

The Paper Chase

"Now We Slowly Circle The Draining Fish Bowl"

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I'll come back from the war but everything I touch
seems to break
And I won't be the same man I won't be the same man
you knew
And I was somewhat tickled by your gauge of your
tickertape parade
Now you know and you know that I know
We could dance all night here on their graves
God bless our black souls

Cause the serpent still sleeps
Cause the servant still eats
The black guard is still some integral part of the ideas
we keep
And there was no desperate ache or pain
As I sent my little babe to the drawer
After all after all we can't all join hands and sing
hallelujah
When there's work to be done

Bring 'em back
But don't stop now you're still ahead
Don't get caught in pursuits like the rest
Don't get smart now your need it you knew
Back long before this twisted soul
I'll be someone you'd rather not know
I'll be something that stings to believe
It won't stop the war
But don't stop now you're still ahead
Don't get caught in conceits like your dead
Don't get smart now you need it you knew
Back long before this twisted soul
I'll be something you'd rather not know
I'll be something that stings to believe

Not me! As I kick and claw home in a box
Or find a place, job to claim, eat my heart
Hope I choke, hope I stroke, catch the flu
In you arm, the chair, the family heirlooms
The wife resents kids that fuck in your room
When we laugh we'll be laughing at you
When you circle your draining fish bowl

Sell your house, sell your car, sell your soul
Spend your whole life just praying to spend your life

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