

Bottoms Up, Socrates

Clutch

They came marchin' down the street in robes
In the spirit of the Spanish Inquisition
Guitars and trombones
Mechanical monkeys make good musicians

Streets urchins, the smugglers and dingos
Dead languages and living man's lingoes
Put the relics of the saint in a glass box
And march him around the block

Hangin' on the words of a madman
Islands in the abyss
No use for the poet
When the hopeless seek no bliss

Mason jars of petroleum
You know those kids don't play
And should you ever get a hold of them
I'll tell you exactly what they'll say

Time we told you son about the family curse
And when they opened up the diary
To gain an explanation
They find only terminal verse

Hangin' on the words of a madman
Islands in the abyss
No use for the poet
When the hopeless seek no bliss

X-ray visions, eye in the sky
And the naked being led by the blind
So Bottoms up, Socrates
Hemlock straight up goes down easy

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Islands in the abyss
No use for the poet
When the hopeless seek no bliss

X-ray visions, eye in the sky
And the naked being led by the blind
So Bottoms up, Socrates
Hemlock tastes like ripple wine

X-ray visions, eye in the sky
the naked being led by the blind
So Bottoms up, Socrates
Hemlock straight up goes down easy