

Lampoon

Shame

I'm so needy
I'm so greedy
I'm so hungry
Won't you feed me?

Cursed by company at least I get to speak
And what is it we fear most?
The things that make us weak?
The things that make us strong?
The voices that begin to whisper
Only when we're alone?
Only when we're alone?
Well solitude is sparse
Is it with us every day?
Does it push the thoughts of worry?
Or push the words we pray?
And to whom do you hold your hands
Which god?
Which star?
Which sky?
Do they hear you when you laugh?
Or only when you cry?

Or only when you cry?
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But at least you get to speak
For that's really all that counts
If something sits inside of us
We've got to get it out
But what about the words
That never kiss the tongue
Would they purge all of the company?
Ruin all the fun?
So let them settle there
Within your solitude
Don't say the truth
Don't speak your mind
If it's considered rude
If it's considered rude
If it's considered rude
If it's considered rude

I may not know many words
None sharp enough to cut the cheeks
I may be cursed by company
But at least I get to speak
And my tongue will never get tired
And my tongue will never get tired
And my tongue will never get tired
And my tongue will never get tired