

Rem "Hairshirt"

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I am not the type of dog
That could keep you waiting
For no good reason
Run a carbon-black test on my jaw
And you will find it's all been said before

I can swing my megaphone
And long arm the rest
It's easier and better
To just beat it from the chest
Of desire

I could walk into this room
And the waves of conversation are enough
To knock you down in the undertow
So alone, so alone in my life

Feed me banks of light
And hang your hairshirt
On the lowest rung
It's a beautiful life

And I can hang my hairshirt
Away up high in the attic
Of the wrong dog's life chest
Or bury it at sea

All my life I've searched for this
Here I am, here I am in your life
It's a beautiful life my life
It's a beautiful life your life

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