

So Many Dynamos, Inventing Gears

It's not going down like this:
Losing, faking interest.
I can't be your sympathist for long.

And we listened to the songs we didn't want to hear,
And we drove so fast we invented gears.
Now it only makes sense after all these years
You try to pin this down on me.

Please, please, don't pin this on me.

Hands are clapping on one and three,
And the pins keep falling down on me.
Hands are clapping on one and three,
And the pins keep falling, the pins keep falling.

Have another drink for me
In the hole where living rooms should be.
Where's your sense of decency, my dear?

Now we tried to act happy and we tried to sing,
But every sound that came out was like broken strings.
And I can't be surprised that this is happening,
That you would pin this down on me.

Please, please, don't pin this on me.

Hands are clapping on one and three,
And the pins keep falling down on me.
Hands are clapping on one and three,
And the pins keep falling, the pins keep falling.