

The Sublimation Hour

Destroyer

So you had the best legs in a business built for kicks
But was this changing of the guards really supposed to make you
sick?
It's alright... The Sublimation Hour!

Medium rotation, the shock of the new
And a memo from Feldman saying, "Everything is true."
It's alright... The Sublimation Hour!

Don't spend your life conceiving
That the widows won't get sick of their grieving
Till everyone walks out
Hey, isn't that what rock 'n' roll is all about, Princess?
Express your bloated self, willful and indignant
In the face of somebody's lord

You try to summon up the spirits live on Face the Nation
But the Port Authority just taxed incantations
It's alright... The Sublimate Hour!

Auction off the temple, it's money well-spent
Hey, are those tears in your eyes as the wind cries, "enlargement"?
It's alright... The Sublimate Hour!

Don't spend your life conceiving
That the widows won't get sick of their grieving
Till everyone walks out
Hey, isn't that what rock 'n' roll is all about, Princess?
Confess your bloated self, willful and indignant
In the face of somebody's lord, ah

So put your hands together, I hear it's a must
Until this phoney Beatlemania has bitten the dust
It's alright... The Sublimation Hour!

I guess the streets will suffice till everybody makes nice
But there's a rumor going round even Destroyers have a price
It's alright... The Sublimation Hour

Don't spend your life conceiving