## 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 awaySpend 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.