

All About Eve, Dream Butcher

Did you know that plastic men use blood
in their fountain pens...tell you how they're
on your team and seem to mean it ?

Please don't believe all you hear.

Now that you're clothed and you've been
fed, here comes the candle to light you to bed.
How that you've gained your higher ground,
here come the butcher to cut you..

Down an out and in a state of "easy
to manipulate" : Take the cash and learn to
crawl... Small-print smiler smiles while
his knives never show.

Big wheels see you're on your own in
green fields. Fat the calf the butcher laughs a
loud mouth watering, slaughtering your
dreams.

Work it out... can you afford to sell
your Self for small reward and only
have yourself to blame ? - Shame on
someone.