

# Bartholemew

Adam Green

Bartholemew bring me a fork  
There's a minstrel parade on tv  
Let the lights glow, an excellent reason  
To stay home tonight

Oh the old men wave their canes  
They have yesterday's brains  
And their worlds stop turning on sundays  
The young lives are clipped  
And smudged on the rocks  
Distorted and forgotten

Quietly she enters the room  
But we can't talk, we can not be seen  
Returning her new pair of jeans  
Just to stay home tonight

Oh the mirror always shows  
There's a stranger in my clothes  
Standing on the third rail  
Lost at sea  
searching for me  
And we don't know how to sail

So if you go to guitar store  
You will see me again

Holding the door  
It's an excellent night to sleep on the floor  
If you stay home tonight

Oh i saw you before  
In the guitar store  
I was lonely, lazy and useless  
And Bartholemew moans  
To the counterfeit clones  
When he feels like he's not a human