

Ted Leo & The Pharmacists

"The Stick"

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Anxious mofo, my twin, my friend
Election time again, I wish that I was dead
Some conversation, if you're well read
To calm the storm of shit that's raging in my head

While languishing in basements
Ten million corpses lashed to beds
Atrophied to archetypes
By all the able artists overhead

Mixed light of evening, sky of the sea
You take the Old North Road
'Cause that's where you feel free

Your hidden back roads
Your hidden dreams
A hidden cigarette
That actually helps you breathe

Play an ancient mix tape
Attempt a break from the routine
But dark on the horizon
Form that's never fully come to being

Still need a reason for your unease
You think the government, it wants you on your knees
But I'll tell you something and here it is
They want you driving to the supermarket
Buying milk and cheese

Generating taxes
To fuel their corn subsidies
You're either nibbling at the carrot
Or you get beat with the fasces

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