

Going for the Gold

The Fulcos

There's a voice on the phone
Telling what had happened
Some kind of confusion
More like a disaster And it wondered how
You were left unaffected
But you had no knowledge
No, the chemicals covered you So a jury was formed
As more liquor was poured
No need for conviction
They're not thirsting for justice But I slept with the lies
I keep inside my head
I found out I was guilty
I found out I was guilty But I won't be around
For the sentencing
'Cause I'm leaving
On the next airplane And I know that my actions
Are impossible to justify
They seem adequate
To fill up my time But if I could talk to myself
Like I was someone else
Well then maybe I could take your advice, advice
And I wouldn't act like such an asshole all the time There's a film on the wall
Makes the people look small
Who are sitting beside it
All consumed in the drama They must return to their lives
Once the hero has died
They will drive to the office
Stopping somewhere for coffee Where the folk singers, poets
And playwrights convene
Dispensing their wisdom
Oh, dear, amateur orators They will detail their pain
In some standard refrain
They will recite their sadness
Like it's some kind of contest Well, if it is
I think I am winning it
All beaming with confidence
As I make my final lap The gold medal gleams
So hang it around my neck
'Cause I am deserving it

The champion of idiots
But a kid carries his Walkman
On that long bus ride to Omaha
I know a girl who cries
When she practices violin
'Cause each note sounds so pure
It just cuts into her
And then the melody
Comes pouring out her eyes, eyes
Now to me, everything else
It just sounds like a lie

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