

Living Well Is the Best Revenge

R.E.M.

It's only when your poison spins into the life you'd hoped to live
That suddenly you wake up in a shaking panic - wow!
You set me up like a lamb to slaughter
Garbo as a farmer's daughter
Unbelievable, the gospel according to who?
I lay right down.

All your sad and lost apostles hum my name and flare their nostrils
Choking on the bones you toss to them
Well I'm not one to sit and spin
'Cause living well's the best revenge
Baby, I am calling you on that

Don't turn your talking points on me, history will set me free
The future's ours and you don't even read the footnote now!
So who's chasing you? Where did you go?
You disappeared mid-sentence
In a judgement crisis I see my anecdote for it
You weakened shell.

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You savour your dying breath
Well, I forgive but I don't forget
You work it out, let's hear that argument again
Camera three... GO NOW!

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