

# On the Table

[A.C. Newman](#)

On the table, the deal that kept the courts at arms length,  
Stealing our thoughts with the force of their non-sequiturs - amateurs.

On the table, the view behind the legs of dancers,  
Windows of chance there, lost on the trail of dissent - innocent.  
Do re mi, innocent. On the table, the deal between the thieves and exits,  
Common and breathless, shrugging at what they've become - number one.

On the table, the steal that kept the courts at arms length,  
Stealing our hearts with the force of the new evidence - innocent.  
Do re mi, innocent. Now the plain blondes are playing along with you (x2) On the table, our hopes become a  
starting pistol,  
Though we have missed all the minutes, we know what we've won.  
Are we done?

On the table, the deal between the legs of mankind,  
Walking a straight line, copping a plea as they went - innocent.  
Do re mi, innocent. Now the plain blondes are playing along with you (x2) On the table (x4)

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