

# 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 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!