

R.E.M., Hairshirt

I am not the type of dog
That could keep you waiting
For no good reason
Run a carbon-black test on my jaw
And you will find it's all been said before

I can swing my megaphone and long arm the rest
It's easier and better
To just beat it from the chest
Of desire

I could walk into this room
And the waves of conversation are enough
To knock you down in the undertow
So alone so alone in my life
Feed me banks of light
And hang your hairshirt on the lowest rung
It's a beautiful life
And I can hang my hairshirt
Away up high in the attic of the wrong dog's life chest
Or bury it at sea
All my life I've searched for this

Here I am here I am in your life
It's a beautiful life
My life
It's a beautiful life
Your life