

Rheostatics, The Latest Attempt On Your Life

Martin Tielli

I tried to sing a simple song
(Everyone hates you, you sing like a woman...),
But the metaphor was teen feet long.
Then the curtains caught on fire
(Sooner or later, everyone hates you...),
And you were there to roast the sausage.

When you're walking through the street,
Beware the step at which we meet.
We'll dance into the beyond light
That shows your skin so lily white.

So many words, so little soul.
Is that the mouth or just a hole?
I slowly cut the smirk out of your face
(Everyone hates you, that's what they told me...),
And bite the tongue off at the base.

How do you feel right now?
Listen deeply as you're falling down...
The purity of sound...

I cannot touch the precious art.
It must be hard to be so smart.
I guess I have a stupid heart.

Sundown in a kiss-ass town.
Meet in the spot we thought breaks down.
Dance into the product light and fly your flag.