

# Congratulations

## MGMT

Dead in the water  
It's not a paid vacation  
The sons and daughters of city officials  
Attend demonstrationsIt's hardly a sink or swim  
When all is well if the ticket sellsOut with a wimper  
It's not a blaze of glory  
You look down from your temple  
As people endeavor to make it a storyAnd chisel a marble word  
But all is lost if it's never heardBut I've got someone to make reports  
That tell me how my money's spent  
To book my stays and draw my blinds  
So I can't tell what's really thereAnd all I need's a great big congratulationsI'll keep your dreams  
You pay attention for me  
As strange as it seems  
I'd rather dissolve than have you ignore meThe ground may be moving fast  
But I've tied my boots to a broken mastThe difference is clear  
You throw it in your cauldron  
Rust and veneer, dusk and dawn  
Steinways and BaldwinsYou start with a simple stock  
Of all the waste and salt to tasteBut damn my luck and damn these friends  
That keep on coming back their smiles  
I save my grace with half-assed guilt  
And lay down the quilt upon the lawnSpread my arms and soak up congratulations

Lyrics provided by

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