

## Old 97's "Let The Idiot Speak"

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There was a half a harvest moon up on the hillside  
Our love is made almost entirely of downside  
Who would have thought it could feel so much better  
then?

Now there's a half a million things I wanna tell you  
They tap the phone line and the speaker at the drive  
through  
Who would have thought it could feel so much different  
then?

Downtown, so weak  
Let the idiot speak  
Let the idiot speak  
Let the idiot speak

Now there's a strange way and awkward feelings  
I'm bouncing off the wall, I'm talking to the ceilings  
Who would have thought it could feel so bad  
sometimes?

Now there's a half a million reasons we can argue  
You're right in front of me now, there's no one to talk to  
Who would have thought it could feel so bad  
sometimes?

Downtown, so weak  
Let the idiot speak  
Let the idiot speak  
Let the idiot speak

Let the idiot speak  
Let the idiot speak  
Let the idiot speak

Downtown, so weak  
Let the idiot speak  
(Let the idiot speak)  
Let the idiot speak  
(Let the idiot speak)  
Let the idiot speak

Let the idiot speak  
(Let the idiot speak)  
Let the idiot speak  
(Let the idiot speak)  
Let the idiot speak

Let the idiot speak  
(Let the idiot speak)  
Let the idiot speak  
(Let the idiot speak)  
Let the idiot

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