

R.E.M., Living Well Is The Best Revenge

It's only when your poison spins
into the life you'd hope to live
And suddenly you wake up in a shaking panic
Now

You set me up like a lamb to slaughter
Garbo as a farmer's daughter
Unbelievable, the gospel according to... who?
I lay right down.

All your sad and lost apostles
hum my name and flare their nostrils
Choking on the bones you tossed to them
Now I'm not one to sit and spin
'Cause living well is the best revenge
Baby, I am calling you on that

Don't turn your talking points on me,
history will set me free
The future's ours and you don't even rate a footnote
Now

So who's chasing you?
Where did you go?
You disappear mid-sentence in a judgement crisis
I see my in and go for it
You weakened skill

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hum my name and flare their nostrils
Choking on the bones you tossed to them
Now I'm not one to sit and spin
'Cause living well is the best revenge
Baby, I am calling you on that

You savor your dying breath
I forgive but I don't forget
You work it out
Let's hear that argument again
Camera three... Go, now

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hum my name and flare their nostrils
Choking on the bones you tossed to them
Now I'm not one to sit and spin
'Cause living well is the best revenge
Baby, I am calling you on that
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Baby, I am calling you on...