CAN, Father Cannot Yell

Look at the place of mine behind the curb Through the layers found in earthen drift, indeed that is you And with you, mother screams 'I am mother' Woman screams 'I am fertile' and the father can't yell

Rain direction down with stony mind Created fill the Yangtze river And you keep remembering mother screaming 'I am mother' Woman screaming 'I am fertile' and the father He hasn't been born yet, he hasn't been born yet

All has been forgotten and the plastic turns to rotten Rays and smells
While pointing to the deathly beautiful
Mother there in pain creating
Woman who just lies there waiting and the father
He hasn't been born yet, he hasn't been born yet

You may drift there if you want to, luggage fits inside your pocket like a bill And keep remembering, mother screaming lost her way Woman screaming she won't stay and your father, hasn't been born yet

All has been forgotten and the plastic turns to rotten Rays and smells
While pointing to the deathly beautiful
Mother who in pain creating
Woman who just lies there waiting and the father
He hasn't been born yet, he hasn't been born yet
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All has been forgotten and the plastic turns to rotten Rays and smells While pointing to the deathly beautiful Mother who in pain creating Woman who just lies there waiting and the father He hasn't been born yet