

# Fugitive Air

of Montreal

I do wrong, strictly speaking, just for myself  
Because it makes me feel like a real man  
To hold germane over my business  
And I refuse to be abused by the mill of blissful decay  
Besides, I'm used to all of my scruples deserting me  
Like they don't a dare

The lady from the block hunched over on the stool  
With her withered old titty out  
Saying I've been rolled so many times  
It's just feeding the pigeons  
Now her grandson swings a little rabbit by the leg  
While his mother's playing two little wooden flutes  
Playing some fugitive air to escape the streets' waggeries  
Pathetic!

Has anybody here seen my orphan blonde?  
Has anyone seen where he's gone?  
What he thinks I owe him is his former life but  
How can I unmake someone else's mistakes?  
I guess I was his antihero, the bitter word on his lips  
I hope I never feel a terror like when you discovered  
Your autonomy had flipped

I feel like I possess only the bright aspect  
Of his ability but none of the good ones  
I'm a walking mausoleum, the scent of rotting flesh  
Mother always loved you best, liked your teeth upon her breast  
They remove the oils from the eyes of street cats  
Through some shitty witchcraft, and apply to their brows and genitalia  
I had no idea how deeply I wounded you  
But I don't need no forgiveness  
And no level of contrition will ever do

La la la  
La la la la la la  
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La la la la la la la

La la la  
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La la la la la la la

Ooh-ah-ah  
Ooh-ah-ah  
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Ooh