

Rheostatics, The Idiot

Martin Tielli

Every time you call, I'll be there to swab away the fears.
If you want me to stand by you, I'll be your defense.
You were on the phone in a heap of diahretic tones,
And I'm sitting here all alone.

Peter. Peter.
I'm the idiot who got there before I was there.
Dancing the dance before the DJ set up the speakers.
Cheater. Cheater.
All I remember is someone's spit on my face,
And not knowing which head it belonged to.
Peter. Peter.
I need some advice.
I'd always rather be drinking.
I'm always waiting for the fun to start.
I'm always waiting for the fun to come.

Was it just the teeth that we ate, or all the ears we heard?
Was it just the clown that we touched, or all the apes we punched?
Was it just the smell of my own nose?
I'll never breathe again.
It left me all alone.