The slap of the paper
The hiss of the sprinkler
the beep of the coffee machine
the drone in the distance
that says there's a freeway
the gardeners will soon make the scene
'cause it's thursday
soon they'll arrive on the scene

i pick up the paper
i'm spritzed by the sprinkler
inside i take in my caffeine
then i hear the dog door
i know he's gone out there
to mark and to mess up the scene
they're illegal
but soon they'll arrive on the scene

our leader's an actor who speaks with an accent who's able to procure our love but life is a movie out here in the valley what else were we all thinking of?

the clack of the skateboard resounds in the valley next door the kid's starting a band their morning rehearsal is making me crazy the volume is way out of hand it's not music to my music it's way out of hand

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