

## Grüvis Malt

### "Then Silence"

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Privacy has got me by the throat  
It's cut me down to size in quarter notes  
I'm have the man I was when this was written  
but twice as shy now that I've been knocked around  
Specifically? I'm talking about my home  
Providence plays no role, I make my own  
I'm doing a residency in music in a strictly commercial  
zone  
and I can't even believe that I'm at odds with the city  
Do I have to get indicted to get support around here?  
I mean I'm not Dunkin Donuts but I'm giving back to  
society  
And you don't recognize without the label validation  
spectacles,  
the one who stands for something is just the one born  
with no knees  
And don't expect me to rock it in your name, sitting  
sidelines in the radio game  
So replace me with a supermarket, over there we'll  
build a mall  
Soon comparison rockers shop at the Century Lounge  
or the Call  
We hit a wall a while ago built on premature reputations  
but now we fall between the lines the city fails to read,  
confused by lyrical subject matter (other than that  
promoting weed)  
and time signatures designed for something more  
than moving feet  
But I've been drinking water working harder than  
anyone else who's unemployed  
six years of shows and all excuses are null and void  
We've fallen into: "Hey, it's Gruvin Bigpants Kids. I seen  
you play at uh, at da Lupo's. Are ya still doin da music  
thing?"

In this "biz" we're not "kids" we're "casualties"  
Caught in the crossfire of trying to out-grunt  
colleagues  
Swallowing bands with hollow throats  
I'd say we could coexist but being a good sport doesn't  
put Ramen on the table

And this musical cannibalism is just a side effect  
Whether or not you see the invisible teeth that the  
media nips at your feet with  
believe that neither rain nor sleet nor minimum wage  
will keep me from stopping the Poo Lyrical Tyranny  
In the spirit of capitalism with the spirit of an audio  
collision  
I sing to you, Phantoms of a Million Bad Decisions,  
"Have lunch on my GRAVE!"  
I hope you choke on my divisions!  
Your appetite's the bridge between soup and  
superstition,  
now six feet of silence asleep under the piano  
Finally pacified by the dirt dismal quiet of a second  
story nation  
It's piling up like crazy and my stage name sits on top  
of me  
Forget the top hat, I went back to Babyhead like John  
Monopoly!

Always the student with no class, I traded in my lab  
pass to go to the recession  
And now I read social encounters as mathematical  
expressions:  
loneliness divided by huddled mass plus density  
equals me switching seats and getting off a block  
early,  
coughing home to 60 degrees and grilled cheese  
Complaints carpet my apartment on the 3rd floor,  
overlooking slums like a lottery billboard

Stressed out about being stressed out  
Dressed up to cash out and get a stomach knot when I  
can't cash doubt  
I need a moment of solitude  
To lose my poor attitude  
But I'm only invisible when I feel credible  
It's a silent world that won't stop speaking to me,  
strangers' stories that freeze my journal entries  
60 degrees and a nicotine breeze  
bring me home finally to my 2nd floor destiny

And it's odd to think that work is rest to me and rest is  
work,  
I paid out my investments in sleep deprivation currency  
Matching breathing rhythms to those of the broken  
fridge  
I file today under "useless" so it's water under the  
bridges  
The download slows to null, other's troubles are  
flushed when my lids locked at sunrise

My alarm made me realize \$1.25 isn't even half the  
cost of riding the RIPTA bus

With no fuss the pen drops  
(or is it the hand that stops writing bedtime stories?)  
days to allegory  
In six hours filmed over suns invade our territories to  
START PUSHING!

SILENCE THEN AGGRESSION  
EXHAUSTION TO EXHAUST  
ESCAPE IS TEMPORARY  
RUNNING CIRCLES IN A TRAFFIC JAM  
TO SHUT DOWN.

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