

Settled Accounts

We Are Scientists

Cradling a glass of something that I shouldn't drink
But maybe it'll help me think
Or help me forget
Why keep asking questions
When everything that's done has been
Committed by my own damn hand
And I'll do it again?

Maybe it's too soon to find out
But by now there should have been an answer
You're taking me through settled accounts
And, somehow, I end up even less sure

You're making like we're all done
But nothing's getting through, a bit
So maybe then I should just quit
But I can't let go
I don't know where to start, but
I wish you'd just get on with it
At this point I could use a hit
Of some dry Prosecco

Maybe it's too soon to find out
But by now there should have been an answer
You're taking me through settled accounts
And, somehow, I end up even less sure

Yeah, we've been undermined
For the hundredth time
It happens enough that I never wonder why

Maybe it's too soon to find out
But by now there should have been an answer
You're taking me through settled accounts
And, somehow, I end up even less sure