

# Tom McRae, Election Day

She will be all over you  
Like dust, like rain  
Smoke and mirrors are miracles  
She'll steal your flame  
Your flame

Roll the bones for the candidate  
So what's your big idea  
Thought I was running out of hate  
But no, not this year

And how will you feel  
When the searchlight reveals  
You to be just another fake  
And the words that you sing  
Well they don't mean a thing  
They're just noises on your tongue  
Your tongue

Now, every day's election day  
No one's on the streets  
We've all sang our lost (love?) songs  
Of liberation and defeat

And how will you feel  
When the searchlight reveals  
You to be just another fake  
And the words that you sing  
Well they don't mean a thing  
They're just noises on your tongue  
And all the money you make  
Robbing some suckers grave  
It's you that you defy  
You defy

Every generation  
Fails the next in line  
And I'm always a step ahead  
I'm busy failing mine

And I know how it feels  
When the searchlight reveals  
You to be just another fake  
And the words that you sing  
Well they don't mean a thing  
They're just noises on your tongue

And all the money you make  
Robbing some suckers grave  
It's you that you defy

Yeah, how does it feel  
When the searchlight reveals  
You to be just another fake  
And the words that you're saying  
Well they don't mean a thing  
They're just noises on your tongue  
Your tongue