

Tailpipe Blues

13 ENGINES

Grey monoliths reach out into the starless night
Strip malls, bungalows, developers' wet dream
Spreads out like a virus
From the city
Hurry up, you move to slow, no one's got
The time to wait upon you
You've got no money
What do you want, what do you need
And more importantly
What do you think you can get?
You've got no money

O there's a place, where there's gold
Like the conquistador slaughtered for
And there's rubies, hanging from the trees
Laying down on the ground
And there's emeralds scattered all around

Tell me more, tell me more, who do you think, who do you think
you are?
Some kind of prophet or some kind of a priest
Well you can wrap your lips around the tailpipe of my car

Sometimes when I'm down, I close my eyes
I don't hear a sound
And I remember the places and the people
I want to see again

And there's a place where there's gold
Like the conquistador murdered for
And there's rubies hanging from the trees
Laying down on the ground
And there's emeralds scattered all around

And the snow comes, and covers it up
Without a sound
Yes the snow covers it up
Without a sound