

# Aristotle Ponders the Sound

[L.A. Salami](#)

Heard my mother cough to show her pain  
Hidden behind the closed door again  
My father must have wept when he came  
To have made such a sensitive boy I've been fighting your holy war  
Ever since you took that plane  
Well, I say God bless all love the high lost  
And the crackhead's blistered vein My boss keeps asking me to ask more questions  
And so I asked her why  
Then I asked her why man chose to work for his food  
When it's clear to me that he'd much rather die And if we're all equal does that mean every man's due some luck  
And how many roads must a man walk down before he stops giving a fuck  
She said quit your yapping and get back to work  
Don't you see that you've got costumers to serve  
And I said "of course I can because everybody here's a servant to someone else"  
She said "stop talking now you're boring me don't you see that you're just the help" I woke up in a strange bed  
one sunday morning  
With a woman I did not love on my left hand side  
She looked as if she'd seen a ghost when she woke  
Screamed when she saw the horse head by my right She told me that her name was lady luck and that I should  
leave  
So I collected my stuff feeling slightly relieved  
She was spread eagle, spread out and spread bare  
And I was spread thin over the days and months that would proceed  
She said, "don't you see if you think about it as one start one chance and one end"  
And I said, "don't talk to me 'cause there can be a thousand if I pretend" Oh, Tom Waits came to me in a dream  
With a swordfish stuck in the middle of his chest  
He poured me a glass of rum and pondered what's the point  
You're doomed to die however hard you try your best  
And you said the same thing when you left me  
When you took my devotion and my drive  
But you left a starving boy when you hung your coat  
I'll take that back now if you don't mind But I understand cause if you're not sure where you are then you  
should move  
And now that I am not I think that I will do some moving too  
Because if you think about it everybody here's a servant to someone else  
And if you say you're not then I suppose you're a servant to yourself  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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