

Lewis Takes Off His Shirt

Owen Pallett

As soon as I got on the horse, I forgot about the math.
Forgot about the odds against an adolescent standing up to all of Owen's wrath.
The heat of prairie summer, impossible to take.
I grab the hem and lift the fabric over my sweet head.
I know what you're looking for, and I'm never gonna give it to you.
I'm never gonna give it to you.
I'm never gonna give it to you. Government rule established by a dazzling light show.
A hegemony armoured with a thousand-watt head and seven inches of echo.
I keep up my velocity, my spurs are in her sides.
I don't know what I'm doing, and it is the only way.
Toward the range I'll ride, singing, I'm never gonna give it to you.
I'm never gonna give it to you.
I'm never gonna give it to you. "I am overrated," said the sculptor to the sea.
"I've been praised for all the ways the marble leaves the man, and I was wrong to try and free
him."
And as for me, I am a vector, I am muscle, I am bone.
The sun upon my shoulders and the horse between my legs,
This is all I know.
My senses are bedazzled by the parallax of the road.
I concentrate to keep contained the overflow.
My knuckles grip so tightly, my fingers start to bleed.
What I have is what you need,
And I'm never gonna give it to you.
I'm never gonna give it to you.
I'm never gonna give it to you.
I'm never gonna give it to you.
I'm never gonna give it to you.
I'm never gonna give it to you.

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