

# The Fall of the World's Own Optimist

Aimee Mann

There's no charity in you  
And that surprises me  
I guess I thought you were  
A golden idol  
'Cause I called you majesty  
On the balustrade  
You watched me hunt for tips  
I was obliged to pick up  
From the passing trade

Hey, kids-look at this  
It's the fall of the world's own optimist  
I could get back up if you insist  
But you'll have to ask politely  
'Cause the eggshells I've been treading  
Couldn't spare me a beheading  
And I'll know I had it coming  
From a Caesar who was only slumming  
Hey, kids-look at this  
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Well, I could have objections  
Which you could override  
But what's the point  
We're only flogging the horse  
When the horseman has up and died  
Once I testified  
And swore I'd never leave a stone unturned  
I bet you're really glad that I lied

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But you'll have to ask politely  
Yes, you'll have to ask politely  
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