

Horrors, The "Excellent Choice"

Visit "[Excellent Choice](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(talking)

Morgan moves back to the familiar charms
of his fiery days when Morgan still felt something.
No longer, Morgan's like a slave,
three feet of paper and a family of four.
Morgan wonders why his wife is so slow,
blames his wife for his slow love.
He shakes his head as he climbs into bed,
Grits his teeth as he moves between the sheets.
Morgan feels like sudden laughter when he sees.
He doesn't sleep much on account of a terrible pain in
his head.
And sometimes Morgan sits up in the loft
reading from a book of children's stories.
Jaws no ordinary sucking harder, sagging eyelids &
pocked cheeks,
Intelligent the television buzzes; crackles; preaches
Morgan feels like his family have
made a conscious effort to cause him misery.
His taste buds have deserted, sneaking away from his
wife's cooking.
Morgan dreads the family meal, clenching one hand
under the table.
The bland wall hangings nod at the food in recognition.
They are far too familiar with one another.

Now, listen

Well I don't want to question your decision,
In my opinion you've made an excellent choice.
I don't want to put the doubt in your mind
In my head , well, you're just fine excellent choice
Excelent choice, excelent choice.

(talking)

Morgan's work for minimum wage is no comfort
whatsoever.
He thinks about the items that have sapped his money
over the years, shoe polish, oven cleaner, vacuum
bags, sugar substitute.
A pathetic collection of unwanted gifts and dream-
sapping commerce.

Any creative reserves once stored are long gone.
Morgan seethes at the realisation he has given his
children too much of the little he has.
Morgan wishes his family dead.

Now, listen
Well I'm not trying to alter your opinion,
I'm so happy that you've finally found your voice
I don't want to put the doubt in your mind,
In my head, well, you're just fine excellent choice
Excellent choice, excellent choice (x2)

(talking)
Lacking imagination, and full of despair,
Morgan turns tail and leaves without a word.
The door shuts compliantly as he moves outside.
Morgan crunches down the path with regular, driven
feet,
pushing through the grey clouds escaping his mouth.
Approaching the train tracks, he sighs,
lays flat across the line, and shuts his eyes.

Visit [Horrors, The](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.