

It Must Be August

I just heard of your bad luck  
what a fuck  
want to hear about mine?  
No, really, things are fine  
we toe the line  
if bullets fly we duck  
if faces sag we tuck  
modern culture has an answer  
for all cosmetic griefs  
artificial leaves  
plastic fruit and candy  
life is dandy  
if you don't look too close  
don't look in the closet  
or the garbage disposal  
things are fine  
after a glass of wine  
or two or four  
or more  
people think your bumper  
is a hummer  
'cause they've never even dreamed  
of carrying a tune  
or carrying out a plan  
to undam  
the real energy  
sing your threnody  
to an age  
without a sage  
without a brush  
or painter  
I paint houses  
it's not the same  
but there's no blame  
not in August  
when everything goes wrong anyway  
any day you do anything  
is to your credit

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Cancel all debts  
start anew  
everyone equal agents  
in a free enterprise world.  
Cancel the insurance  
and the insurance companies  
the only thing compulsory  
in a free world  
is compulsory freedom  
hey, cross out my credit cards  
suck 20 per cent lead, scum  
purge advantage  
and let worth rise to the surface  
we're not talking revolution so much  
as we're talking survival  
because the irreality of reagonomics  
is about to do us in.

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