

The Curtain

Deer Tick

The excuses turn to makeup
And know what man I am
I boast my silly knowledge
And crucify my friends
It's only looking back
On my crooked footprints
I break myself a promise
Not to do that again

The stage hands are all gone
The curtain still remains
It hides the puppeteer
Oh, pulling on my strings
I could swear I'm in control
I could make a judge convinced
But I know my spirit quit
I don't wanna be
Your bargaining chip

The organ pleases no one
The piano is pulling teeth
The guitar is strung with nothing
And never makes a beep
It's only now I laugh
While the master takes a break
Who's counting all those tickets
Who's drooling on the stage

The sound men are all gone
The curtain still remains
It hides the puppeteer
Oh, pulling on my strings
I could swear I'm in control
I could make a judge convinced
But I know my spirit quit
I don't wanna be
Your bargaining chip

The stage hands are all gone
The curtain still remains
It hides the puppeteer
Pulling on my strings
I could swear I'm in control
I could make a judge convinced
But I know that my spirit quit
I don't wanna be
Your bargaining chip
Your bargaining chip