

The Aristocratic Swells

Beulah

Hey mister for real, sir
We're in it for fun
And have you heard the news, sir?
We're in it for free

And with a kiss, yeah you be so sure
We'll put a laugh track on for you, dear
A million and one excuses
the homes are full of surprise

We're all over waiting
We're in it for fame
And hey smoke hole a nation
Repeat the same themes

The devil takes a bite out of this here land
Every hour on the hour
The good kind of suicide, dear
The adjectives
They pound next to pageants
To those who never place
To those who come in second
A mistress all your lives

Our lullabies will never move you to tears
The jokes bounce right off you

All next to pageants
To those who never place
To those who come in second
A mistress all your life

Our lullabies will never move you to tears
the jokes bounce right off you
like dirty words
An anecdote that we share
We've told before
Our destination's still unknown