

# Blue Rodeo, Piranha Pool

Lead Vocal by Greg

Leaning over the piranha pool  
You just wave your magic wand  
Dangling your fingertips  
Into the world of the just beyond.  
Sitting ever so quietly  
In your private dining room  
Guiding the waves of destiny  
Into the face of oblivion.

So you'd rather been an opera star  
At the turn of the century.  
Well you never asked for this miracle trip  
A genius in the military  
You're sincerely surprised with your own success  
Hanging out with the judges and the corporate heads  
You never anticipate the final toll  
Still shining all your medals  
For the final curtain call.

You're always talking 'bout the here and after  
But it don't make much sense to me  
Still for all the men that you condemn  
Well I hope there's some kind of heaven  
And there's got to be some kind of hell for you

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