

Mainstream

Thea Gilmore

Headstrong, heavy weather
Going at it Hell-for-leather
Red lights flashing on
Some little pop song
Boys get out your Balzac
The Empire's gonna strike back
The critics and the diplomats are living in a tin shack

Break-neck, full-tilt
Climb the ladders they built
Angels in the abattoir
Junking up a good guitar
Stale city bandwidth
You don't get the language
But don't pick on the girl who's only turning on the lightswitch

Are you going to swim the mainstream?
Are you going to swim the mainstream?
Or are you going to make that lightning?
Are you going to swim the mainstream?

Heads-up, they'll say
History was a big mistake
Chews you up, spits you out
Then asks you what the lip's about
An old tin army
A young James Dean
And another kinda war that is waging in your bloodstream

A wildfire, wild-card
This girl's been barred
They drew the weapons, read the rules
Sent the rebels back to school
They'll book you for the next crime
Get you in the nick of time
So don't trust the captain who is sailing in a straight line

Are you going to swim the mainstream?
Are you going to swim the mainstream?
Or are you going to make that lightning?
Are you going to swim the mainstream?

Now say your prayers, stay polite
Busy saving daylight
Age plays dirty tricks
You're looking like a counterfeit
He's gonna train us
Can you really blame us
If we grow up we're all going to be famous