

Vapors, Letter From Hiro

I think it was Thursday,
I think it was late,
1930 - Eight.
Got a letter from Hiro,
but left out the date
He said he was waiting
for an outbreak.
Took a look in the mirror,
should have been me.
But there was nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing,
nothing to see.
I draw apart the curtains,
trying to look downstairs
It was utterly futile,
so I combed my hair
-CHORUS-
but all the kids in the factory say
my letter from Hiro came too late

communication, keeps me out of touch.
the sense means nothing,
well nothing much,

like the sign on the door,
too hard to see too soft to touch,
the age of reason,
is out to lunch.

but all the kids in the factory say,
my letter from Hiro, came too late
too late, too late, too late

9 o'clock in the morning,
sun rising in my head,
and I'm not quite sure if I'm just insecure
or if the problem is simply that we don't understand
about the guns and the crossfire,
and the social disease.
and while the sun was rising somewhere in the east
and then a "frag" meant more to Hiro than to me

And all the kids in the factory say,
my letter from Hiro came too late.

BGN