

Strange Reunions

Yeasayer

Don't ask me for any favors
And I won't ask how you're doing.
Leave me alone
'Cause after all,
Dealing with you is a nuisance.

Ever since I was young I've been wondering this,
Why we walk on eggshells around the wholly dimwitted
And if your tongue slips we might have to take to task with all
of our hallowed institutions.

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If you could laugh at yourself what difference would it make?
You could ignore dang cartoons and you wouldn't turn into prey.
But if distance persists we'll preach to choirs raising high.
Well, needless, I will raise a celebration.

This feud is getting old.
No one is gonna be told to go along.
Most of the questions
Have easy answers.
Our only chance is let them be wrong.

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