

## People We Love Doing Things We Hate

The streets are filled with tooth marks  
The dancers legs are tied  
Jakob's in his singing words  
"It's just poetry" replied  
The grass is brown and twisted  
The statues are all changed  
The town is on its corners  
But it's me who stays the same

It's just Kafka selling oil  
He's got someplace else to be  
Someone's hooked on pins and needles  
His lawyer's in a tree  
Josef's selling property  
Mary changed her name  
This town is on its corners  
But it's me who stays the same

The lady with her watered locks  
Spouts wisdom to herself  
Against a joker's megaphone  
From his honourable shelf  
Hemingway's retired  
His brother laughing in the rain  
This town is on its corners  
But it's me stays the same

There's women with everything cut short  
Kissing Elvis in his bows  
It's not that there's a difference  
But they can keep you on your toes  
Spanish dancers flood the parking lots  
Hold back progress with their canes  
This town is on its corners  
But it's me who stays the same

My easel has been shattered  
The sun hides itself in shame  
The wolves and old prime ministers  
Have stolen all the blame  
Darkness plays a razor's act  
Going back from whence it came  
This town is on its corners  
But it's me who stays the same

The streets are lined with paper  
And fifty dollar bills  
They run from their volcanos  
To the warmer side of hills  
Kerouac, he must be laughing  
Gives his roommate all the blame  
This town is on its corners  
But it's me who stays the same

The devil is encircled  
By hunger and despair  
But vain he calls to me by name  
Beneath his fearsome hair  
But I am never worried  
There is no way to rearrange  
The town is burning down  
And you were just a flame