The Teacher

Mike Gordon

You taught me on the strings of my guitar
How to reach outside my head
Or climb out through an earhole instead
You showed me how the swelling of the tone
Can help swerve the parts of month
And unravel like the brittle strands of time
No one else around cares about my sound
The only time I'm free
Is when the noise is hearing me
You taught me how to play my guitar
The answer seemed so close but the question so far

He watched me make photocopies
Of everyone I know
Store them in a file under "No"
He heard me do nothing at all
As I tried to make a stand
A coin and yelling without the action of my voice
Or the movement of my skillful bony hand
Whilst picking up the phone
And dialing it without touching it with my hand
I talked without my throat
With an emptiness of mind
The other party tried to understand why they couldn't hear me anymore
Even though I had never starting talking
Except I was thinking out loud about
Neutron nitro-dextrication synthasoid relactant milactant corrective
So feed, So feed, So feed

You can go into an office
And take a napkin
And put a brick on top of a napkin in an office
Or you can see people working out there ids
And round out the no clearing areas
And they do have the threat of vomit

I never could have seen or heard the trouble I was in
Or what the problem was about
Until I turned it outside

Now I do the best at things I'll never understand
Now I play guitar and without a movement in my hand
He taught me how to play on my guitar
The answer so close but the question so far

Lyrics Submitted by Pete Tate

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