

Rheostatics, The Reward

Martin Tielli

Well, here's a flower from the local king or president.
Grab the end of its stem.
The petals shake in the electric space.
It's about as plain as the smile on your face.
You're getting used to it now.
It doesn't bug you at all.
You thought a trip was a fall, but it's not.
Take a trip or take a holiday.
You finally got your reward
For which you worked hard.
Take a look at it now. You have made us so proud.

The people came, the people went.
They called you arrogant.
Now they envy your spunk.
Everyone that used to walk on by--
All the useless ones under the sky.

You're getting used to it now.
It doesn't bug you at all.
You thought a trip was a fall, but it's not. NO.
Take a trip or take a holiday.
You finally got your reward
For which you worked hard.
Take a look at it now. You have made us so...

Take me away to a big house converted into back-stage and clown train perverted
So that I might write the song devoid of metaphor.
Ugh, I am a pig. Don't listen to me.
Bacon is best when it's sal-ty.