

# Mike Doughty, Cash Cow

Refreshing bills  
To warm the slots in the till  
Infernal wheel  
That churns the ocean of milk  
That long wire is frayed  
Don't shout out proudly that the cash cow's lame  
That proud call is wrong  
Don't scoot by trumpeting the cash cow's gone

The quantize knob  
That drains the beat of all soul  
You hapless slob  
Go back to sink in your hole  
This thing's going down  
Don't gift-horse gawk it at the cash cow now  
Disdainful clown  
Don't go round mocking on the cash cow now

And I will offer you a place  
In my pavilion  
And I must stick close to the grace  
Of fifty billion

Smoke in the mouth  
Stick in a candy apple  
So luminous-  
Skinned, but the face is awful  
Some cloud unknown  
This pinkness creeping as the sun comes low  
That long haul, wow,