

Kino "Losers' Day Parade"

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Maverick, well do you recall the feelings you were sold?
Like Manhattan in the fall and all the washed away
brigade within the soul
How it flickered in the neon by the seventh,
And so meaninglessly sentimental

Maverick, now we only want the feelings we can sell
Near the bridge beyond eleventh where you
contemplate the candle on the wall
Mesmerizing, how it flickers by the subway, yeah,
Well we can sell it all

Now you turn to me like a friend
Your stock is rising again
Sell yourself and I'll try to pretend
At least that's something
Figures up but predictions are low
Carry you all the way to the show
So for now you've got nowhere to go
I'll drop you later

These are the days and the stakes are so high
No one will say that they care as much as I do...

She waits for you by the stage
So glittering and engaged
Much too late for you to engage
In awkward silence
Say the word and she'll always be there
Intentions perfectly clear
Telling you all that you need to hear
And it's all for you
And she says...

These are the days when you make me alive
No one will say that they love you as much as I do...

Shut up! Shut up!

Hair spray, deranged, the smell of in-between still
lingers
And the cheapness just keeps reaping to the old

refrains still lingering
The only sound you hear, the quiet falling of the rain
inside
Your beautiful playground on this Losers' Day parade

Maverick, you idiot, the meakeup and the fakeup,
All the falsy just like palsy and you still don't learn
Excuses are so stupid, your remedial behaviour
With all this comfort purchase and you still won't learn

So to the ironbound section of the Avenue L
Where the disperate faces come to see what you sell
Live divine, feelings once mine, charcoal color of your
soul

If I carved you heart right onto my skin
You were never in my thoughts when I turned to sing
Cut the wire, wait a pointless hour, meaningless never
should have been

So the architect wants a prettier song
Like a dead end anthem for the kids gone wrong
Immaculate dreams chasing beautiful scenes, designs
for life (into your heart)

Hey Mr. Nameless, do I seem a bit insensitive?
I'm trying to forget what you are...
Well I'm hoping you have seen us and it will not come
between us
So how could you let it go this far?
Dead nobodies in company cars...

Is this the radio that's safely saturating you,
I pray that you rmemeber when the wheels stop
spinning
I walk to the wreckage and I dream of middle England
This consolation travelled so far...
Dead nobodies in company cars...

This lonliness wherever you are...
Dead nobodies in company cars...

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