

# Let The Idiot Speak

Old 97's

There was a half a harvest moon up on the hillside  
Our love is made almost entirely of downside  
Who would have thought it could feel so much better then?

Now there's a half a million things I wanna tell you  
They tap the phone line and the speaker at the drive through  
Who would have thought it could feel so much different then?

Downtown, so weak  
Let the idiot speak  
Let the idiot speak  
Let the idiot speak

Now there's a strange way and awkward feelings  
I'm bouncing off the wall, I'm talking to the ceilings  
Who would have thought it could feel so bad sometimes?

Now there's a half a million reasons we can argue  
You're right in front of me now, there's no one to talk to  
Who would have thought it could feel so bad sometimes?

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