

Chapman Gary

"Soundtrack of a Romance"

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I could vividly recall my mood the day that art was
murdered
The wind blew a thin layer of dust on my garden bird
Everything you knew was sideways and phallic
The highways traffic added to Friday's madness
The warm wrinkled skin loosely hung of earnest
cheekbones
Below eyes designed to bury the wolf under a sheep's
clothes
Some peoples sang, a few begged for change
A young girl skipped a long with her hand glued to a
candy cane
I, however, walked with my back to it as usual
Wanted to turn this dark comedy into a musical
I'm used to reflecting the sorrow the world reflects at
me
We're forever intertwined as the anxious and angry
The gloom moves into oxygen, consumed to keep me
lost within
A mushroom cloud of toxins deposited to leave the
prophets doomed
There I sat on a lead infested picnic table
Waiting to be born, carefully evading mating season's
evil horns
I keep performing for the poets and philosophers
But they don't know I was insane before and became
popular
I lose something every time I leave my house
Trying to gain something by running my mouth
My conscience don't hold a grudge against my impulse
Honesty should be the best policy but it's not that
simple
Have you ever had the sky inject a cloud into your
lymph nodes
So all you see is how she gazes through a frameless
window?
Everyday I have a new argument with myself
Wonder how I got this far up the ladder
But by now I should have failed
Can't go to heaven, never learned how to pray
Oh well, Rather be in a place with less people anyway

Somewhere between a snare and the extra-tire
hogwash
I got caught in a motion of a sex-inspired god talk
My long-lost lover left me to date a real artist
Ain't it strange how the whole story can be told through
a guitar rift
I'm a pretentious vendor of invention
A sentimented way of staying the center of attention
Take my advice and never take my advice
I haven't left my own head long enough to really know
about life
But I dug dirt out of the ground and found Plato's time
capsule
Inside was a note that said, "sorry I lied"
Part of my pride was dead the second that you talked
to me
And I knew that no matter what lied ahead you wouldn't
walk with me
So alone I traveled
Clown shoes through dirty speed infested tourist
colonies
Tricking revolutionaries into thinking my records
A new age life-insurance policy
Then I'm off
And before they get the chance to give me a dirty look
Their money's spent at Borders on a brand new
Christian Amerdy book
A sturdy hook deserves a better catch phrase
But I'm only still here because they can't detect
Neurotic tendencies with x-rays
It was a perfect day to sit and watch the wind
Cause the recognition of my insanity
Made me want to be hip-hop again

I make music to ride to, to cry to, to die to,
Times two, and finally realize you're alive to

I make music to vibe to, to close your eyes to
Break your mind from each vault that sits inside you

I make music for survival, to find you
To hide from the landscape humanity went blind to

I make music to rhyme to, to waste time to
To die to, to realize I'm alive to

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