

# And

## The Telescopes

Maybe I should speak.  
We can count our blessings in the rain.  
Talking is so cheap, save the parlor tricks,  
count your money alone.  
Holding on to the free.  
I want to show you all what I mean.  
careful what you say And never  
underestimate the wait. I know you  
hear the songs that we could sing but  
do not stay. I hope you know the change.  
I love the change and now we got the change,  
we make the song sound like what we want.  
Who am I to tell you what is wrong?  
Talking is so cheap, so save the politics,  
you can never get rid of me.  
I tell you everything, I write it down.  
(Whats the destination?)  
Well, I sew my body to yours so  
that I can speak but my serpent-hands  
are holding me, but, my razor tongue  
will fix it all away. It might be two dimensional,  
but the story is great. I sew my body to yours  
so as I can see the lovers in the front row and  
all the ghosts in the back seat. I sew my body  
to yours, so as I am free. There's two versions  
of my fate... and so we shall see. Put me in the dirt.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>