

Consequence of Sound

Regina Spektor

My rhyme ain't good just yet,
My brain and tongue just met,
And they ain't friends, so far,
My words don't travel far,
They tangle in my hair,
And tend to go nowhere,
They grow right back inside,
Right past my brain and eyes
Into my stomach juice
Where they don't serve much use,
No healthy calories,
Nutrition values.
And I absorb back in
The words right through my skin
They sit there festering inside my bowels
The consonants and vowels
The consequence of sounds
The consonants and vowels
The consequence of sounds
Got a soundtrack in my mind,
All the time. Kids-
Screamin' from too much beat up
And they don't even rhyme,
They just stand there, on a street corner,
Skin tucked in
And meat side out and shot,
And I'd like to turn them down
But there ain't no knob.
Run into picket fences
Not into picket lines.
All this hippie-shit for the 60's
And another cliché for our time. But,
But a one of these days your heart
Will just stop ticking,
And they sorta just don't find you till your cubicle is reeking.
The consonants and vowels
The consequence of sounds
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Ahh ah ah ah ahh ah ah ah
Did you know that the gravedigger's still
Gettin' stuck in the machine
Even though it's a whole other daydream.
It's another town it's another world,
Where the kids are asleep, where the loans are paid
And the lawns are mowed.
Whad'ya think?
All the gravediggers were gone?
Just cause one song is done
There's always another one,
Waiting right around the bend,
Till this one ends,
Then it begins squeaky clean,
Then it starts all over again.
The weather report keeps on
Tossing and turning,
Predicting and warning,

And warning and warning of,
Possibly it could be news publications and,
Possibly it could be news TV stations. That
Very same morning right next to her coffee
She noticed some bleeding and heard hollow coughing and
National Geographic was being too graphic,
When all she had wanted to know was the traffic
The worlds got a nosebleed it said
And were flooding but we keep on cutting
The trees and the forests!
And we keep on paying those freaks on the TV,
Who claim they will save us but want to enslave us.
And sweating like demons they scream through our speakers
But we leave the sound on 'cause silence is harder.
And no ones the killer and no ones the martyr
The world that has made us can no longer contain us
And profits are silent then rotting away 'cause
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