

Day By Day By

Mike Doughty

The future is old news
Some ruse, the choice you choose
Decked out like a financier
Feckless like the fox you fear
Yeah, for the trophy cup
The university of prom queen runners-up
Drowse in the immeasurable
Pleather and wool, it's a headier pull
No chance, lose your trance
Napping like the sycophants

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I never laughed when I saw you dance
I never giggled at your elegance
Retrace your paces
Porous faces, come up aces
This, and you're ready to kiss
That, that, like an acrobat
Adventures unmentionable
Free and consensual

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Well, I swab, fix the job
I feel, nix the deal
Thereof, men to shove
Let's stay, soup of the day
It's time, love crime
It's real, things to feel
It's done, so's the fun
Be free, tread on me

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