

Sovay

Greg Joy

I was getting ready to be a threat
I was getting set for my accidental suicide
The kind where no one dies
No one looks too surprised Then you realize
That you're riding on a para success
Of a heavy handed metaphor
And a feeling like you've been here before
Because you've been here before And you've been here before
Then a word washed ashore
A word washed ashore
Then a word washed ashore Sovay, sovay, sovay
All along the day I was getting ready to consider my next plan of attack
I think I'm gonna sack the whole board of trustees
All those Don Quixote's on their B-17s
And I swear this time, yeah this time
They'll blow us back to the 70's And this time they're playin' Ride of the Valkyries
With no semblance of grace or ease
And they're acting on vagaries with their violent proclivities
And they're playing ride, ride of the Valkyries Sovay, sovay, sovay
All along the day

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