

Savy Fav, Les

"Meet Me In The Dollar Bin"

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Dead tired.
Bone dry.
Admired,
till I-I can't make with the batteries,
bad day at the cannery.
They're making a mess of me.
Best left tested by history.

I take this mic and spike it into the ground,
the lightning's bad but at least it's not loud.
The lightning's bad - the band can't see the crowd
so I'm coming down.

There is no incident,
there is no incident,
there's nothing incidental in this song.
There is no accident,
there is no accident,
there's nothing accidental in this song.
There's no coincidence,
there's no coincidence,
there's nothing coincidental in this song.

Dead tired.
Bone dry.
Admired,
till I-I can't make with the batteries,
bad day at the cannery.
They're making a mess of me.
Best left tested by history.

I grab this mic and spike it into the ground,
the lightning's bad but at least it's not loud.
The lightning's bad - the band can't see the crowd
so I'm coming down.

Meet me in the dollar bin,
it's a band I once was in,
haven't done much better since.
This is no coincidence -
been rubbing off our finger prints

covered up with phony skins
this giving in has worn so thin
that you can't see the beat within.

Born fat or flat chested,
the best of us tested.
We passed and we passed,
we passed out when we could.
We got old,
but we got good
and we did all we said we would.

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