

Machines Of Loving Grace, Weather Man

Get off
the streets rise from the pressure and burst out laughing
get off
where the cops all wear leather eyes amphetamine stares

bleed kid
get off the street kid
everybody knows it's going to explode
bleed kid
get off the street kid
everybody knows it's all wired
it's all wired

Weatherman
you think it over
you've got a moment's respite
Weatherman
get it over
infiltrate your inside

There was a film there was a nightmare
Cielo drive up on the right there
some people say the weather's no different from what we had yesterday
but there's a house on a hill
where the children all kill their playthings and plant them
like barrels of toxic hatred

bleed kid
get off the street kid
everybody knows it's going to explode
bleed kid
get off the street kid
everybody knows it's all wired
it's all wired

Weatherman
you get it over
we penetrate your disguise
Weatherman get it over
twist the fork in her spine
bleed kid
get off the street kid