

Good Morning, Mrs. Smith

Street Sweeper Social Club

In the military outpost know as hell
We was way too drunk of Muscatel
Prone to fail and get thrown in jail
From the stories that the TV was known
To tell
This night at the end of the world
Police sirens sing to boys and girls
Handful of pills to press your curl
Baby shine that light
Let your fight unfurl

My confession is also my blessing
Hollered Hail Marys suckin on a Smith & Wesson
May salutations interrupt your isolation
I'm just like you
Another profit calculation
I learned a lot
From things left at my apartment
Forgotten papers that you dropped on
My carpet
Musical chairs
You thought your luck was just startin
Who told the record to stop?
Took the collection note you left at my spot
And made you
Origami

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Dancin in my kitchen
With Sly Stone's permission
Lit my ignition
Cursing fascist apparitions
You said your life was something like the
Inquisition
All you could do was lay there in prone
Position
I said there's love inside the people
Connectin
And interactin
Strugglin
Finding direction
That's why you see insurrection

Here's some affection
We the targets of war
Took the eviction note they tacked on your door
And made you
Origami

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I heard that power is the rum of the
Brain and
For us it's fixin
Not just numbin
The pain
And I'm not just comin complainin
I'm just explainin
How this life is a blessin
I took the farewell note you meant for
Your exit
And made you
Origami

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