Motorcades

Bell X1

You say I get a little nasty
You say I'm just showing off
In front of the visitors
You say I'm going
For cheap, cheap laughsHe's my offstage prompter
It's true he helps me connect
With my big Napoleon
I don't know that that's about,
What's that about?We will receive you
In the good room
That still smells of Pledge
Pictures of our smiling faces
Stations of the cross
Of teeth and pubertyShe cries at motorcades
She cries at motorcades
She cries at motorcades, she criesNow before you start
I'm not making fun
People cry at the
Strangest things
Mine is the Venezuelan national anthemSo many deepest of feelings
So much emotional porn
Public declarations
Windy words that fill
The sails of empty vesselsShe cries at motorcades
She cries at motorcades
She cries at motorcades, she criesWhat is it that gets her?
Is it the strong arm of the state?
Little flags and outriders
Shiny gloves that part
The sea of the little peopleOr is the getting from A to B?
Behind tinted windows
Carry the weight of the worldBut it's the least we can do
To ease your passage
Leave us in this
Blissful ignorance

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