

## Beers Before The Barbican

Lambchop

In a life that's wrong and hung around  
I'd probably wet myself with all the talk  
Think of me as serious or slightly disappointed  
I'm not looking to defend this attitude

Your dress is perfect  
Your shoes are strictly you  
Your speech is articulate  
And your eyes were too

I remember once when you did acid as a kid  
There was a moment when you seemed so in control  
I was straight, out of my head  
And you would kindly share your visions with me  
I'd like to share one with you now

You stand there erect  
You are bracing for the crash  
There's things we will send  
I just want to let you know  
Our thoughts for you will never end

Now we've had a cause to laugh  
And generate this social gaff  
Of feeling less compassionate for some  
I realize the gravity  
To interfere with your tragic time  
Word has it that your friends all want to help

Stripped to the bone  
And carried away on your own  
Outstanding debt  
You cut yourself  
and then you make a mess of it you're gone

I'm sure I'll never send this  
and it seems a bit peculiar  
but you know we never talk of heavy things.  
if we get a chance to see each other in the future  
I am sure we'll find a way to deal with it.  
I'll walk out with you