EVERY BODY'S A SHOE

My Cadillac-- (talking about)
My Cadillac--
I drive a Cadillac
called smoking can-na-bis.
There's some cats who don't handle that,
Prefer the caffo-tine habitat.
Why should he judge mine;
why should I ju-udge his?

I'm thinking, "I'm SO right!"
I hop on my bike—SMILIN' like a star.
--Suddenly cryin, "SHARE THE ROAD--
WHY YOU DRIVING THAT BIG OLD CAR!?

Life is hard, 'cause...

Everybody's issue
is Everybody is You.
Everybody's issue
is Everybody is You.
Everybody's issue
is Everybody is You.
Everybody is YOU
...and Every Body's A Shoe

My Tell-Tale Heart--
(my paranoid)
Tell-Tale Heart--
My Tell-Tale Heart

was letting me know you-oo knew
About my necessary weaknesses
And legendary con-sequences
My Disarray will play
the part of Too-oo Cool

I finally call myself out
Talking like, "Listen, so..."
You can't hear me
-{squawk}-ur 2 bizy
PUTTIN' ON YOUR OWN SHOW,

'cause you KNOW...

Everybody's issue
is Everybody is You.
Everybody's issue
is Everybody is You.
Everybody's issue
is Everybody is You.
Everybody is YOU
...and Every Body's A Shoe

{I'll tear my hair out,
if they'll stop fightin'}
Over that piece of land.
They use a war to get a piece
of land!
They're making missiles,
tanks, bulldozers,and mo-ney.
Holy Land for the only God--
EVERYBODY'S GOT SOME ONLY GOD!!
Why can't they just agree?
They just disa-uh-gree.

Can't they smell blood in the street?
I KNOW those cats got eyes--
Had MY way? I'd kill EVERYBODY
THAT SAYS ANYBODY SHOULD DIE!!!

Mirror, Mirror, on the Wall:
Do I Know Myself at all?
Mirror, Mirror--BLESS MY SHELF--
How can I--
HOW can I--
How CAN I
Love Myself?!

WHY DON'T YOU JUST ACT LIKE ME??!!!

Everybody: act just
--like me!
Act like me!
I believe--
in short--we'll get a-long.
GO ON--grow a moustache like me!
Swing the truth like the axe like me!
Rock that loquacity,
write words and si-aang songs.

We'll throw the BEST CONCERT EVER, To spread our verbosick-ness--
But, we'll open the curtains saying, "WAIT--who's playing
THE PART OF THE AUDIENCE?!"

Everybody's issue is everybody NEEDS You. Everybody needs YOU
just like YOU do.
Don't you need you? DON'T YOU NEED YOU!!?? Well, everybody is YOU
Every body's a shoe.

You know, shoes got soles, too.

'Cause even if Death is silence, it's bound to be relieving.
It will matter the least, then, what you happened to believe in
Unless, of course, it was yourself you spent your time deceiving.

If you're here, then you're here for an entertaining beating
At the hands of some illuminated things.
It's a practical joke.It's a hand and a rope
--a noose, a lifeline? Your lifetime; your agency.
It's a playground of miserable majesty
And there's just no way 'round THE OLDE PAIN ACADEMIE.

A tiny, ancient thing walked across the page I'm writing on
At peril of my brushing its life away.
I let it live. I thought, "Yeah, it's the spirit of my inspiration
For this song." But it was gone...I had turned away.

I stood and saw a yellow leaf clinging to its former branch
Suspended by a silver strand, spinning silently.--
Hours after a storm, it hung STILL in the half-light
I thought, "Yeah! Right?! There's a flag I'd like to see."

Seemed like a flag for a star-spangled, psychedelic angel
Of a peace that holds fast, that takes suddenly.
One yellow leaf for one blue planet where one can find the Blues.
For this good news about THE OLDE PAIN ACADEMIE:

The end is near.
In fact, it's here.

Pain

O, in middling school, I could follow a ruler
From a point to a point, and then back again.
And, I had a friend who said,
"Let's play kill eachother."
He put his hands around my neck;
mine went back on his.

Then he said,
"When I say, 'Go!' we choke eachother
Until someone gives in...you ready, brother?"
As I wondered to myself,
"What would John Wayne do?"
He said, "Go!"

So, I gave him the bold strangle--
the fair, athletic angle.
I said, "Here comes THE OLDE PAIN ACADEMIE!"
I pressed my thumb into his thorax--hard--
and schooled him every time.
Looking back, I wonder if he got the best of me.
His name was Yu. That story's true.

Back then, I drew a life
that was full of bread and justice,
But this doesn't keep up with the scenery.
Since I've noticed some moments
I remember forgetting
For a reason, belief breathes in deep in me.

And every now and again
I squeeze my eyelids shut--to prove it.
I make out distant life
and the answer comes in music.
But, when I translate the tunes
into the words they become useless...

That's a normal, healthy symptom
of this world's systemic wisdom.
If it were easy to say, we would never see
Enough to love the view from this costume:
Naked Meat and Madness--
We study sadness--it's THE OLDE PAIN ACADEMIE.

O, I once met this song that can hold up thirteen bridges.
It says, "When you are bound, you're bound to be free."
Because being is something, you can't be doing nothing--
Which means nothing is an impossibility.

This was not an accident;
your whiskey needed water, too.
Don't you dare try to repent
for doing what you want to do.
So, you have created me?
I created YOU.

I know you must be wondering
if the devil made me do it.
And, the devil made me do it,
DID MAKE ME DO IT
Been told that devil makes us hate,
Been told that devil makes us fight.
that devil that God that's made of love--
He gave that devil life.

And the devil turned away from Him
so He could bring us light!
So, **when I get to thinkin'**
how the devil
made me do it,
I say,
"Man,
that devil...
he's alright.

I am just like everyone.
But, everyone just likes to see.
It always gets me right up front,
where everyone just likes to be.
So, I have lied to everyone.
Everyone was lying to ME.

Made Me Do It

Now, everyone is acting
like the devil
made me do it--
'cause the devil
made me do it.
DID MAKE ME DO IT