

# Cake, Frank Sinatra

We know of an ancient radiation  
That haunts dismembered constellations,  
A faintly glimmering radio station.

While Frank Sinatra sings "Stormy Weather",  
The flies and spiders get along together.  
Cobwebs fall on an old skipping record.

Beyond the suns that guard this roost,  
Beyond your flowers of flaming truth,  
Beyond your latest ad campaigns...

An old man sits, collecting stamps  
In a room all filled with chinese lamps.  
He saves what others throw away;  
He says that he'll be rich someday.

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