

Bright Eyes, Joy Division

a crucial filliment is all but spent
soon it will be dark in my basement
my heart is waxing the slick floor again
hoping i will slip and fall in love
well she gave me the choice
to remain and rejoice
or to recoil and rebel
well papa, this gravity attack
yeah its a gravity attack
and i cant seem to carry, much less burry the past
well your ex-girlfriend said i was a terrible mess, yeah shes got a real good head on her shoulders
when the singer spoke and confessed he didnt really smoke cigarettes
she said her teenage brother smoldered, on a hot bed of cole in a starel white room
underneath that, joy division poster
he moaned papa, me moaned papa
sotimes i gotta vent my spleen, sotimes i gotta vent my spleen
when i get shattered in the heart and scatted in the brain
well all those medicines in those sermans still cant keep his braison nose from turning and salvatio
they say there is nothing as sacred as the blood between brothers when its pricked from there thun
well papa, my brother is gone
yeah my brother is gone
so would you tell now how it is, and how im supposed to get along
well you asked for a chorus but you got her a frame
yeah its anoher sad song that moves like a train
you cant wistle to it but you can fast forward through it
flick it off your shoulder like dead skin
they say my head on a plate, make her the debate over the unbearable high cost of living
but papa, everything falls apart
everything falls apart
and the grass will grow and surely as they will break your heart