

## **Paul Dempsey**

### **"Safety In Numbness"**

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You've got glue in your feathers  
What brought you to this  
A flightless bird surrounded by red-handed kids  
In their borrowed black sheeps' clothes  
Yeah everybody's in on the joke...

So practice your boredom  
Look a thousand times removed  
'Cause only a freak would sing in a crowded waiting  
room  
They would turn you out in the cold  
Now that everybody's in on the joke...

Are you missing a stranger that you might have loved?  
Do you feel that there's something you don't feel  
enough?  
There's a perfectly good poison for the perfectly numb  
If you want some...

But naming the feeling  
Just kills the charade  
And if flowers should bloom upon your wallpaper face  
It'll follow you everywhere you go  
Now everybody's in on the joke.

Desire only burns and  
Envy's always green  
A mind can only race and a heart can only beat  
There's these towering neon signs we must uphold  
To keep out the blackness  
And run with the blue  
Now only a fool would sing as if he's telling the truth  
Kid, just swallow down that lump in your throat  
Because everybody's in on the joke

Are you missing a stranger that you might have loved?  
Do you feel that there's something you don't feel  
enough?  
There's a perfectly good poison...

Are you missing a stranger that you might have loved?

Do you feel that there's something you don't feel  
enough?  
There's a perfectly good poison for the perfectly numb  
If you want some...

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