

# Vapors, Magnets

The motorcade is never-ending  
The marshalls wave their wheel appeal  
Only some of them are breathing  
Only some know what to feel

The generals grit their teeth and smile  
Just for a little while  
Until they think they can't be seen  
Then pour contempt through eyes that seem like magnets  
Small and hard  
Magnets

They rolled away down through the arches  
The wet streets shined confetti-lined  
The sun burns everything it touches  
The motorcade dissolves the mind

The madman grits his teeth and smiles  
Just for a little while  
As though he knows he can't be seen  
Then pours contempt through eyes that seem like magnets  
Small and hard  
Just like magnets  
Out of the crowd  
Just like magnets  
Kennedy's children all magnets

Waste of time at the Alamo  
All the kids singing "Go Johnny, go Johnny, go!"  
All the cars parked out of view  
And someone on a roof with a job to do

But the hotdogs sell and the cameras roll  
It's a star situation, but it's out of control  
There's a man with a message and it's written on lead  
There's a man who is god, but god is dead

Still we grit out teeth and smile  
Just for a little while  
As though we think we can be seen  
We pour contempt through eyes that seem like magnets  
Small and hard  
Just like magnets  
Out of a crowd  
Just like magnets  
Kennedy's children all magnets  
Magnets staring up  
Just like magnets  
Burning the sky  
Just like magnets  
Kennedy's children all magnets

Magnetized boys, boys, boys