

Disco Biscuits

"Triumph"

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The path to follow was hard to swallow,
Like a pill in the back of your brain.
Walking in a field with a dagger and a shield
And a million little drops of rain.

Drifting in the river and you start to quiver
And they tell you that you're going insane.
In a white jacket and you just can't hack,
And they tell you that you'll feel no pain.

Triumph was the underdog,
Living in the past, but reaching for the stars.
If celestial living doesn't seem insane,
I'll be lying on the beach and you'll be doing the same.
Triumph didn't seem to far,
Living in the past, but reaching for the stars.
If celestial living doesn't seem insane,
I'll be lying on the beach and you'll be doing the same.

I got a call on the phone, and it's regarding the clone
That I purchased on the net last year.
They told me of the glitch and in a glorious pitch,
They told me I had nothing to fear,
My clone was ready, he was pretty fucking heady,
And I thought it would do the trick.
So I told him of the code, and I sent him on the road,
And I taught him how to use the stick.

Triumph was the underdog,
Living in the past, but reaching for the stars.
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I'll be lying on the beach and you'll be doing the same.
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