

## **Regina Spektor**

# **"Consequence Of Sound"**

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My rhyme ain't good just yet,  
My brain and tongue just met,  
And they ain't friends, so far,  
My words don't travel far,  
They tangle in my hair,  
And tend to go nowhere,  
They grow right back inside,  
Right past my brain and eyes  
Into my stomach juice  
Where they don't serve much use,  
No healthy calories,  
Nutrition values.  
And I absorb back in  
The words right through my skin  
They sit there festering inside my bowels  
The consonants and vowels  
The consequence of sounds  
The consonants and vowels  
The consequence of sounds  
Got a soundtrack in my mind,  
All the time. Kids-  
Screamin' from too much beat up  
And they don't even rhyme,  
They just stand there, on a street corner,  
Skin tucked in  
And meat side out and shot,  
And I'd like to turn them down  
But there ain't no knob.  
Run into picket fences  
Not into picket lines.  
All this hippie-shit for the 60's  
And another cliché for our time. But,  
But a one of these days your heart  
Will just stop ticking,  
And they sorta just don't find you till your cubicle is  
reeking.  
The consonants and vowels  
The consequence of sounds  
The consonants and vowels  
The consequence of sounds  
Ahh ah ah ah ahh ah ah ah  
Did you know that the gravedigger's still

Gettin' stuck in the machine  
Even though it's a whole other daydream.  
It's another town it's another world,  
Where the kids are asleep, where the loans are paid  
And the lawns are mowed.  
Whad'ya think?  
All the gravediggers were gone?  
Just cause one song is done  
There's always another one,  
Waiting right around the bend,  
Till this one ends,  
Then it begins squeaky clean,  
Then it starts all over again.  
The weather report keeps on  
Tossing and turning,  
Predicting and warning,  
And warning and warning of,  
Possibly it could be news publications and,  
Possibly it could be news TV stations. That  
Very same morning right next to her coffee  
She noticed some bleeding and heard hollow coughing  
and  
National Geographic was being too graphic,  
When all she had wanted to know was the traffic  
The worlds got a nosebleed it said  
And were flooding but we keep on cutting  
The trees and the forests!  
And we keep on paying those freaks on the TV,  
Who claim they will save us but want to enslave us.  
And sweating like demons they scream through our  
speakers  
But we leave the sound on 'cause silence is harder.  
And no ones the killer and no ones the martyr  
The world that has made us can no longer contain us  
And profits are silent then rotting away 'cause  
The consonants and vowels  
The consequence of sounds.  
The consonants and vowels  
The consequence of sounds.  
Ah ah ah  
My rhyme ain't good just yet,  
My brain and tongue just met,  
And they aint friends, so far,  
My words don't travel far,  
They tangle in my hair,  
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