

## Goodbye Ploy

Wire

Leaning backwards a memory  
Staying on the periphery  
To all the things that used to be  
I'll say goodbye

To the smoky rooms, where they piss their time  
To the alright boys, left with no rhyme  
To all the ploys as dumb as mine  
I'll say goodbye

Nothing ventured, nothing gained  
Put it down to expenses, it's all the same  
To all the players of the game  
I'll say goodbye

To the wait in line and don't complain  
To the fake pretending not to be sane  
To the someone's loss is always my gain  
I'll say goodbye

To the people cocktail, that does not mix  
To the have-it-all by dirty tricks  
Of national airwaves jammed by pricks  
I'll say goodbye

To the chilled and labelled haunted face  
To the claustrophobic can't do space  
To every lace curtained place  
I'll say goodbye

Through the thin and unsupported walls  
To the talking big and acting small  
To the last ordered home time call  
I'll say goodbye

To the third rate butcher's dance-hall-mix  
To the gain attention finger clicks  
To the try it on the wind-up slicks  
I'll say goodbye