestack  
Smokestack  
Smokestack

Smokestack  
Smokestack  
Smokestack

Standing on my head  
And just in time to see  
A promise in each pocket  
And a liar in each sleeve  
The spoils have been crudely cut  
In out of balance halves  
Nothing left to peace or calm  
That explosions couldn't bring along