

Let The Idiot Speak

Old 97's

There was a half a harvest moon up on the hillside
Our love is made almost entirely of downside
Who would have thought it could feel so much better then?

Now there's a half a million things I wanna tell you
They tap the phone line and the speaker at the drive through
Who would have thought it could feel so much different then?

Downtown, so weak
Let the idiot speak
Let the idiot speak
Let the idiot speak

Now there's a strange way and awkward feelings
I'm bouncing off the wall, I'm talking to the ceilings
Who would have thought it could feel so bad sometimes?

Now there's a half a million reasons we can argue
You're right in front of me now, there's no one to talk to
Who would have thought it could feel so bad sometimes?

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