

Goodbye Ploy

Wire

Leaning backwards a memory
Staying on the periphery
To all the things that used to be
I'll say goodbye

To the smoky rooms, where they piss their time
To the alright boys, left with no rhyme
To all the ploys as dumb as mine
I'll say goodbye

Nothing ventured, nothing gained
Put it down to expenses, it's all the same
To all the players of the game
I'll say goodbye

To the wait in line and don't complain
To the fake pretending not to be sane
To the someone's loss is always my gain
I'll say goodbye

To the people cocktail, that does not mix
To the have-it-all by dirty tricks
Of national airwaves jammed by pricks
I'll say goodbye

To the chilled and labelled haunted face
To the claustrophobic can't do space
To every lace curtained place
I'll say goodbye

Through the thin and unsupported walls
To the talking big and acting small
To the last ordered home time call
I'll say goodbye

To the third rate butcher's dance-hall-mix
To the gain attention finger clicks
To the try it on the wind-up slicks
I'll say goodbye