

Thea Gilmore "Straight Lines"

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(one, two, three; two, two, three)

There you go again
Said, it's too complicated to explain
So sit me in my high chair
And pat me on the head
But I'll be making lists
Pounding the table with my fists
Trying to apply every law I ever read
See there's just no telling
The parts that we've been selling
This is just like you
To fake some cute stage for me
While you've been trying to make believe
In the little monster you conceived
I'm havin' a hard time believing
In anything much at all
You and your straight lines
You and your straight lines
Always

Well we all walk through those doors
High hopes between the subclause
We throw ourselves gladly into your little fishbowl
It would take some persuasion
About the strength of the equation
Before it finally chalked up on just one more brick wall
You and your straight lines
You and your straight lines
Always

So here I am now
Just another sacred cow
Believe me your "what if's" will turn to "if only's" before
long
So tell me about ownership, boy
Tell me about using lies as executive toys and
Tell me, to who does this song belong
You and your straight lines
You and your straight lines
Gonna sing along
Gonna sing along

I'm gonna sing along
Yeah
Oh, always

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