

Tchaikovsky & Solitude

Miniature Tigers

I listen to Tchaikovsky and cry
Pour myself a glass of red wine
I was thinking of something you said
Hey it's okay to behave
Life is like a glass of cheap champagne
Being thrown in your face by your date
300 miles away
Hey it's okay to behave

When solitude comes 'round
All you have to do is lay down
Extend your hand
Into its hand
And feel the grip that's crushing you

I go on a run through the hills
I love how the sweat makes me feel
Drink a gallon of water a day
Hey it's okay to behave
I bury my nose in a book
Learn how the knight captures rook
Castle the king to A1
Hey it's okay to behave

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All you have to do is lay down
Extend your hand
Into its hand
And feel the grip that's crushing you