

Like Ashoka's Inferno Of Memory

of Montreal

Music started, I woke, I can't laugh at myself
If I get joke, somebody's paying attention
And I'm cooking well without a concrete ooh
He ruined you without a single intelligent word
Sometimes you get the punishment that somebody else deserved
But a man must have his conquest, keep his spirits high, and I
And IAnd I heard you whimpering from behind your red curtain
I just rolled my eyes and went back to my book
I realize that if ever there was something alive in you
Something I could love, that thing must now be deadI asked if I can come visit her in her living grave
The place where she and her circumstantial husband stay
To whisk her away or at least shake things up
But who am I to break up an unhappy home?And you said you wanted to murder your rabid heart
Well you mustn't, it's a part of you that I love the best
You must keep it safe, let it stay wild, let it stay free
It's what makes you special, so much better than meI sent you missives from the carriage
And you started killing our story before it could even begin
Mourning us almost keeps you alive
But in the wasteland of my memory, I know that you'll never surviveShe recited O'Hara's "Having a Coke
With You"
While my friends were at a bar outside of Lido
Smoking hash, talking anti-American trashI want your tear come silent like something you fear
I kissed you lightly on the South Street Seaport pier
She's the daughter of the owl, I'm the fox's brother
Why's it so hard for us to say nice things to each other?I know she feels for me, I know she does what she can
But still I'm out of New York City given the other man
I don't wanna make things messy with someone I respect
It's an evil situation but I guess I deserve it
I guess it is comically correctOh no, oh my!
Ooh!Ooh!
Oh no, oh my!
Oh no!

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