

Escalator

The New Yorker

It's a point of view problem
you've got no sense of distortion
I'm always right, you're never wrong
it gets blown out of proportion
maybe no one's right
but it's always worth a fight
and another win would sure help my extortion Looks like I won again
I can't believe what you just said
I'll let you do the math
if you can do it in your head
darlin' you can't add
and your subtraction skills are sad
so let's call it even and start over instead Sinking self confidence, ego deflater
why do we bother with it escalater
Waiting around for the crowd to disperse
the longer it drags just gets worse and worse It's all over now
shaking like an oscillator
so many battles lost and won
that we need a calculator
Nobody won the war
now what were we fighting for
got lost in all the convoluted roar Escalater see you later when you stop smoking out your ears
evaporation cools you down
some day you're gonna blow you've been smoldering for years
no one ever comes around anymore

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