

# Cantaloupe the Antelope

## I Set My Friends on Fire

I should be ashamed of myself  
But I never am and since then  
I haven't been ashamed of myself  
But I never am and I never will be

I sensed a misfortune in fun  
As if a million hiding places  
All cried out at once  
And then silence  
Didn't want to have to resort to violence  
Your planet's still pregnant

Voting for a winner  
Makes you feel popular too  
Ding, dong, ding!  
That's not a bad idea, trolley

Do you mind if you keep me company  
Maybe you can stop what has been following me  
I wonder when I started smiling  
While I was being hurt?

Every ten years something happens  
It's almost an Illyrian's guarantee  
(Inconceivable to disagree)  
Does that not explain a lot  
Could you revise this, probably not

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Makes you feel popular too  
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Queue to the booth where you swear  
Your loyalty to the new order  
Somewhere in that line you will find me quietly  
Scheming past your preoccupied border

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I can kill anyone I want to