

Meat Puppets, New Gods

We got road, we got time, so we're out of here
We got rows, we got rows as far as we can see
In the dust we can see your catastrophe
Shining dimly like a mudslick in the sun
Sparks fly from their eyes
Birds fly from their mouths
Echoing off this procession is a sound
Never to be found
With a tip of the hat we would exit here
Off you go with a pie on your face
Down the road we can see the electric chair
Who'll be the first? I don't know, it's a race.
With a drop of the fly we should exit here
Off you go with the crumbs on your face
One-eyed clown in the road with electric hair
At his best he's a total disgrace