Joe's Waltz

The Dodos

Joke about nothing and you'll be forgiven
the laughs are just dying out one by one
the lonelies are coming to gather their forces
left on a string, the emptiness forges us on and on
on and on
a weakness so strong you could wrap your arms around it
smother cheeks and smothered arms
sad but it's not maybe just for a moment
why won't you hold me?
why won't you carry me on and on?
No more patient
on and on
no more patient
simple you might think but wary of reason
you give up on what you think's dying out
your words aren't funny your poetry's false
maybe they'll like it, maybe they won't
you can face them on
no more patient
face them on
no more patient

face them on
no more patient
face them on
no more patient
hey there young man come understand
the ways you need to heal
I see your stress come take our test
come on this shit is real
you need help (x8)
I went downtown to look around
and see how people feel
this lady beckons me to come
and "boy why don't ya kneel?"
you need help (x8)
We let you in we see your face
and then we slap you on the wrist
and when you try to leave it's much too late

cause we've got you on the mother-fucking list
you need help (x8)

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