

Mountain Goats, The

"Standart Bitter Love Song #7"

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you smile at me in total defiance of all decency
you've got it down to a science, that innocent look
you've got it practiced real good
but i know you'd kill me if you could stand the sight of
blood

if i'd been a fly on the wall a little earlier
if i'd been one of the innumerable flies in this room
if i'd been a fly on the wall a little earlier
it would've been real different around here

you try to speak but the buzzing's too loud
and it's hard to make you loud through the dense black
cloud
that surrounds us both, that's just as well
you call them up, let the whole house go to hell

if i'd been one of these flies
i would've lodged myself firmly underneath your eyelid
if i'd been one of these flies a little earlier
it would've been real different around here

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