

Oh Me, Oh My

Streetlight Manifesto

Woe is me
I swear that we had it but everyone wouldn't agree
That we never had a thing
Our dying words will be exaggerations
Of what we said and what we did

The ticking of the clock
Eventually it stops

Oh me oh my
Goodness gracious what a lie
Where everyone's running around like they don't have a clue
What they will do
Now that it's through
And the ending is in sight
Oh my goodness me oh my
It's late and it's time to say goodnight
Oh my goodness me oh my

Our disease
Though feasibly easily curable I will agree that it's not something we overfeed
The truth will be told
The lies will unfold
And anything anyone ever ignored will come back up to settle old scores

The writings on the wall
Says eventually we fall
And even Romans know
That everything (everything) everything (everything) goes