

Real Men Hunt in Packs

Future of the Left

forty six seconds in your company
or ninety four years in a frozen wasteland
thirthy eight minutes in a chicken's nightmare
or sixty two welcome homes in a dream
hurry up and get some juice for the juice man
no big heads or the big man will lose your head
button up and lock your heart on the way out
tell your friends last night was the perfect fit
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yeah - let's be responsible
for the bad bad bad bad blood
(and the good blood)

eighty six impressions of a talented man
or ninety nine gut-wrenching minutes of misery
seven pica-seconds of a letting you go
then twenty five different homes in a year
(twenty five different homes in a calender year)
loosen up and tie your legs to the handrail
grin that grin and pretend you were given it
chew it up and spit it back at the waitress
leave your bra i could do with material
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yes - they expect it of us
we are still operating
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