

Libel

Lyrics for Music for Car Commercials

This Is Love

Kinda happened as a matter of fact
Boundaries crossed, battalions lost
Unprepared for the counter-attack
She got me good, misunderstood
Her intentions
Different than mine though not unkind

So I guess that we'll say, this is love

Kinda happened in a moment of doubt
Shields were down, ceded the crown
Knocked me out with that sweet little pout
Thoughts were mixed, but plans were nixed
"C'mon baby
You know you want this, sealed with a kiss"

So I guess that we'll say, this is love

Kinda happened as a matter of fact
Boundaries crossed, battalions lost
Kept up appearances just for good tact
But something's brewing, it's not my doing

So I guess that we'll say, this is love
Ain't this love grand, baby?

Golden Child

So young and vital
Sweet Golden Child
Spread your wings, go viral
Vaunted Golden Child

Oh, Golden Child, we're drooling at your revenue potential
With the right marketing, you could be this year's prized essential
They'll touch themselves as you walk into the room
Count off the days till you legally bloom

Oh, Golden Child, you're coming up on peak velocity
So let us help you - enhance your luminosity

A dash of this, a pinch of that and voila
Just watch as their jaws drop in awe

Cheer when you dance
Clap when you sing
Gasp when you fall
Oh god, you're wonderful
Wonderful, wonderful, wonderful

Oh, Golden Child
You're all grown up and quite a mess
The sales are down, slid off the cliff
Your habit's racked up quite a tab
The fans have left, the glow is gone
Your face is pocked, you smell like shit
You're horrible
Horrible, Horrible, Horrible

So please take this release and sign
For we'd like to televise your decline
The masses with tune in and sigh
Shake their heads and say,
"How'd she get..."

So old and vile
You faded Golden Child
Throw her on the waste pile
Washed-up Golden Child

And one more falls

Old Boy

Towers of steel punch holes through skies of gray
On the streets below the masses fight tooth and nail
Stamp hand, trample foot – anything for an inch
Bankers smoke and drink on the ledges
They're always cheering on the rubes

Tired of running the race
When we can't even keep up the pace
Old boy – never get ahead that way
Old boy, old boy

In this humdrum age the scholars are all frauds
Screaming prophecy from the omnipresent screen

Proletariat or pris'ner, you tell me
Huddled in a cell, staring at the wall
They're always saying
Don't touch that dial, you're gonna want some more

New words spew from a fresh face
But he acts like the guy he replaced
Old boy - hope's just a thing they say
Old boy, old boy

It's time for the next batch to make its play
Open up your eyes and ears to what they say
So let's pumped, let's get psyched
We're gonna burn this whole world down
And rebuild it better
Oh shit - the window's closed
Thank you all for giving your all

Old words spew from that fresh face
Yeah, he's just like the guy he replaced
Old boy - ain't such a thing as change
Old boy, old boy

Broken Wine Glass

How the hours pass
Drawing slow from a broken wine glass, you
Cut your lip
Despite the sting you continue to sip

And stare at me
Circled by faces you thought friendly, but now
Appear grim
Rendered grotesque in the interim

How much time has passed
Since affection was surpassed by
Spite and bile
Best course: split for the long while

Yet we're both here
Mere feet between feel like a light year, you still
Wish I'd choke
Gag on that trite adage I spoke

"Time will heal all wounds

So until then
Think about something else
Anything else
Something other than me”

Now the night is past
Babbling with friends I never thought would last, your
Glare like ice
Failing to see I can't heed my own advice

Time won't heal all wounds
'cause I can't
Think about something else
Anything else
Anything other than you

Tomorrow's Children

Well, it's coming around, clamor and sex abound
But then you feel it – knocks your feet off the ground
So it takes you away to an impossible day
Then you wake up – cold and raped and gray
All your life
Driving straight on a one-way street
All your love
Tucked away for a rainy day, well hey
The sky is downcast today

Well, you're stumblin' around, always more lost than found
And then you hear it – deafened by the sound
So it leaves you ashamed, far more than they had claimed
Then you run off – old and stoned and tamed
All your life
Spinning circles on two left feet
All your love
Stored away for safekeeping, well hey
What's worth hanging onto?

Stop the play
The actors all flub their lines anyway
Tomorrow's children will know better
Why do we pray
To gods who sneer and gag at the display?
Tomorrow's children will know better
And sure, we'll try
To mask our disappointment but it's no lie

We expected, anticipated so much more
But we all we got was...

Blah blah blah blah blah blah
Nothing worth holding onto

So stop the song
This ragged melody's gone on too long
But we won't, no we can't stop singing

Perceptions

Perceptions,
Yours and mine
What lies beneath the skin
A tapestry of half-truths
Plausible, deniable
Shouldn't we know how much is true?
Before we throw ourselves into the flames

Deceptions
So commonplace
Unknowable to self and soul
Do you suffocate all that
Resembles regret?
Are you as rotten as me?
So you'll throw yourself into harm's way

I don't want your heart to break
I don't want your faith to shake
No, not right now

Misdirection
From all sides
The pertinent is set adrift
We drown in the trivial
Wrapped up in vitriol
Throwing caution to the wind
And so we'll throw ourselves into
Yes, throw ourselves into harm's way

I don't want your heart to break
I don't want your faith to shake
Well, I'm telling you this now
I'm telling you this true
This is not in vain

I don't want your heart to break
Though it may seem I just don't care at all
Well, I do

We've come to an accord:
I accept you, you accept me as is
But promise me this

No, don't you dare change
Don't you dare change
I want you just like this always
Always

Empath

Target acquired
Just follow the mark
Crosshairs are locked
Trigger is waiting
Adjust the levels
Condense, trim
Beacon, beacon
The trace is on

Call on me (I am a siphon)
I am a siphon for your pain
Call on me (I'll steal your fear)
I'll steal your fear when you're afraid

Cross and fade
Reinforce the signal
Wires are taut
Now amplify

Call on me (I am exactly)
I am exactly what you crave
Call on me (I am a leech)
A leech by any other name
Call on me (I cannot tell)
I can't differentiate what hurts and what elates
Call on me (I'll take it all)
I'll take your everything
I'll take your everything away

Dialed in high
Responder dies

The cable is torn
Burn the line

Filthy Mouth

You got a filthy mouth but I like what you say
When you talk shit to me
Flecks of spit spill from your lips
But your words they
They get me so high
Lord, I wanna cry

It's over too soon when it's lasted too long
That's how I know it's just right
Shiver and shake, your claws await
Leave no marks but
I feel the trace

It's something I can't face
So I pull back from the fringe
And return to the fray
So gray, so gray

I got a sickness, baby, but you ain't the cure
You just feed the disease
Open thighs and lying eyes
But I feel no reason to believe
Beyond what I see
Because it gets me so high

I'm caught up in this lie
So I pull back from the fringe
And fall into the fray
So gray, so gray

Every time I stick it in I get a little more stuck
What used to fill the bucket don't come close enough
I gotta have more honey
I need it so bad, honey
And every time you try to tell me this ain't more than a fuck
You want something else, baby, you're shit out of luck
I gotta have more honey
I need it so bad, honey
Now

No Past Tense

Hollow steps, shallow breaths and in she crept
Sentient, pertinent with the sweetest scent
Innocence, eloquence, well, in a sense
It's on sale today, for what price you'll pay
Name it now

Come and see our variety, pick your cup of tea
Or a tasty cake, freshly baked, will you partake?
Market price for a slice is pretty nice
When it's on sale today for what price you'll pay
Name it now
'Cause inventory's moving out, who knows when
We'll get more in

We got your number sir
That's coming right up
Made fresh to order, it's our honor
We live to serve you

Make no fuss, we'll adjust, yes, you can trust
That we're malleable, bountiful and penetrable
So let's finish with this wish - you will relish
What's on sale today, and oh what a price you'll pay
Name it now
'Cause inventory's moving out, who knows when
We'll get more in

That's not a problem, sir
We got it under wraps
Don't fret your pretty head
Let us satisfy you

And you know, I'm not one of you
I'm just here for the tour
You won't see me all that long
Yeah, you know, I'm not one of you
I'm saving up the tips
Gonna grab some of that sweet life
It's a sweet, sweet life I hear

No past tense or pretense, it's all present
Forever today, if you had your way
And you will
You always will

Thoroughly Modern Milieu

Caught in the caste of above-average
Constantly offering thanks for the privilege
Better than most but not great, they say
This will be all right, this will be OK
And chastise those who disagree
For rewards come to those who serve diligently

Bevy of choices at hand
Seems best to stick with the plan
Who'd rather take their chances with the
Roll of the dice?

Sleep don't come so just stay awake
Double dose of pills on your breakfast plate
Recover on your next holiday
For now you are all right, for now you are OK
Besides the shrink says your condition is such a bore
Come back when you've become something more

Paths cross in the woods – which to take?
The lighted one appears safe
The less-traveled one beckons
It whispers to us
It's screaming into our ears

Strip the veils off
Lean forth and cough
What will it take to
Stimulate you?
Rip your tongue out
Pinch off your snout
What will it take to
Stimulate you
Sheep?

Doubters, the moment's at hand
Rise up and say, fuck the plan
You'd rather take your chances with the
Roll of the dice

Strange face stares back in the mirror today
You are not all right, you are not OK