

Aimee Mann, The Fall Of The World's Own Optimist

There's no charity in you
And that surprises me
I guess I thought you were
A golden idol
'Cause I called you majesty
On the balustrade
You watched me hunt for tips
I was obliged to pick up
From the passing trade

Hey, kids-look at this
It's the fall of the world's own optimist
I could get back up if you insist
But you'll have to ask politely
'Cause the eggshells I've been treading
Couldn't spare me a beheading
And I'll know I had it coming
From a Caesar who was only slumming
Hey, kids-look at this
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Well, I could have objections
Which you could override
But what's the point
We're only flogging the horse
When the horseman has up and died
Once I testified
And swore I'd never leave a stone unturned
I bet you're really glad that I lied

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Yes, you'll have to ask politely
Yes, you'll have to ask politely