

Willard Grant Conspiracy, Right On Time

I've never seen a sky
As flat as this one
As flat as the brown earth
Beneath our feet
Never seen a horizon
As dim as this one
It's 110 in the street

It's summer time again
In southern california
As fabled as any land ever known
Inside this house
With bars on the window
We dont get shown
The rest of the world

Here come the rain birds
Here come the rain birds
Here come the rain birds
Right on time

Out here
Theres a riot waiting to happen
Theres a whole lot of people
Who will be hurt
There are just too many of us
Thrown together
In this
Seven square miles of dirt
Inside the house
It's cool and dark
We keep the lights off
So it won't hurt our eyes
Out in the backyard
The sun bakes the earth
Uut by the old garage

Here come the rain birds
Right on time