

# Soul Coughing, Collapse

Mid-level manager  
Says he heard about  
Some mulatto girl  
Shot him in the mouth,

And left him a hotel Near the mid-south offices.  
He worked in distribution,  
Regional vice-president.

Collapse, unload it, pop! pop!  
I must accumulate, unload it,  
Pop! Pop! I must accumulate.

Well the soil is rich  
Competition fat  
Ripe and vulnerable  
Oozing from the slats

And too cash-heavy, bloated  
Sitting there all puckered up.  
Index of numbers is,  
Scrolling upscreen, scrolling up.

Smash it down to digits.  
Gut it out and break it down.  
Liquid assets are Seeping down, seeping down now.  
Seeping down, seeping down now.