

Lower Your Standards

Slow Runner

Shiv! I can tell by your eyes that you're already bored,
Cuz you're scanning for exits and cursing the Lord
and the company's not who you'd wished it would be,
Can't you lower your standards for me? I know that you're used to an orbit of stars,
Who finish your sentences and glow in the dark.
When you survey the room and don't like what you see,
Could you lower your standards...
For me? Well, this party is big, but it ain't big enough
For clowns, and cowards, and scoundrels like us
And I think that the janitor's closet is free...
If you'll lower your standards,
If you'll lower your standards,
If you'll lower your standards...
For me.

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