

# Rheostatics, Who?

Tim Vesely

Someone keeps repeating what I say  
One hundred years before it's said.  
It doesn't make me feel good.  
That same someone scored a goal  
When I put the puck in the net,  
And I'm still shut out while he's leading the league.  
Who?

Is this someone?  
I find out, I'll make him pay.

Meanwhile, I will patent all my moves.  
I'll write them down here in my book.  
I'll have a record there.

Hey there! Mr. Justice,  
I have brought unto you a book  
In which I document myself in many ways.  
"Hey there! Mr. No One,  
I have recognized this writing as my own,  
And you have forged it as your own."  
Who?

When I get out of forger's prison,  
I will be on record as having done  
Something on my own.

I'm looking slightly less than visible today.  
I think and therefore I am enslaved.  
My little book of verse is words and thoughts of ages  
Of accidents like me.

Someone keeps repeating what I sing  
One million years before it's sung.  
Well, it doesn't make me feel good.  
Who? Who? Who?