

# Quasi, The Golden Egg

Shoot yourself in the leg  
& the goose lays the golden egg.  
I had that golden egg before,  
But it disappeared as I limped out the door.  
Never reveal what you know  
That the whole thing is just for show:  
A cardboard world with painted skies,  
Because we all must agree to believe in the lies.  
Bring yourself down to your knees  
& they'll give you the golden keys.  
The keys will open any lock  
To an empty room or a Chinese box.  
I can forget how I feel  
& pretend that it's all for real.  
The pot won't call the kettle black  
& I don't even feel the knife in my back.  
& when we go off to our bed,  
After struggling for our bread,  
A pleasant dream may stand instead  
Of the clamor & noise that goes on in your head.  
So carry on like before  
& don't listen to me any more.  
Don't believe a word I sing  
Because it's only a song & it don't mean a thing.