

Owen Pallett

"This Lamb Sells Condos"

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No hope for the village, no hope for the village
There's a merchant in our midst and with a barrel fist
He's coloured every surface, he's slapped up a portrait
And yes, it is his own! He's gonna take your home!
Have you seen our visitor? Look! Over the treetops!
Newly conjured erections are making him a killing
And Richmond St. is illing, so the graduates are willing
To buy in to the pillage, now there is no hope for the
village

Prisoners, be silent, be silent and be sharp

When he was a young man, he conjured up a firemare
And burnt off both his eyebrows and half a head of hair
And then as an apprentice, he took a Drowish mistress
Who bestowed upon his youthfulness a sense of
Champagne Chic
Oh seduction, his seduction to the world of
construction
Now his mind will start to wander when he's not at his
computer
Now his massive genitals refuse to co-operate
And no amount of therapy can hope to save his
marriage

Prisoners, be silent, be silent and be sharp
Can you hear them talking? Listen through the wall:

Nothing to do, nothing to do
Living rent-free is boring me
Got no use for my PE Degree
Got no use for my pedigree

I feed you every morning and ask so little
Hedi Slimane
But you belittle all the work that I do
And Agnes B
When you take that walk without permission
I'm not content
I'm not defensive, I'm just saying this cause I love you
I'm not content

You know I hate it when your friends are in the pool
Donna Karan
Old money stinks, send those faggots back to Forest
Hill
And Kara Saun
Contentment? What contentment? I am bald and
impotent
I'm not content
Is that what it's about? Oh honey, honey, shut your
mouth
I'm not content

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