

Just Like Ringing a Bell

Titus Andronicus

They're taking an old religion, fitting it with a different name

Now we're cutting our own incisions and inserting their hurting pain

It's another innocent victim shivering in the frigid cold

They're making a dirty fortune selling something that's barely working

An inferior version of rock and roll

Or whatever else ever has touched your soul

Call it what you will – there's a billion of them they sold

They're taking credit that they're not earning

Any good thing they ever sold they stole

Oh yeah

They're making a television different than the old one was

A limited deluxe edition, it's a superior version of

Of the previous week's installment, but ain't it all the same?

(Pretty much)

Yet I comfort myself at night with transmission by satellite

It's like a good enough facsimile of real love

I guess I got a habit same as everyone else does

We're all banging down doors, trying to grab that stuff

But we never should have left it up to the judge

that passed the bill that illegalized us

They illegalized us

Oh yeah

The inferior version, it isn't really rock and roll

It's but a shallow imitation – it doesn't really get ya goin'

And there ain't no good explanation why it's flying off the shelves

It's a sorry situation – entire world's going to hell

But I in no way blame myself

Though I helped those bastards to sell that inferior version we love so well

An inferior version of rock and roll

An inferior version of rock and roll

They're making a dirty fortune off an inferior version of rock and roll

Whoa yeah