

# Mainstream

Thea Gilmore

Headstrong, heavy weather  
Going at it Hell-for-leather  
Red lights flashing on  
Some little pop song  
Boys get out your Balzac  
The Empire's gonna strike back  
The critics and the diplomats are living in a tin shack

Break-neck, full-tilt  
Climb the ladders they built  
Angels in the abattoir  
Junking up a good guitar  
Stale city bandwidth  
You don't get the language  
But don't pick on the girl who's only turning on the lightswitch

Are you going to swim the mainstream?  
Are you going to swim the mainstream?  
Or are you going to make that lightning?  
Are you going to swim the mainstream?

Heads-up, they'll say  
History was a big mistake  
Chews you up, spits you out  
Then asks you what the lip's about  
An old tin army  
A young James Dean  
And another kinda war that is waging in your bloodstream

A wildfire, wild-card  
This girl's been barred  
They drew the weapons, read the rules  
Sent the rebels back to school  
They'll book you for the next crime  
Get you in the nick of time  
So don't trust the captain who is sailing in a straight line

Are you going to swim the mainstream?  
Are you going to swim the mainstream?  
Or are you going to make that lightning?  
Are you going to swim the mainstream?

Now say your prayers, stay polite  
Busy saving daylight  
Age plays dirty tricks  
You're looking like a counterfeit  
He's gonna train us  
Can you really blame us  
If we grow up we're all going to be famous