

## Bottoms Up, Socrates

Clutch

They came marchin' down the street in robes  
In the spirit of the Spanish Inquisition  
Guitars and trombones  
Mechanical monkeys make good musicians

Streets urchins, the smugglers and dingos  
Dead languages and living man's lingo  
Put the relics of the saint in a glass box  
And march him around the block

Hangin' on the words of a madman  
Islands in the abyss  
No use for the poet  
When the hopeless seek no bliss

Mason jars of petroleum  
You know those kids don't play  
And should you ever get a hold of them  
I'll tell you exactly what they'll say

Time we told you son about the family curse  
And when they opened up the diary  
To gain an explanation  
They find only terminal verse

Hangin' on the words of a madman  
Islands in the abyss  
No use for the poet  
When the hopeless seek no bliss

X-ray visions, eye in the sky  
And the naked being led by the blind  
So Bottoms up, Socrates  
Hemlock straight up goes down easy

Hangin' on the words of a madman  
Islands in the abyss  
No use for the poet  
When the hopeless seek no bliss

X-ray visions, eye in the sky  
And the naked being led by the blind  
So Bottoms up, Socrates  
Hemlock tastes like ripple wine

X-ray visions, eye in the sky  
the naked being led by the blind  
So Bottoms up, Socrates  
Hemlock straight up goes down easy