

## 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 la etc.

end on **C**