

Each Time I Bring It Up It Seems To Bring You Down

Lambchop

Hobbled by the fact
That there must be a problem
Confident that there's a trace
Of honor that we share
Lets begin again
And lets not try to answer
With subtle irony
Instead of common sense

Take me to your room
And lay me on the bed

Looking at the stamps
That slowly you've collected
The impression that was made
As you frequently do fly
Dripping on the dock
You shiver from the cold
You're looking pretty good
I'm feeling pretty old

Is sudden mastery
Of most of the decisions
Convinced of steady growth
In the hours that will come

To take the best of me
And throw it to the dogs

You can call me bastard
Or you can call me friend
Just don't forget to call me
Before the story ends
Covered in a fabric
That's made of good intent
Poking through the hole
That's been eaten by a moth

Let's pretend I'm guilty
Of everything you've mentioned
Reproductively unsound
Reproductively inclined
But I can't change the system
Of how I have been measured
It's really unattractive
How little I really know

So shoot me from a cannon
Or squash me like a bug
Or sweep me like some dirt
That lies under a rug
Lets start up a petition
To get me out of town
Each time I bring you up
It seem to bring you down