

Matthew Brischke

"I Recruit, She Smiles"

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Halt one, roundabout two, bow three
waving to the gleaming sun of pop
tired of dreams, sick of nightmares
fence pailings on the cheesy moon
just dance to the madman's beat cause
I recruit, she smiles

Gridiron match for the lonely hearted
tears on a second hand electric guitar
look to close, and you will sleep too
how cruel is this world today
full of broken mirrors and soiled shirts
electric overhaul for the shadow of a doubt
cry baby, ain't crying tears no more

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skeleton speaking french to the empty
so pity the fools who chase the stars
it's too bad, they will never catch up
blood stained umbrellas on the windowsill
kisses from the lost blind dates
too much to handle for me so so
fallen prince, risen duke to the clouds
leaves of the busing trees of shame
read the headlines, to be dressed now

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ooh ya ya ya ya ya ya ya
ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya
I, I, I recruit, she smiles

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