

Delivering Idiots

Stabilo

I'm grateful for these things
These things are grateful for me but
These gifts are plagues
These plagues are candy coated
I only hope it brings
A smile and all the other
Little useless things
But these hands are tied to an arm
And to an eye that won't abide

I'm not doing that well today
And self control was never my forte
So I call a friend
Jesus with a pager and Mercedes Benz
Cuz there's a limit to ourselves
And all the games we play
It's metaphor we use to define our day
It's only rhythm
It's only sound
But we're not accustomed to the tempo
And we find it too loud
And all the time...

You look like a star
And I talk like a fool
I'm delivering idiots and photographs
It makes me look cool

I'm doing much better today
It's just harder to focus
On the things that I hate
I'm not too worried cuz I know
I'll get my vision back
Then at least I'll have a weapon
To defend these attacks

If I could only find a filter
For these tricks
Then I could bury the riddles deep
Deep in the mix
It's not the lines
It's more the tones
More often it's the volume
That can make it hit home

It's not the songs
That determine if the record sells
It's the faces in the videos
that we know so well
It's the push from the whores
In leather chairs
They package our emotions
And they market our fears
And the rise to the top is a fall from below

I've never been one to see writing on walls
Still you call me crazy

Don't walk on in don't expect me to listen
Don't you try to save me

Because I'm too suspicious of long
Explanations that
Make you feel like
You've really reached me
I'm changing my ways I believe

Don't talk about
What happened 14 hours ago
It's ok if you smile
But please