

# The Sinking Ship, The Grand Applause

The pAper chAse

Grandfather burned up to ash and returned to the earth which spawned  
This nefarious prank that's controlled by the length of his arms  
And the kindred is gathered by coffin and chaplain on his behalf  
And a discreet tender man clears his throat, waves his hand following a laugh  
And the band plays on

Like a fat baby's birth like a cry and curse at the breathing space  
While the mother rejoices ten fingers ten toes and a handsome face  
And the family is gasping each one can't help asking, "How was it my dear?"  
Like a scorn for the born that was torn  
And deformed for the next cruel years  
And the band plays on

So I'll cut you all open and see what's inside you or what's missing  
While this virgin your daughter skirt down the altar  
She don't owe you a goddamn thing  
Cause she's gorgeous I'll take her to the house by the lake where I write her a song  
While you fat pigs with call-girls  
They dance in the ballrooms shaking their wallets at god  
And the notes fill the pages as I scramble to paste up my bleeding heart  
And this sick song moves on if you're lucky lifelong you can sing a part  
As it falls apart