

Standard Bitter Love Song #7

The Mountain Goats

You smile at me in total defiance of all decency
You've got it down to a science
That innocent look
You've got it practiced real good
But I know you'd kill me if you could stand the sight of blood
If I'd'a been a fly on the wall a little earlier
If I'd been one of the innumerable flies in this room
If I'd'a been a fly on the wall a little earlier
It woulda been real different around here

You try to speak but the buzz is too loud
And it's hard to make you laugh through the dense black cloud
That surrounds us both
It's just as well
You call the rope
Let the whole house go to hell

If I'd'a been one of these flies
I would have lodged myself firmly underneath your eyelid
If I'd'a been one of these flies a little earlier
It would have been real different around here.