sari

Eric Framond

Sometimes I feel like I shouldn't apologize so much
That it's jive it's a crutch
I just used when I'm judged
Bein' fudged by a face I can't erase and can't see
'Cause I misplaced a dossier or Monty Python CD
Or somethin' stupid like that
But Jesus is that so bad
To make my ego go splat
Like a tire goin' flat
Or fat on a big Mac
I'm bein' attacked
Tit for tat
You fuckin' bureaucrats
You can just apologize back
But I don't know when it comes and it goes
All the highs and the lows
In this motionless psychosis
Iee ieei and I die fadin' straight away
Iee ieei and I cry every waking day
I don't know what else to say
I'm sorry for the mess
The stupid way I'm dressed
I guess I failed my test
Oh don't you know I'm sorry for my views
I musta been confused
And yet you know that really I'm sorry for you
Well now I don't mean to offend, much
Just comprehend
When you're female and you're fenced in and
Phen phened to no end
And no zen guide to men will help you fend off the brethren
And then the pen appears
And better than the oxygen network
Or the sword or the spear or the fork
Or the bored pork-fed horde
It's a mooring post
The whore you'll miss the most when you're away
When you're in Snowshoe PA
Doin' some play from Backstage

That deals with AIDS and race and gays and
Relationships and ballet
And then you're like "hey yay what'd you say?
I can just sing my troubles away?"
But then you're fucked
'Cause you gotta make a buck
And the whole world sucks
And you're like a lame duck
That's lyin' dyin' tryin' to sell out
But there's no one buyin' and there's all this doubt
And you can preen and dream and scream and shot
But your life's affliction is the fiction of Faust
But I don't know when it comes and it goes
All the highs and the lows
In this motionless psychosis
Iee ieei and I die fadin' straight away
Iee ieei and I cry every waking day
I don't know what else to say
I'm sorry for the time
The stupid way I rhyme
I knew I shoulda chose a life of crime
I'm sorry for my blues
I know it's all old news
And yet you know that really I'm sorry for you
I'm sorry I'm sorry I'm sorry I'm sorry
I also mirror this apology
This ideology of sorry
In part of the liberal theology that's leading us to hari-kari
It's like a mythology, almost
Like a malingering ghost
As we slowly decompose
Writing in the grave of the polls
Cryin' for Senator Wellstone and then proceeding to moan
At our own supposed sabotage of the elections at home
"Oh somebody phone home
The American people have spoken!"
Now is that certain?
Maybe those nice Midwestern folks were just jokin'
In any case there's no use in dopin' chokin' mopin' and sobbin'
Come on you disheartenin' dobbins
Sayin' sorry is my problem
So to conclude
I'm a little of a prude
So it's difficult for me to have to allude
To all this rude crude verbal baggage

But I manage 'cause I'm a savage inside
I may listen to Enya's greatest hits
And try to control my hissy fits with pride
Won't get my hair dyed
But oh the onus of lyin' all the time
I don't wanna say, "die motherfucker!"
But I wouldn't mind if you did
Sometimes even the nice girl's ego has to override the id
And so before I flip my lid my crib
And get myself out of this bind
You can hear what's on my lips but you don't know
What's in my mind
I'm sorry for the mess
The stupid way I'm dressed
I guess I failed my test
Oh don't you know I'm sorry for my views
I musta been confused
And yet you know that really I'm sorry for you
I'm sorry for you I'm sorry for you
I'm sorry
Waah

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