

Jumpsuit City

Fish

All the way from Bucharest your skin crawled on the way to Hollywood

Through a whole in the wall

You saw the free world trading in bones

There's a guardian angel at the window

Staring at the corner

She's got nowhere to go

She's in the free world trading her bones

But if your mother didn't like it she don't need to know

As long as your sending the money home

What happened to the body of the child she bore

Answers on a postcard from Jumpsuit City

Sprayed by a moonbeam through the Linden leaves

Cast in a shadow in anonymity

He found the free world and sucked on their bones

Performing for animals he's dressed to thrill

High on a pedestal see the surgeon's skill

He lets the free world feast on his bones

Behind the curtains there's a sanctuary

For the businessman and the refugee

This is the free world and they trade with their bones

A dead flower from a buttonhole

Lies in the gutter with a million souls

It's the free world, and they're only trading in bones