TV On The Radio, Snakes And Martyrs

Everyone makes the same wave at the same time
(like pebbles on water)
and we call all those interrupting lines
(sons and daughters)
a community
so let's join hands in song
blessed unity

But brother
I don't wanna know ya
I don't even wanna know ya
and sister
I don't wanna know ya
I don't even wanna know ya

But we're trapped
In this lovely mess
I hold you close and smile
Fake, like they do way out west

So many medicines for
so many heads, and
I'd help you clean those skeletons
from under your bed, but

I don't even know ya
how could it be me that sends you?
darling,
didn't your momma
tell you not to let no stranger bed you?
Probably someone here that could
Help to mend you

But it's not me
Got my own anxiety

Sadness isn't any way to explain
(Sadness isn't any way to explain)
we'll probably crash heads throughout(?)
(I know you're crying tonight)
the force of this in
(drunk and insane)

It's as simple as the way you wear your Ong (?) shoes
And your righteous rays (a rainbow)
But all I know is your blues ain't like my blues
And why would they be?

If there's one commonality
It's that that feeling's mutual
Given time you'll see
You'll see