

# Les Savy Fav, Yawn, Yawn, Yawn

One was a piper.  
One was a rat.  
They couldn't decipher  
How it came to that.  
And at the cockadoodle  
They crawled out of their beds.  
As if the rooster knew  
Each rising dawn they dread.  
Lost in a flurry.  
Looking for land mines  
Hid in a ribcage  
Back at the front line.  
And when the sun is falling  
They crawl out of their skins.  
They hear the moonlight calling  
Them from this mess they're in.

Take deep breaths and waste sweet seconds.  
The late day beckons  
And if you save it, it will slip away-  
Spend 7 nights like Saturday.  
Yawn, Yawn, Yawn,  
We're all long gone.  
If we get lucky we'll be dead by dawn.  
So let's get it on.  
I want to get it on!

Charging the windmill  
And missing the mark.  
Blinded by sunlight  
But building an ark.  
I've got 1,000,000 dollars  
Made of 10,000,000 dimes  
Paid for 1,000,000 failures  
Of others' good advice.