

Clay

Wire

Turning red.
Adopting styles that seem inbred
And made of lead.
Stay on the pace
Recoup the lips.
Avoid this place.
Seek without trace.
It's a hoot.
Run ahead and blindly shoot.
Hit the marker in dispute.
Marking time
Laying boundaries out to line
A life of crime
Drift away
Never find the urge to play.
We're made of clay.
It's a hoot.
Hit the marker in dispute,
Even if that point is moot.
It's a hoot,
Even if that point is moot.
Run ahead and blindly shoot.
Fazing in,
Wondering when it's time to begin
Chance is thin
Emptied out
The belted will and in the rout.
We lack the clout
It's a hoot,
Run head and blindly shoot.
Hit the marker in dispute
Even if that point is moot.
Run ahead and blindly shoot.