

THE WORLD PASSES FROM UNDER OUR FEET...

the world passes from under our feet helminski
by the time we're thirty-two we'll have disappeared
but I've got our next life all planned out
we'll be on bali playing in the same gamelan
I'll be furious with you because you'll make so many mistakes
but the hash will be good, and the shy and sun-bronzed island girls
will burn for you like hibiscus