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.