

Beers Before The Barbican

Lambchop

In a life that's wrong and hung around
I'd probably wet myself with all the talk
Think of me as serious or slightly disappointed
I'm not looking to defend this attitude

Your dress is perfect
Your shoes are strictly you
Your speech is articulate
And your eyes were too

I remember once when you did acid as a kid
There was a moment when you seemed so in control
I was straight, out of my head
And you would kindly share your visions with me
I'd like to share one with you now

You stand there erect
You are bracing for the crash
There's things we will send
I just want to let you know
Our thoughts for you will never end

Now we've had a cause to laugh
And generate this social gaff
Of feeling less compassionate for some
I realize the gravity
To interfere with your tragic time
Word has it that your friends all want to help

Stripped to the bone
And carried away on your own
Outstanding debt
You cut yourself
and then you make a mess of it you're gone

I'm sure I'll never send this
and it seems a bit peculiar
but you know we never talk of heavy things.
if we get a chance to see each other in the future
I am sure we'll find a way to deal with it.
I'll walk out with you