

MGMT

"Congratulations"

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Dead in the water
It's not a paid vacation
The sons and daughters of city officials
Attend demonstrations

It's hardly a sink or swim
When all is well if the ticket sells

Out with a wimper
It's not a blaze of glory
You look down from your temple
As people endeavor to make it a story

And chisel a marble word
But all is lost if it's never heard

But I've got someone to make reports
That tell me how my money's spent
To book my stays and draw my blinds
So I can't tell what's really there

And all I need's a great big congratulations
I'll keep your dreams
You pay attention for me
As strange as it seems
I'd rather dissolve than have you ignore me

The ground may be moving fast
But I've tied my boots to a broken mast

The difference is clear
You throw it in your cauldron
Rust and veneer, dusk and dawn
Steinways and Baldwins

You start with a simple stock
Of all the waste and salt to taste

But damn my luck and damn these friends
That keep on combing back their smiles
I save my grace with half-assed guilt
And lay down the quilt upon the lawn

Spread my arms and soak up congratulations

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