

Artificial Joy Club, Garbage Cans

I watch my neighbors next door
The Mr. and Mrs. at war
He lost his arm back in Nam
And they both drink like fish
They used to swap fluids at night
But now all they swap is a 911 fight
And fading plastic garbage cans
Waiting for the garbage man
To all the junk I'm waving goodbye
Fading plastic garbage cans
Full of things that lost their relevance
I wonder if there's treasure inside?
The flies have made friends on the curb
Just like their buddy, dead bird
Cancel the picnic
The love nest if swarming with bees
Their yelling is at razors edge
Suddenly silence, the lights have gone dead
Fading plastic garbage cans
Waiting for the garbage man
To all the junk I'm waving goodbye
Fading plastic garbage cans
Full of things that lost their relevance
I wonder if there's treasure inside?
For days it's been quiet
I only see Mr. Neighbor
And garbage day's here now
I wonder where the Mrs. could be?
They used to swap fluids at night
But now all they swap is a 911 fight
Fading plastic garbage cans
Waiting for the garbage man
To all the junk I'm waving goodbye
Fading plastic garbage cans
Full of things that lost their relevance
I wonder if there's treasure inside?
Garbage cans, garbage cans
Garbage, garbage, garbage
Garbage cans
If there's treasure inside?