

You're the Coliseum

Shearwater

They're more prepared to deal with pain perhaps
Than you could be in all your life's long years
The lazy lip of sea, it calmly laps
Beneath the looming disco's tens of tears
Or sure their fondest love is for a fake
An obviously fake contrived ideal
In hotels high above the foaming lake
Above bone plates he'd tie with lamb and veal
And breathing smoke since folded into air
And waving bills since spent on kid's grand schools
Some fat cat calculated it right there
The thing they'd turn so selflessly such tools
The polished plate betrays a vacant host
But they're more prepared to deal with pain than most