

The Growing

Machine Gun Fellatio

Beautiful mind, beautiful mind.
Beautiful mind, oh my,
Hold my hand and I,
Hold my hand and I,
Hold my hand and I go blind.
Beautiful mind, beautiful mind,
Beautiful mind, oh my.
Well I've been riding hard for days,
Tryin' to find my weary way back to your heart.
I tied my demons to a pole,
And left them stranded in the hole,
They dug for you.
Now I can almost see the light,
As I travel through the night,
Soon there will be no pain.
You are my reasons for livin',
I beg to be forgiven,
I'm ready to love again.
So I've come to the conclusion,
That the thing that keeps me losin' is my fear.
But is it fear of my success,
Or is it somethin' more or less,
That commandeers my soul?
Somehow I managed to survive,
And the moment I arrive, I find you gone,
And the note upon the table,
Says you found yourself unable to carry on.
You're gone... you're gone...
"My dear sweetheart, when they sent you away,
I promised I would wait for you,
Until and beyond the end of time,
And through these past twelve summers,
Eleven winters, and all days in between,
I have made good my promise,
In the face of all temptation.
But as the nights grow colder,
And a twelfth winter approaches,
It is with profound regret,
I find myself unable to carry on."
When it comes to lay the blame,
I guess it always ends the same,
I let you down.
I was the one to lead the charge.
I got us livin' large then I was gone,
But then those coppers dragged me down,
And locked me up in that other town,
I called your name.
I thought I showed you how to live,
It was all I had to give,
I could never love a man who'd kill himself for me...