

Lowest Of The Low

"A Casual Overdose"

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A Saturday afternoon,
Nineteen seventy-two:
You can spell anything
And I've got a magic ring
And hockey cards in my spokes
A casual overdose
Of Pop Rocks and phrase mongering
but beauty's a delicate thing

Out here in the open grass
Two tiny iconoclasts
Divvy some loot we stole
From Old Man Hatfield's store
And bury the rest in a hole

A mournful November morn
Nineteen eighty-four
you stutter the words like rain
And the steps of cathedral stain
With resounding, resigning notes
A casual overdose
But I didn't come here to grieve
And I know you have to leave
But Who's gonna save your soul?
The Beatles at Hollywood Bowl
Or The Revolution Betrayed?
Don't act like your mind isn't made
I'll believe in you either way

A kind of renaissance day
Nineteen eighty-eight
We're the same in a different way
It's the closeness that separates
An awkwardly eloquent toast
From a casual overdose
Of punk rock and Chinatown hum
'Til we both are overcome
So we join our trembling hands
And clap for The Weakerthans
And Drink to our personal lore
Though we don't make love anymore

We still share euphoria

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