

Thea Gilmore, Straight Lines

(one, two, three; two, two, three)

There you go again
Said, its too complicated to explain
So sit me in my high chair
And pat me on the head
But Ill be making lists
Pounding the table with my fists
Trying to apply every law I ever read
See theres just no telling
The parts that weve been selling
This is just like you
To fake some cute stage for me
While youve been trying to make believe
In the little monster you conceived
Im havin a hard time believing
In anything much at all
You and your straight lines
You and your straight lines
Always

Well, we all walk through those doors
High hopes between the subclause
We throw ourselves gladly into your little fishbowl
It would take some persuasion
About the strength of the equation
Before it finally chalked up on just one more brick wall
You and your straight lines
You and your straight lines
Always

So here I am now
Just another sacred cow
Believe me your what ifs will turn to if onllys before long
So tell me about ownership, boy
Tell me about using lies as executive toys and
Tell me, to who does this song belong
You and your straight lines
You and your straight lines
Gonna sing along
Gonna sing along
Im gonna sing along
Yeah
Oh, always