

# Enter The Haggis, Gasoline

Outside around the side  
form a circle forwar I'm an  
outsider on the side  
formerly a farm-boy  
inside I'm on the side  
i'm divided undecided  
back then around again  
second time's a charm boy

upside mortified  
rubber-necking bottle-necking  
smoke-stacks cigarettes  
polish on the details  
i try to stay inside  
eyes and ears and curtains closing  
they lie on their sides  
casualties of retail

back then the earth was green  
dirt was black and the air/water was clean  
and then upon the scene  
cars and trucks and gasonline  
inside i'm petrified  
i don't want to hide/watch it anymore

black or white/left or right or in between  
i'm never really sure which way i lean  
hey mister what does it mean he said  
cars and trucks need gasoline.