

Adam Green "Bartholemew"

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Bartholemew bring me a fork
There's a minstrel parade on tv
Let the lights glow, an excellent reason
To stay home tonight

Oh the old men wave their canes
They have yesterday's brains
And their worlds stop turning on sundays
The young lives are clipped
And smudged on the rocks
Distorted and forgotten

Quietly she enters the room
But we can't talk, we can not be seen
Returning her new pair of jeans
Just to stay home tonight

Oh the mirror always shows

There's a stranger in my clothes
Standing on the third rail
Lost at sea
Searching for me
And we don't know how to sail

So if you go to guitar store
You will see me again
Holding the door
It's an excellent night to sleep on the floor
If you stay home tonight

Oh i saw you before
In the guitar store
I was lonely, lazy and useless
And Bartholemew moans
To the counterfeit clones
When he feels like he's not a human

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