

Steven Wilson, Actual Brutal Facts

Condescending will as condescending does
You've got a pretty solid habit for killing the buzz
An electrician or a secret millionaire
A tacky statue on a forecourt in Bel-Air

No plastic surgery, no tattoo on the brain
You drag the passing years behind you on a ball and chain
Squander this and that, the feted and the hated
And when you turn the shit to gold it's not appreciated

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(A pretty solid habit for killing the buzz)

It's for the underdogs the ones that disappear
It's in your gut you feel the splendour of the fear
Sayonara is the nature of the beast
It's mine to leave behind a merciful release

Misappropriation, take the credit, pay the income tax
Misdirection from the actual brutal facts
You preach the truth through gritted teeth, you want a fucking medal
You've got a belly full of guns that doesn't make you special

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