

Fugazi, Oh

Number one is acquisitions
There is no foreign soil
Go global like a round thing
Go global like a hole
Every money matchmaker
Splicing green as fast as you can
Let's break it down and start again

Memo to the partners
I'm changing all the locks
I'm pissing on your modems
I'm shredding all the stocks
Choose a color for your ceiling
I'm waiting for the bottom to drop
In a room so brightly lit
I can't see in

You would never say you were out of time
Your secret's out
Comming with the fiction all the time
Your secret's out
But there's a call comming on the other line
Your secret's out

Lapse of luxury
Lapping waste
Cruising towards a bruising crash
Thread held anvil's gonna break
When the letter returns to the sender
I can't hardley wait
God, this room's so brightley lit
I can't see shit

You would never say you were out of time
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But there's a call comming on the other line
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Thank you may I have another?
I would be your eagle driver
Your service provider
Your matre'd

Thank you, sir, may I have another?
Please