

# R.E.M., Hairshirt

I am not the type of dog  
That could keep you waiting  
For no good reason  
Run a carbon-black test on my jaw  
And you will find it's all been said before

I can swing my megaphone and long arm the rest  
It's easier and better  
To just beat it from the chest  
Of desire

I could walk into this room  
And the waves of conversation are enough  
To knock you down in the undertow  
So alone so alone in my life  
Feed me banks of light  
And hang your hairshirt on the lowest rung  
It's a beautiful life  
And I can hang my hairshirt  
Away up high in the attic of the wrong dog's life chest  
Or bury it at sea  
All my life I've searched for this

Here I am here I am in your life  
It's a beautiful life  
My life  
It's a beautiful life  
Your life