

Icicle Works "Rapids"

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(McNabb)

Vagrant suspicious and quite out of breath
Stumbles into a town where the people wear frowns,
Picks up a paper, the pages are blank,
They say "No news today, no more writers around",
What price hope over adversity,
Cause to applaud this perversity,
I'm still deaf from the hydroplanes,
Blessed with a cynical gaze...

No words in our own defence,
Independence our recompense,
Fate casting a finer line,
To pity or to pay.
These rapids we're rolling on,
Seem calm when they're good and gone,
Love, as good as the house it warms,
A million miles between us,
Still we're heading the same way...

I sing this song with my tongue in my cheek,
For the jilted, the jaundiced, the angry young men,
Who somehow believe that the status quo changes
With juvenile slogans in downmarket rags.
What price hope over adversity,
Cause to applaud this perversity,
I'm still deaf from the hydroplanes,
Blessed with a cynical gaze...

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