

Male Call

The Menzingers

Blame the suits who lined their pockets with her tears,
Blame the boys in the blindfolds covering their ears,
Blame the magazines she read,
Join the righteous waning side,
It was a misinterpretation of the neon signs.

It was a rainy miserable Sunday,
Carried your cedar up the stairs,
Collared man did his best to apologize,
But the damage it was done, she believed in all their lies.

I'd buy your soul, but I can't afford to pay girl,
They say that you get nothing for free,
Your lipstick adorns my collar,
While these thoughts of fire wrestle with me.

Then her father said to me,
"Tom I can't ascribe a purpose to this atrocity",
Trademark my messiah and call me an orderly,
I need 800 cups of Kool-Aid for my prophecy.

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