

## Delivering Idiots

Stabilo

I'm grateful for these things  
These things are grateful for me but  
These gifts are plagues  
These plagues are candy coated  
I only hope it brings  
A smile and all the other  
Little useless things  
But these hands are tied to an arm  
And to an eye that won't abide

I'm not doing that well today  
And self control was never my forte  
So I call a friend  
Jesus with a pager and Mercedes Benz  
Cuz there's a limit to ourselves  
And all the games we play  
It's metaphor we use to define our day  
It's only rhythm  
It's only sound  
But we're not accustomed to the tempo  
And we find it too loud  
And all the time...

You look like a star  
And I talk like a fool  
I'm delivering idiots and photographs  
It makes me look cool

I'm doing much better today  
It's just harder to focus  
On the things that I hate  
I'm not too worried cuz I know  
I'll get my vision back  
Then at least I'll have a weapon  
To defend these attacks

If I could only find a filter  
For these tricks  
Then I could bury the riddles deep  
Deep in the mix  
It's not the lines  
It's more the tones  
More often it's the volume  
That can make it hit home

It's not the songs  
That determine if the record sells  
It's the faces in the videos  
that we know so well  
It's the push from the whores  
In leather chairs  
They package our emotions  
And they market our fears  
And the rise to the top is a fall from below

I've never been one to see writing on walls  
Still you call me crazy

Don't walk on in don't expect me to listen  
Don't you try to save me

Because I'm too suspicious of long  
Explanations that  
Make you feel like  
You've really reached me  
I'm changing my ways I believe

Don't talk about  
What happened 14 hours ago  
It's ok if you smile  
But please