

Classic Arts Showcase

...And You Will Know Us by the Trail of Dead

White glow of the TV set
Lights dancing on the screen
Voice-overs rise like minarets
Then fall diatonically
Should I answer a friend's distress call
Or should I go to sleep?
Would I, like the voices rise and fall,
What's it to me? All those hours of wasted time
Have never crossed my mind Here I am comfortable
In arm's reach of the black remote
Here I am comfortable
Surrounded by strings and bows
Let everyone else go Nights on Kirkwood so serene
Far from the sirens and the screams
I could write or I could read
Go next door and smoke some weed
As long as I don't have to think
About who the hell's running this mess
Or what shit they're writing up in the Stone or NME
Go out and make a last call
Or sit here and do nothing at all
What's it to me? All those hours of wasted time
Have never crossed my mind Here I am comfortable
In arm's reach of the black remote
Here I am comfortable
All those clowns, what can they know?
Let everyone else go

Lyrics provided by

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