

# R.E.M., Living Well Is The Best Revenge

It's only when your poison spins  
into the life you'd hope to live  
And suddenly you wake up in a shaking panic  
Now

You set me up like a lamb to slaughter  
Garbo as a farmer's daughter  
Unbelievable, the gospel according to... who?  
I lay right down.

All your sad and lost apostles  
hum my name and flare their nostrils  
Choking on the bones you tossed to them  
Now I'm not one to sit and spin  
'Cause living well is the best revenge  
Baby, I am calling you on that

Don't turn your talking points on me,  
history will set me free  
The future's ours and you don't even rate a footnote  
Now

So who's chasing you?  
Where did you go?  
You disappear mid-sentence in a judgement crisis  
I see my in and go for it  
You weakened skill

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hum my name and flare their nostrils  
Choking on the bones you tossed to them  
Now I'm not one to sit and spin  
'Cause living well is the best revenge  
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You savor your dying breath  
I forgive but I don't forget  
You work it out  
Let's hear that argument again  
Camera three... Go, now

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