

The The, BoilingPoint

They piss'n'moan
And push'n'shove
So below
As it is above
From every mouth
Words blare
Off every surface
Words glare
Til there's nowhere to look
Except to stare
At reflections in
The subway glass
Fluorescent lit skin
Looks harsh
So best pretend
To be asleep
In case you have to
Give up your seat
To anyone less fortunate than...
But the train stops
Beneath the streets
Shift your legs
Tap your feet
Open an eye
Start to speak
But the words get stuck
Between your teeth
Truth is truth
Lies are lies
Headlines strike
Between the eyes
But when is a word
Not a word?
How's the meaning
Been reversed?
Twisted, torn
Tricked & turned
Inside out
Upside down
Til there's nothing left
to talk about...
except yourself
So you say...
"I spy with my little eye
something beginning with... me"
Ever get lonely?
Don't you ever feel phony?
Ain't the train going slowly?
They say it's gonna get snowy
Don't you ever feel holy?
And think you wanna be a yogi?
What a load of baloney!
Do you wanna come home with me?
Don't you ever get lonely?
Don't you ever get...
Roll over roll over
it's over it's over.