

Evan P. Donohue

"Epidemic"

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I am under a spell of a melody
It's an epidemic in the key of D
It's simple, it's sophisticated
play it for me once I'll have heard it thousands of times
by the moonlight above me I will seek
one day I'll even find
cry's of these, that's all I could want or need

It's a musical! It's a philosophy,
You control it's movements and it controls yours
Desire, frustration, will it make me smile with another
polyphonic line
Why'd you have to go and be so rude by falling into my
audience tonight?
Cry's of these that's all I could want or need

Shake it!

Well don't fight it, that's just suicide
How am I suppose to prosper
from what can't be bought
It's a plague! *cough* It's a miracle,
I almost could have told you that holding the tip of my
tongue
Could ever want to flirt with the thought of holding that
one more refrain
Cry's of these, that's all I could want or need

First traded dreams with a poet
Shackled spawns with the language he writes
me I'll never show it
I cast my flowers to the winds of beyond
Could use a little moment to process all of the fame
and glory
Cry's of these
Cry's of these
Cry's of these, that's all I could want or need

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