

The Sinking Ship, the Grand Applause

The Paper Chase

Grandfather burned up to ash and returned to the earth which spawned
This nefarious prank that's controlled by the length of his arms
And the kindred is gathered by coffin and chaplain on his behalf
And a discreet tender man clears his throat, waves his hand following a laugh
And the band plays onLike a fat baby's birth like a cry and curse at the breathing space
While the mother rejoices ten fingers ten toes and a handsome face
And the family is gasping each one can't help asking, "How was it my dear?"
Like a scorn for the born that was torn
And deformed for the next cruel years
And the band plays onSo I'll cut you all open and see what's inside you or what's missing
While this virgin your daughter skirt down the altar
She don't owe you a goddamn thing
Cause she's gorgeous I'll take her to the house by the lake where I write her a song
While you fat pigs with call-girls
They dance in the ballrooms shaking their wallets at god
And the notes fill the pages as I scramble to paste up my bleeding heart
And this sick song moves on if you're lucky lifelong you can sing a part
As it falls apart

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