

False Names

John Joseph Brill

our hearts wine dark
our eyes are bible black
and as we go scream
out the house it seem
like we won't be coming back

my mind is not mine
I left John Joseph at the door
'til the milkman's choir
with birds on a wire
sing us home once more

and we'll go spinning through the neon
winning new friends and
giving out false names for the night
and we won't need money
cuz we're so fucking funny
that the back home girls
will line up for the privilege

and we know
we're not right
and we're not there
oh we know
we're not right
and we're not there

the loud cartoon sound
of your laughter's been dubbed disease
by men in white jackets
running two faced racquets
for the capsule company

and you'll stand
here in hand
and teach the buses how to sink
while I gather around the others
and say that's my brother
and I wouldn't change a thing

well we'll go spinning through the neon
winning new friends and
giving out false names for the night
and we won't need money
cuz we're so fucking funny
that the pink shirt pricks
will line up for the privilege

we know
we're not right
and we're not there
oh we know
we're not right
and we're not there
we know
we're not right
and we're not there
we know
we're not right
and we're not there

and we'll go spinning through the neon
winning hey
we'll go spinning through the neon
winning hey
we'll go spinning through the neon
winning hey
we'll go spinning through the neon

our hearts wine dark
our eyes are bible black

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