Good Morning

Nicolas Joseph Roncea

I awake to find the devil
Sitting near my bed
We have a conversation
He says,
Good morning Mr. Cut-throat
These are most exciting times
We are surrounded by fools and crooks,
Strangers that give us dirty looks,
So many different people to despise

It's tearing you apart
You haven't got the heart
I don't mean to complain, but it seems a little strange
Good evening, Mr. Turncoat!
Well done!

You've been watching the so-called news
(and now you see it)
That no news is good news
We don't want to confuse
The popular pursuit of absolute truth
And who has the time for such remote endeavors
You want to disappear
How did you end up here?
I don't mean to complain
But it seems a little strange
Take me to your leader
I sure could use a laugh
(I hear) he's made a new bird feeder
And he sleeps in a birdbath
Who needs to join the circus
Come on, just look around
We are surrounded
By a bunch of fucking clowns!

They sing...
They all sing...
We all sing...

Everybody sing...

It's tearing you apart
You haven't got the heart
You sit there and complain, it seems a little late
Good morning Mr. Misanthrope
I sure do hope you remember our terms

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