

## Boiling Point

The The

They piss 'n' moan and push 'n' shove  
So below as it is above  
From every mouth words blare  
Off every surface words glare  
'Til there's nowhere to look except to stare

At reflections in the subway glass  
Fluorescent lit skin looks harsh  
So best pretend to be asleep  
In case you have to give up your seat  
To anyone less fortunate than

But the train stops beneath the streets  
Shift your legs tap your feet  
Open an eye, start to speak  
But the words get stuck between your teeth

Truth is truth, lies are lies  
Headlines strike between the eyes  
But when is a word not a word?  
How's the meaning been reversed?

Twisted, torn, tricked and turned  
Inside out, upside down  
'Til there's nothing left to talk about  
Except yourself

So you say  
"I spy with my  
Little eye  
Something beginning with me"

Ever get lonely?  
Don't you ever feel phony?  
Ain't the train going slowly?  
They say it's gonna get snowy

Don't you ever feel holy?  
And think you wanna be a yogi?  
What a load of baloney  
Do you wanna come home with me?

Don't you ever get lonely?  
Don't you ever get

Roll over, roll over  
Roll over, roll over  
Roll over, roll over  
Roll over, roll over