Pinback, Grey Machine

on the left side
a parking attendant sleeps
selling space and time.
on the right side
a parking attendant sleeps
selling space and time.
they have grasped the concept
of property.
understand that space and time
can be twisted into someone's
monetary advantage.

But I can see myself
In that building that stands
across from me.
Reflecting in the sky.
You can see yourself
Swim along with giant whales
down the street,
reflecting in the sky.
On sunny days
The people on the beach
Like ants in my food.
They must have closed the mall.
Here comes whitey to exploit
The simple pleasures nature gave me,
Then Try to tax them all.

...It's me in there
You can see yourself,
Reflecting in the sky.
Hey look, it's you.

I'm letting go,
it's scaring me.
Lay in the yard.
Curled in a ball.
Nails in your mouth.
Keys still in the car door.
Face in the dirt.
Smells more than clean.
Synapses tapped.
You're well out.
On the side of the house.
Its burned in the ground.
That secret code.
That signal go.
There's a stain on the grass
That's calling us home
You lie inside for the
Transistor send.
My heart skips a beat.
Lie, lie, lie, blinded.
Out of reach.
Out of touch.
Out of ink.
Out of kindness,
Never hazing new guys.
Out of teeth.
Out of thought.
Out of time.
Out of life
like cattle grazing
Your mind.

On the way to the car.
On the head of the stone.
On the edge of the lake.
On the end of the joke.
On the crack of the floor
On the slab of the day.
On the dent of the face.
On the mind of the cop.
On the scar of the rat.
On the last of the calls.
On the rest of the doc.
On the smile of the kid.
On the underside.

Pick me up.
Take me home.
Get me out of here.
Please.
On the underside i'm letting go...
they know we're on to them.
we know to avoid - their snare
they're pulling us back
we run for cover
escape is far
i'm letting go...
its scaring me
break...
i'm gonna break...

Get me out of here.
Please.