

Lazy Flies

Beck

C G A E Fmaj7 C

C G A E Fmaj7 C

C G A E F C

lazy flies all hovering above

C G A E F C

the magistrate, he puts on his gloves

D7 G

and he looks to the clouds

F C

all pink and disheveled

B7 C

there must be some blueprints,

G F#

some creed of the devil

F C

inscribed in our minds

Am D

a hideous game

F Am

vanishes in thin air

Am D

the vanity of slaves

F Am

who wants to be there?

E F

to sweep the debris

F C

to harness dead-horses

D G

to ride in the sun

F C

a life of confessions

E F G#

written in the dust

out in the mangroves the mynah birds cry
in the shadows of sulphur the trawlers drift by
they re chewing dried meat house of disrepute
the dust of opiates and syphilis patients
on brochure vacations

fear has a glare that traps you
like searchlights
the puritans stare
their souls are fluorescent

the skin of a robot
vibrates with pleasure
matrons and gigolos
carouse in the parlor
their hand-grenade eyes
invalid and blind

a hideous game
vanishes in thin air
the vanity of slaves
who wants to be there?
to sweep the debris
to harness dead-horses
to ride in the sun
a life of confessions
written in the dust

La la la la la la etc.

end on **C**