

Straightface

Son Volt

Call out your castaway
You'll wake up to carry in the new day
Send 'em out from the castle on high
Talk is talk, solely in your mind
Claim-stake the final words
What goes around is knocking at your front door

Straightface, you're wrapped in
High-flown for hire
Make believe you breathe out
Every one you take

The viewpoints slam,
Mates just look around to know you're wicked
Proclaimed from protected stances
Who, wallowing, wear what you've fallen into
You demonize what you don't understand
Darts surround your heavy, heavy hand

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Better keep the bags packed
Keep your nose clean
Check the shelf life and date
Reticent gonna soon realize
Showgirls magazines define your minds eye
You're a rough draft you're old news
You're a grifter with a funny little hat

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