

Sole

"Shoot The Messenger"

Visit "[Shoot The Messenger](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

experts: go home, nothing to see, not here, not
forever.
the 90's thinking man, 2002 dead man in us all.
in search for volunteers for the death of passion, and it
put nipples in the sky, the womb is all around us.
the alien racetrack is us. afraid to make eye contact is
us.
walking blindly, counting credits we'll never see,
green balloons carry your cars away to plant in egypt
to be a plant in the sidewalk of a wheelchair
race car driver. watery world, watery days;
the water in my brain makes it hard to spot dry land,
but i will fly again,
fall again, but never on my pen.
these eyes have seen one too many movies
and i fear my parents counterprogramming outlived
their own.
there was no training for the hunt,
but i put up a tent to daydream in (to daydream in).
the freedom fighter calls life a nuclear nightmare.
and if you don't like the tone of my sinking ship,
pray for me while i cry for you.
whoever i can't kill, my daughter will.
and at night, in complete silence, i can convince myself
i'm psychic
as i walk through berkeley and wish i had a cause.
i know it's bullshit, but it's all i can believe in.
the more time i spend staring at people who never dare
to stare,
i also know it isn't hopeless if i'm thinking this.
and avoiding cliché is like lying in my living room,
staring at the ceiling, complaining about how ugly that
it's getting.

only two of my childhood friends escaped the
experiment,
some were killed, some became killers.
some mourn a lack of ambition through parents
who passed on the nest 'til there were no worms left.
the successful went on to go to college then do
nothing;

if you're their fool, you're everyone's fool and no one's friend.

it's a native american thing, you'd never understand why

i've learned to eat pain like a sunday snack,
march to no tune, and got a collar and doggy biscuit.

tim holland on shattuck on a roman holiday...

self-taught master of sleepless hallucination.

loveless thinking pill, make me eat my own vomit;

learn it to dance for my sister's dog sake,

my mother's mother, and my father's veins sake.

they all wanna spill my guts into the street and wrestle me in it

like i can't digest what i can't swallow

for all the loveless pedestrians holding bloodless hands.

and when alone with death for the first time, but realize it was there all along.

the amusement park lines aren't as good as the in-my-head-lines:

this is my newest installment in my latest last will and testament series.

i see people who try too hard to be themselves

and wanna throw them lines like no one is themselves,

follow your guts to traffic.

'cause your remote control dreams are worth more to you than to them.

you have to believe me, i wrote this with a pink pen

and my face never goes red when they ask what it means.

misunderstand me in your perfect pose, while plastic seats scream, "your excellence,"

your pretty putty padded ass.

well-trained men learned to worship the lovenessness all around;

shallowness is quite becoming.

all the parts of life that are not mind-numbing experiences,

throw your hats off to those of us who can run off cheap batteries and wine.

we'd love to run you off the road and write a book about it.

if you stood between the day the little pig took the big pigs out to dinner

to eat them with barren hands

that done wrote ten million words and never got my point across.

like people afraid to be different wanna make a difference.

most nights i sleep alone and freezing and have no

dreams.
tonight is different: awake and freezing, i have no skin
left for my parachute.
this advice isn't for you, it's for me; in my stomach
forever.
tomorrow they'll forget me 'cause i never learned to kill
for oil but then again,
i never learned to sit still and probably never will.
feel the need to hide these beautiful places until my
rich man's death bed.
we can't sleep, i can't write at all in my room 'cause i
had a girl there once,
and the moral of the story is...
and the moral of the story is...(there is no story).

Visit [Sole](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.