

Catapult

R.e.m.

Both sides

In softly came the growl from both sides

And if his whisper splits the mist

Just think of what he's capable of with his kiss

Nice try

You cannot turn away, but nice try

He'll turn your legs to little building blocks

And with his index finger flicks you on your socks

I go high pitched

He'll talk and make your voice sound high pitched

Dread to think if he got you on your own

And whispered in your ear in that baritone

It's the same stone

His heart was cut out of the same stone

That they use to carve his jaw

It's impossible not to feel inferior

And he could catapult you back

To your daddy or into any hissing misery

And he will tell you how the day after a triumph

Is as hollow as the day after a tragedy

He'll extinguish any chance of escape

When he slaps you on your arse or kisses your nape

And he's leaving without saying bye

And they would queue up to listen to him

Pissing and hang around to watch some poor girl blub

And then they'd chase him down the avenue

Incessantly pestering him to let him join the club

He knows how to put a cork in the fuss

And just how to shut up the charming ones of us

And I've seen him talking to your lady friend

There's a dust track waiting for betrayal

Where he'll teach you all the bits they missed

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