

# Hawksley Workman, Maniacs

dinosaur-us  
dead kites in farmer's fields  
the jailed dreamers are growing gills  
so eat it up you maniacs  
eat the whole thing  
you maniacs  
fat-so-saur-us  
the possibilities of open skies  
and the worms rule as silent kings  
so eat it up  
you fatso's  
gobble the whole thing  
you fatso's  
baby be absolutely quiet  
as we untie the boat  
and push ourselves from shore  
We'll remember you  
you poor souls  
you poor slaves  
they're building the city  
on your broken backs  
and what of your own fires?  
what of your own fires?  
we're leaving you now  
when your cinders are so cold