

# 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