

## Dodos, The "Joe's Waltz"

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Joke about nothing and you'll be forgiven  
the laughs are just dying out one by one  
the lonelies are coming to gather their forces  
left on a string, the emptiness forges us on and on  
on and on

a weakness so strong you could wrap your arms  
around it  
smother cheeks and smothered arms  
sad but it's not maybe just for a moment  
why won't you hold me?  
why won't you carry me on and on?

No more patient  
on and on  
no more patient

simple you might think but wary of reason  
you give up on what you think's dying out  
your words aren't funny your poetry's false  
maybe they'll like it, maybe they won't  
you can face them on  
no more patient  
face them on  
no more patient  
face them on  
no more patient  
face them on  
no more patient

hey there young man come understand  
the ways you need to heal  
I see your stress come take our test  
come on this shit is real

you need help (x8)

I went downtown to look around  
and see how people feel  
this lady beckons me to come  
and "boy why don't ya kneel?"

you need help (x8)

We let you in we see your face  
and then we slap you on the wrist  
and when you try to leave it's much too late  
cause we've got you on the mother-fucking list

you need help (x8)

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