

# Jimmie's Chicken Shack, Again

picture an infinite serpent  
swallowing his own tail  
we're much the same  
i like the taste of my own nails  
and it's not far away  
far down, inside yourself  
can we afford the waste  
raining again

i just say to myself  
face straight  
we all want the same  
when in line can't you see what the sign says  
and is the price of pleasure  
nothing left to save  
will you offer up yourself again

again, again, again, again, again  
again, again, again, again, again  
again

the farther i look outside  
hope belongs to a wasted kid, open up the sky  
who won't wait another month to see  
why do you want this  
why does this happen  
can you afford to wait for now  
decide yourself  
an engine for the waste is raining down

and i just say to mind  
sit up straight  
we all want the same  
won't deny, i can't see what the sign says  
and is the price of pleasure  
nothing left to save  
will you offer up yourself

again, again, again, again, again  
again, again, again, again, again  
again, again, again, again, again  
again, again, again, again, again  
again