

Song About Disappointment

Destroyer

Our brush with success first came
When we sold everything in a buyer's market
Cling cling went the change in our pockets
Away it went when we bought the rockets

I took aim, my fire wasn't friendly
Everything was welcome, the people played a medley for me

Trick writers of the world, most hilarious
They're bad, embarrassingly so
They got theirs when I launched what was mine
Which at the time seemed plenty and appropriate

Cut to us not sitting or standing
Stood up, still small, with our six knees on
A demand exists for something golden and breathy
Demanded of something neither golden nor breathy

So please
Ignore
This plea
Made for a republic
Even I won't recognize