

# Isle of Dogs

## Firewater

How many time do I have to lie  
Before you believe me?  
And how many time do you have to beat me  
Before I learn how to play?  
And where are the authorities  
When you need somebody blown away  
And how many arrows do I have to suffer  
Before I'm a martyr?  
Is it true that you have to do good  
Before people will  
Pay for a look at your bones?  
You've got to be kidding me  
Does this mean that I'll never be a saint? With my pockets full of platitudes  
And my dusty crown of thorns  
Yeah it's used but barely worn  
And I have crawled broke and desperate  
Through the dumpsters of the Lord And once I was an ugly sea  
I wrestled in my sleep  
And hurled foul threats and curses  
At the sky  
I pounded on the stubborn shore  
Cause it can never be a symphony  
If nobody cries And how many bodies and how many boxes  
Before it's all over?  
And how many time do I have to cry  
Before they wash me away?  
Head I do: It's a comedy  
Tails I don't: And I see another day With my pockets full of platitudes  
And my dusty crown of thorns  
Yeah it's used but barely worn  
And I have crawled broke and desperate  
Through the dumpsters of the Lord Once I was a rusted ship  
Forsaken on the rocks  
A tangle of green ligament and bone  
I wrangled with the sullen sea  
For it can never be a tragedy  
If nobody dies

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