

Realization Hits

Bent Shapes

We are social climbers, dead to rights,
but with a crippling fear of heights.
Rung by rung we come undone
and take ourselves down a notch or five. We are only human beings
taught to want what we all want:
the chance to monetize the things we love,
reduce a passion to a job. I vote
"all guts, no glory"
till forever or whenever things get boring, 'cause
I believe in underachieving
as a systematic tactic to preserve your freedom. This can't be what we're for;
believe they need you more.
Yes, we know 'next best'
it only tends to mean 'more dangerous'--
those who won't do what they're told.
Those prone to throwing stones at the hornets' nest. Conscripted into culture wars
fought proxy-to-proxy on the venue floor.
Talk is cheap and no one seems to care anymore
what you did or didn't say you signed up for. We're chasing oblivion.
Failure's never been this fun. Pick your battles, then your friends. [^]
[^]You'll never work in this town again.[^]
Well, if they hedge their bets on those empty threats
you can break it down for them: no gods, no master's degree,
a life full of disasters yet to happen to me.
All guts, no glory
keeps me from being self-congratulatory.
Failure's never been as fun
as when you're chasing oblivion,
and you know we'll never quit
singing realization hits.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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