

Mark Eitzel, My Pet Rat St Michael

You gotta help my pet rat, doc
He's always glum
Though I give him laughs, cigarettes, sawdust
Even a wheel to run

I tell him "You should be happy"
"There's no reason to stare"
I play him Mariah Carey
So there's butterflies and rainbows in the air

His name is St. Michael
And he's a bit of a class clown
He laughs with the people who
Always laugh him down

He would hang himself
Except he already shoot through the rope
He would rise on heaven's wings
Except he's miserable as The Pope

We all know
The party's over
Oh, but whoops would you look at that?
My glass is still half full

I show it to St. Michael
But his eyes they drift like frost
As he watches all the goodness in his heart
Burn away like exhaust

Do you remember when I met ya?
My half full glass
Well, that comes in handy when
You always want more

It magically fills
As the boasts get empty
From the tired swimmer
Who can no longer see the shore

We all know
The party's over
Well, I'm a little relieved
But what will I do now?

I'll be nicer to St. Michael
That rat really makes me laugh
When he says
In the end there are no saints
There are no liars
There are just sparks fallin' down wires
They have no harp
They always sing
They are the heroin in everything
A beauty easy to explain away
But tell me how do you make it stay?
You gotta fight for it
You gotta fight for it