Dead On Arrival

John Wesley Harding

They gave me doses of dioxide
Started coughing constantly
Nursed inside my wounded pride
Poisoned arrow in my knee
Then they stood around my bed
Said I was getting on famously
A faceless man in a TV van
Reprogrammed my naivety
I met you sparring in a corner
And you spat right in my face
People say it looks like tears
Because they'll have seen the trace
And they take it as their job of work
To put me right back in my place
And I pretend that I wanna be
A contender in the human raceNow when you hit me
I don't cry
The only thing that remains for me
Is to learn how I can say goodbye
Cos I'm ready, steady, dead on arrival
I'm ready, steady, dead on arrival
I'm ready, steady, dead on arrivalYou know I thought that this was mist
But now I guess it is pollution
Caused by an economy of half-truths
And the resulting confusion
You sign a form the day you're born
That commits you to collusion
With society's special standards
And its optical illusions
Someone says you're still alive
Gives you great expectations
But now you know you're dead inside
Cos you feel no shock vibrations
Now you must control yourself
You can always cheat at patience
Soon I'll be right in the dog house
Food for FBI alsationsNow when you hit me
I don't cry
The only thing that remains for me

Is to learn how I can say goodbye
Cos I'm ready, steady, dead on arrival
I'm ready, steady, dead on arrival
I'm ready, steady, dead on arrival
Dead on arrival

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