

# Les Savy Fav, No Sleeves

The singer of the band  
Has been encased  
In a circuit board formed  
From arsenic and old lace.  
The piano has been dropped.  
A c-note hits the cop.  
So he would turn away  
While we're cleaning up the slop.  
This is the bishop's finger.  
This is the bishop's hand.  
Onto Jesus' body  
The people place demands.  
They're pointing with their pistols,  
While we're reaching for the sky.  
The soundtrack of their lives  
Is an eye for an eye...

Hail hail the talk show,  
Cocked after cocktails.  
I lied and I lied...  
God save the techno!  
The sequencers don't know  
When it died, when it died...

Edison put the gun in our hands.  
The black bear put  
The muzzle to its muzzle.  
The dogwood didn't care  
But the maple was troubled.  
Trademark, this is a trademark,  
This move was trademarked in 1883.