

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