

Common Rotation, Post Modern

Roll over, Beethoven
Turn out that light
I'm tired of your rhythm and blues
Just for one night
Yes you were chosen
So give it a rest
Well I would talk to you but
You're going deaf

I'm making movements to the door
I just can't give my consent to settle your score
It's, it's post modern
It's, it's after the war with all that
Vintage wine and cheese
On your bedroom floor
I'm getting tired of discussing the poetry of your second act
I switch on the TV 'cause I can't stand to look at you

Who gives you permission
To accuse me
I know they've commissioned
Your latest symphony
Well I'd love to hear it played
I love to hear it all
Well all those flowing lines
So neo-classical

We're making money at the door
I just can't give my consent to settle your score
It's, it's post modern
It's, it's after the war with all that
Vintage wine and cheese
On your bedroom floor I'm getting
Tired of discussing the poetry of your second act
Psychoanalyzing just how I react to your
Your latest creation it's
Delusional grandeur
So switch on the TV 'cause I can't stand to look at you

In your face there's a requiem
Not the hint of dissipation
We've been over where you've been
Turns out you're just looking for a little divine
Inspiration

But it, it's post modern
It's, it's after the war with all that
Vintage wine and cheese
On your bedroom floor I'm getting
Tired of discussing the poetry of your second act
Psychoanalyzing just how I react to your
Your latest creation it's
Delusional grandeur
So switch on the TV 'cause I can't stand to look at you
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