

Failure, Bernie

Blowing fire through
the hillside
Pelting wings stuck
to quicklime
Smashing nobody's
headlights
Nothing tells us
we're alive

Bernie's got the way to
feel good times
She lives on the way to
the park
All we've got to do is
just drop by
We don't have to wait
until dark

Screaming tires through
the sunshine
Told the cripple he
looks blind
Caught the rats in
the manhole
Beat them all the way
back home