

100 M Of Hurdles

Peter Bjorn and John

I can hear my own stpes echoing in the woods
-"Work is the essence of life!"
We can't accept that it will stay there,
With me rubbing my hands against my temple,
And the laughing at something funny beyond

To be oh so sarcastic doesn't work every hour,
Every hour of the year
You fall off when the seat has been taken
Like the rest of us, -"Be kind be real or get out of my sight"

It's hard to carry those facts,
Especially when they're either fiction
Or standardized moralities
Like 100 meters of hurdles

Have distance to the subject that matters,
Strangle common lies in case
I'm not reciting from an already existing tragedy
Catch me lying down, playing dead and buried
Or dig me up when I'm really gone

It's favourable when it lies,
But it's not like your wrestling partner
You can't walk out and kick it down,
Like 100 meters of hurdles
You'll have to shuffle small talk to pin it down

I'm sarcastic and reply in that manner,
But I can't get to the point
Why should the underdog, even take his brushes out
When they already play duets from the western canon,
By Krishna and the west wind, there in something funny
Beyond, something funny beyond