Going for the Gold

The Fulcos

There's a voice on the phone
Telling what had happened
Some kind of confusion
More like a disasterAnd it wondered how
You were left unaffected
But you had no knowledge
No, the chemicals covered youSo a jury was formed
As more liquor was poured
No need for conviction
They're not thirsting for justiceBut I slept with the lies
I keep inside my head
I found out I was guilty
I found out I was guiltyBut I won't be around
For the sentencing
'Cause I'm leaving
On the next airplaneAnd I know that my actions
Are impossible to justify
They seem adequate
To fill up my timeBut 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 timeThere's a film on the wall
Makes the people look small
Who are sitting beside it
All consumed in the dramaThey must return to their lives
Once the hero has died
They will drive to the office
Stopping somewhere for coffeeWhere the folk singers, poets
And playwrights convene
Dispensing their wisdom
Oh, dear, amateur oratorsThey will detail their pain
In some standard refrain
They will recite their sadness
Like it's some kind of contestWell, if it is
I think I am winning it
All beaming with confidence
As I make my final lapThe gold medal gleams
So hang it around my neck
'Cause I am deserving it

The champion of idiotsBut 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, eyesNow to me, everything else
It just sounds like a lie

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