

# Gordon Downie, Nothing But Heartache In Your S

When are you thinking of disappearing?  
When are you falling off the map?  
When the unknown that you're fearing's  
In the clearing?  
When your world's gone flat?  
When you're waiting for your life  
To be depicted  
And feeling estrangement from escape?  
When you're packaged up.  
Beautifully scripted,  
Insulated with electrical tape?  
When the famous are getting airborne?  
When the evacuation's under way  
And not for all the pot in Rosedale  
Could you possibly get them to stay?  
When a blind eye turns to duty?  
When I'm standing there holding the door,  
Saying things like "After you - wit before beauty"  
And "OK, maybe there's room for just one more?"

When are you thinking of disappearing?  
When technology fails, forever changes  
And hardcore shadows are gone?  
When what the average age rearranges  
Is forever certain?  
Forever wrong?

When new adventures in electronics  
Make signals pleasing to the ear?  
When tubes cooking up distortion  
Mean the end of suffering is near?  
When the podium's sprouting weeds,  
Rendered ridiculous by the times?  
When people have different needs  
And time smiles on disciplined minds?  
When you're getting king-sized satisfaction  
In the turnstiles of the night  
From all the shaky pale transactions  
And all the heartache in your social life?  
When are you thinking of disappearing?  
When there's nothing but heartache in your social life?