

## Byron

# "I Don't Want To Entertain You"

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There are certain things haunting me, pushing me over  
As hard as I try, I cannot lie to you or keep you away  
From them  
I've got a fucked up mind merchandising our troubles  
You say tomorrow we'll die, so let's have some fun  
Today

But I certainly don't want to entertain you...

They say you're just a point on a graphic scale and I  
Should take you higher,  
I should make you forget your day made you upset,  
Convince you everything's just fine.  
They sure want me to be a rock'n'roll brat clinging on  
The edge of life,  
Glamorous shine lifting up your smile - curving your  
Spine

But I certainly don't want to entertain you...

Right in the middle of this tune is a riddle, but I

Cannot remember the sentence  
I guess I shoed the words - they flew like birds! -  
And now all my intentions are on this table  
Cut and come again till you understand there's no  
room  
For chatter in this place  
Blame me, I'm not what you want me to be and I'm not  
Sorry!

They all sing on the moon and they are all out of tune  
But that supergiant star reclaims them  
And you pay the price - their outfits are nice! -  
seems  
Your choices are weak-willed and unstable  
Cut and come again till you understand there's no  
room  
For chatter in this place  
Blame me, I'm not what you want me to be...

Cause I certainly don't want to entertain you, not this

Way...

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