

## Al Dean

(10.13.2005 - J. Dassatti/D. Lamoureux/E. Lamoureux/R. Lamoureux)



Who? Al Dean!  
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There is this man in the neighborhood  
Is he an outlaw or is he a priest?  
I smell patience on his breath  
Yet his heart tastes like napalm, napalm

I can't sleep at night  
I cannot bake all day  
I am the toast of the universe  
I'm indebted to his toxic windfall

Catapult elopement of technology  
And a brilliant mind of self-nourishment  
He weeps for us, he tears his lungs out  
I can't understand why he is misunderstood

The pleasure of the economy  
Aching, predicating, misdemeanor  
Buying heavy machinery from Italy  
To what honor do we burn his shoes?

I wanna know what's in his trunk