

# They Provide the Paint for the Picture-Perfect Masterpiece That You Will Streetlight Manifesto

There is a man with no face  
And a name I don't remember  
Who lives in a house in the middle of the woods  
And he said once "Son, don't you ever laugh out loud for they are listening,  
Yes they are listening  
Oh you've got to be strong  
Oh, you've got to keep holding on  
It's now just a matter of time"  
(Head for the hills, go!)

They provide the paint for the picture perfect masterpiece  
that you will paint on the insides of your eyelids;  
Can you possibly see anything you want to see?  
No (Hell No!)  
"There's nothing wrong with the way I see"  
and he wanted to be a soldier in the next great war  
he wanted to kill and fight and maim but not be told what he was fighting fo  
r  
And that's the way it's going to have to be my friend,  
And that's the way it's going to have to be my friend

I passed a man on the corner in the city yesterday singing  
"Yada yada yada and tomorrow it'll never end"  
and I never thought I'd never live to see another sunny day  
but I'm here and I fear I'll be here till the end  
So watch your mouth  
Or you're going to make a grave mistake  
Hold your tongue  
Or you're going to catch a bullet in the head  
So watch your mouth  
Or you're going to make a grave mistake  
Don't die for anything less than the best of life

The things you said went to your head  
But you never tried to understand:  
What they'll take you will never take back what they take when take what the  
y can  
because they can from you  
You follow me and you follow me but you never ask why  
And I wonder what you're under could this be another piece of the  
"I don't know I just do what they say because they say what to do in a matte  
r of fact way"  
But don't stop because you might get burned  
And you might just learn to stand on your own two feet  
And I think that it's neat how you learn to repeat everything  
that you hear in the street so well  
You learn to repeat everything that you hear so well  
You learn to repeat everything that you hear so well

And everyone was resting because they thought it was the end  
And even if it wasn't they decide they'd pretend  
And somewhere in the distance I could hear him whispering  
"You can fight all you want you'll never win in the end"

Sometimes in the evening when I'm lying in my bed  
I am taken to the forest to the isolated shed  
And I wake with his words resonating in my head

And I can't stop thinking about the gist of what he said

He said:

So watch your mouth

Or you're going to make a grave mistake

Hold your tongue

Or you're going to catch a bullet in the head

So watch your mouth

Or you're going to make a grave mistake

Don't die for anything less than the best of,

Everyone settles for the rest not the best of,

I will die for no less than the best of life