

My Friend Steve, Lessening Mercies

Your strange fascination with the obvious
Makes you as startling as a window
Your keen sense of being oblivious
Shows that you've nothing to hide
From what I became to what I'll become
To what I once was having seen some
I went over the salt that's combined between us
From up there all you see is clouds
That might be bad
Nothing like bliss
After the aging's done, wonder how much I'd miss
To live beyond the ever lessening mercies of others
The shoulders that look our way they scream out try solitude

The piss whores in the newsroom
Got a knack for starting fires
They'll cut out your heart with a chainsaw
And shit it out over the wires
That might be bad
Nothing like bliss
After the aging's done wonder how much I'd miss

To live beyond the ever lessening mercies of others
The shoulders that look our way they scream out try solitude
When the helping hands reach out and take hold of the pillow that smothers
Heaven help us all who understand

Shiny's making it good - every promise made
Shiny's making it good - with the lives he saved
I don't want to be here when it goes down
When it all goes down
When it all goes down