

Junkhouse, Shine

We live around the hydro towers, Listen to them singing in the park
Wind our clock too tight, And all the radios are glowing in the dark
Mothers lie down in the day time, And dream about Hollywood
I know that they'd get there if they could

It's just a matter of time, Before we get to shine
It's not a question of when, Or who does the crime

We show our skin through picture windows,
Sit around cross legged on the floor
Our living rooms electric, TVs, light bulbs, irons, cancer to the core
Out in our back yards waiting, For women in flying saucers
Under the stars and power lines

The fans and the air conditioners, Runnin' in movie houses,
The mother's not coming home again