

# Les Savy Fav, Reformat (Live)

All nerve endings shut down.  
Stiff lipped at the countdown.  
All systems are go,  
All systems are gough,  
All systems are ghosts.

In a can,  
In a cupboard,  
In a submarine,  
There's nothing left inside.  
In a basket at the bottom of the guillotine  
Is where the sailor died.  
He never said a word  
To the jury or the press  
And when the ax-blade bit his neck,  
"Set me free" is all he said.

In a pixel,  
In a portrait,  
In a T.V. screen  
There's nothing left to hide.  
Stitched each instant by the firing electron beam,  
Let the camera man decide.  
And he never said a word  
To the jury or the press  
When the on-air light turned red,  
"Cut Away" is all he said.

When she opened it up,  
She dropped her coffee cup,  
And when the cup hit the ground  
The whole damn house came stumbling down.  
Good by my memory.  
From this point on I'm unsettling.

In Brooklyn we stay home.