

Rheostatics, Four Little Songs

Dave Bidini

Four little songs...

(One, two, three?)

Four little songs...

It would make us happy if you sang along.

ONE: Do you like it? I like it.

You were good, you were shrapnel, quick.

But your knife blade wouldn't stick.

A tool is a weapon when a love goes sick.

You were bored of me...

Three little songs...

We make them up as we go along.

TWO: This lady's shaped like the Tour de France.

A thousand wheels besieged the city of romance.

The cigarettes all burn like hay (hey! hey!).

A yellow jersey stained red, cabernet.

Two little songs...

Chorus-Verse, and you can't go wrong.

THREE: Huge creatures plowing the streets tonight, right, right.

Ruin an ambush, set the sky alight, light, light.

On the carousel (of life)...

One little song...

Just one more part then we'll move along.

FOUR: (Strange men, as strong as bears and as fierce as wolves.

Hungry men, hungry for the skins of beaver and mink and otter.)

I had a dream I stood in Neil Young's kitchen.

He looked superior, and I felt like retching.

I said I had to go away.

He said, "No you must obey

The laws of the universe,

And the laws of the second verse.

You're only as good as your last song.

It's better to burn-out than to be proven wrong.

Your voice will sound like a giant gong."

I cracked my fingers and my brain goes...

(Goo goo goo goo, yeah yeah.)

(Four, three? two, one...)

No little songs...

We made them all up and now they're gone.