

Would You Be Impressed?

Streetlight Manifesto

Would you be upset if I told you we were dying?
And every cure they gave us was a lie?
Oh! They mean it when they say we're dead and doomed
And every single symptom brings us closer to the tomb
And who will take the credit for our swift impending fall
Because it's not my fault

Would you be impressed if I said that the dead would help us counting
Every single moment that we waste our time?
All the time we're spending vaccinating this disease
I just get dizzy when I think of all the ways we try to hide our maladies
We wine (we wine), we dine (we dine), and everything is fine
Because it's not my fault

Now you're upset because you finally got the notion
That everything you had is spinning down the drain
Oh! Do you mean it when you beg and pray and plead?
Your "Giveittomegiveittomegiveittomegiveittome all those things we need"
And what, pray tell, will you whimper when your number will be called
You'll say "It's not my fault"

Go! Now! The others they'll await you
And every single one among the lot of you will have your turn
Ai Ai Ai Oh Oh OH
Like moths that fly into the flame it always ends up so
You scream: "Not me! Take anybody else!"
Because it's not my fault!"

I had a dream last night where everyone was trying
Subconsciously I knew it was a lie
And when I woke I knew it was time to pray
To make amends before the end, before my judgment day
I looked around, I stood alone, I knew what I had to say
I said "It's all my fault"