

# Ted Leo And The Pharmacists, The High Party

i'm looking at another day to find that i've got nothing to say,  
or i'm looking for another way to process what happened on that birthday,  
and either way, if you're gonna call it art,  
then there's a cup in front of you and right away.  
if you're gonna play your part, you must drink it down.  
but mind eyes have seen the glory  
of the fields of flowers and factory floors,  
and my mind's content to lie at rest for hours  
behind my loved ones' doors and if there's a war,  
another shitty war to fight for babylon,  
then it's the perfect storm in a tea cup,  
but you must drink it down.  
and what do you make of the nights  
when you thought you'd make much more  
than being too tired to turn the lights out  
and too drunk to drink more?  
and what does it take to not hear the cynics at your door saying  
&quot;it's time the turn the lights out, and you'll want to keep it down!&quot;;  
so i'm lifting up that poison cup to drink a draught of propoganda,  
or i'm giving up that other stuff in hopes that it will make me madder.  
but either way, if you're gonna call it art,  
then there's a cup in front of you and right away,  
if you're gonna play your part,  
you must drink it down.  
and what do you make of nights  
when you thought you'd make much more  
than being too tired to turn the lights out  
and too drunk to drink more?  
and what does it take to not hear the cynics at your door saying  
&quot;it's time the turn the lights out, and you'll want to keep it down!&quot;;  
and what does it say of all the things you've said before,  
when you're too drunk to turn the lights out  
and too tired to drink more?  
and what do you save, and what does it feel like to be saved?  
and can you &quot;pull - 2 - 3 - 4! pull - 2 - 3 - 4!&quot;;  
can you drink it down?