

Tragedy

"Gift Shop"

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The beautiful lull, the dangerous tug
We get to feel small from high up above
And after a glimpse over the top
The rest of the world becomes a gift shop

The pendulum swings for the horse like a man
Out over the rim is ice cream to him
The beautiful lull, the dangerous tug
We get to feel small but not out of place at all

We're forced to bed but we're free to dream
All us human extras, all us herded beings
And after a glimpse over the top
The rest of the world becomes a gift shop

I don't know what to believe, sometimes I even forget
And if it's a lie, terrorists made me say it
The beautiful lull, the dangerous tug
We get to feel small from high up above
From high up above

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