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Thomas Comerford

Lyrics

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Eternal Return

Here's to the life of the mind
Narcissus flowering
And my honesty
Is killing me

Commuting in the Iron Lung
How to avoid the ditch?
And I'm wrong
For too long
And I'm wrong
For too long
And I'm wrong
Just like a Blank Generation

I'll do my best to get out of it
And out from under it
Getting lost
To lose it
Getting lost
To lose it
Getting lost
And born to lose

Yeah, me too
I can cut at my skin
I can start drinking again
Bite into oblivion
'Til I'm gone
And everything falls

Done and Done

I still want to please
My family
I put the sugar on
And I'm walking on my knees

I'm a TV baby
A pale rerun invasion
I'm a body
snatcher's revision

I put on a good face
I need to be serviced

Everybody
Everyone wants me

And I want a body, too
I think everyone should wear my shoes

I put on a good face
I need to be serviced

Get close to me
Feel my hospitality
No need to get closer
I will have your golden shower

Go ahead, take the plunge
I'm not asking for that much
And I am the son as big as any sun
I've done everything's been done
And everything's been done

How To

You look the knife in
When these boys complain
"She's so mean!"
But then they're gone with her again

So what's a body
S'posed to do
To fill these holes in
And you want more, too

CH:
Sowing seeds is said and done
You type your text together alone

Will you stay in one place?
Geography of the body is at stake
Will you play it safe?
Geography of the body don't sit straight

Swimming lessons didn't take
And love drugs are breaking you
You keep looking in all the wrong places, but
You can look away

(Repeat CH)

Target

The bumpers on this car
Will absorb an impact up to 40 miles an hour
But if your airbag don't deploy
You've got to brace yourself with your arms
And when you're airborne through the windshield
Never forget those stars

Any speed is unsafe
How did we let it get to that?
How do we not be a target?
'Cause we give it away
We give it away

Some people say my tongue's in cheek and I wink
I just listen to my vision
I see an actor on the TV paid to tell me I need some
Television
And persuasion is a virtue
When selling's a religion

24 times a day
How did we let it get to that?
How do we not be a target?
'Cause we give it away
We give it away

And when the trains fall from the sky
Your longest goodbye
And the bridges are coming apart
And these words will only take it so far

Chrysalis

Butterfly, you shudder
In our mind's eyes
Butterfly, your mother's
Only wish was for you to thrive and

CH:
Everything is
Downconverted
It's like a curtain's
Over my eyes
Everything is
Disconcerting
I'm certain
I'm no one's prize

Saw you at the movies
Let your flicker dance on me
Rather have you on the screen
Than show your love to me

(Repeat CH)

But I still want your attention
Oh, my collection
500 thousand times
In your compound eyes

Butterflies, you shudder
In our mind's eyes
Butterflies, your mothers'
only wish was for you to survive

Silt and Dust

CH:
Silt and dust
Silt and dust fall away from our eyes
Make everything new again
Like a sunrise

Well the dam's days are numbered
And the water is low
Not a crop in the field
It's time to go

(Repeat CH)

Well the teardowns and the new constructions
Hands trace a facade
Outlined in the smoke
It's time to go

Well the cavemen on the moon
They know
Got to shake the dust
From your shoes
And you don't let it wear you down
When there's dust in the air
And silt on the ground

(Repeat CH)

Nashville

Tammy had a stepdaughter
Who sang on her records
Now stepdaughter sings Mama's greatest hits
At the Station Inn

It's true we're doomed
To repeat ourselves
When we raised you
Did we reinvent ourselves?

The Remains remains the same
Only nowadays nobody's dancing
You watch your parents relive their past
You tape, youtube, you reclaim it

And if there's any way out of this
Make sure your songs aren't a museum

When you sing 'm
Words don't come from your pen
Not one more legacy for your children

It's true we're doomed
To repeat ourselves
When we made you
Did we recreate ourselves?

Prefer Not To

I'm talking too loud in the elevator again
Acting too proud for reconciliation
Now what you done to me may be lower than down
But I'm still stumbling up and down your crooked tower
So stay as you were

This is a song of innocence
Set straight by experience
Stagger Lee and the street thing may fly
You dominate me, and you pay me for my time
You make the call, you drop the dime

What do you stars know of aggression?
I usually step aside or crack wise
Now the kids'll believe anything that you tell them
And you want 'm to like you, so kiss their asses e'er you sell them
For a cult leader's ransom

Oh I can't abide
I can't stand by
Watch all you pretty flowers fade

I can't erase
Nothing changes
In this crooked tower