Faith No More, Smaller And Smaller

Drought makes the workers dream Muscles and fields of green Shovel the last few crumbs Of generosity Open heart, open mind, open mouth, open vein DRAIN Someday the rains will come My blistered hands tell me Tomorrow, tomorrow, tomorrow **BITE BITE BITE CRY** I'll keep coming back Smaller and smaller and smaller Squash me Smaller and smaller and smaller Under the charity Smaller and smaller and smaller Under the topsoil Smaller and Smaller and smaller Under the fingernail Smaller and smaller and smaller Then the small becomes all becomes all..... P> BITE BITE BITE **CRY** (It's not a mirage) (It's not a mirage) (Trickling downward, trickling downward) (It's not a mirage) DRAIN DRAIN BITE

BITE

BITE

CRY

Smaller and smaller and smaller and smaller and smaller......