

TV on the Radio

"Snakes and Martyrs"

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Everyone makes the same wave at the same time, like pebbles on water. And recall all those interrupting lies. Sons and daughters.

A community, so let's join hands in song. Blessed unity. But brother, I don't wanna know ya, I don't even wanna know ya. Sister, I don't wanna know ya, I don't even wanna know ya. But we're trapped in this love. I hold you close and smile. Fake. Like they do way out west.

So many medicines for so many heads and i helped you clean the skeletons from under your bed. But, I don't even know ya. How could it be that send you? Darlin', didn't your momma tell you to not let no stranger bend you? Probably someone here who could help to mend you. But it's not me. Got my own entirety. Sadness isn't any way to explain. you're probably precious throughout. (you're probably crying tonight.) the course of this sin.

it's as simple as the way you wear your own punishment and your righteous grace. but all i know is your blues ain't like my blues. and why would they heal me? if there's one commonality it's not that feeling's mutual. given time you'll see. you'll see.

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