

Picnic In the Jungle

The Residents

Afterwards, it's like a dream
You can't remember but it seems
To stay alive inside your mind
And prey upon your leisure time
It happens in an open spot
The air is sticky and it's hot
First they take away our clothes
Then they lay us down in rows
A cloud appears and melts away
The flesh of some while others stay
Machines that look like little cars
Consume the bones and count the scars
In a place that no one knows
We are prisoners of those
That no one sees and no one hears
But everybody hates and fears
Every day they leave a tray
And take an empty one away
On the tray are chicken legs
Potato salad and some eggs
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