

Un Rodo Cora – Infants on Ice – Lyrics

(Words & music: Bo Christo)

1. Shimai

If you're watching over your shoulder to look who's stalking now
If you think my time is up, and it's time to leave the ball
If you think it's acid rain rolling down my face
I just want you to know my name

You're my shimai
I am your bro
Your wings unfold
Take off, fly home

Pale and bright and black and white, snapshots in my mind
Colorful and toyful, joyful memories scattered around
Gone all hurtful or desertful, it's vivid all I see
The bride is coming down the aisle, the most beautiful scene

You're my shimai
I am your bro
Your wings unfold
Fly out, fly home

I know that day is coming this way, as sure as yesterday
When the ore is in the open, the jewels on display
And when you see it, when you know who I am
That is all I need, carry on

You're my shimai
I am your bro
Your wings unfold
Take off, fly home

2. Rodeo

There's a rodeo
In the neighborhood
And it's getting close
So I better go
And shut the door
It's déjà vu
Because I know
It's been here before
And I gotta go
And close the door
It's a tornado
I'm not paranoid
It's a déjà vu
I just told you so
And I gotta go
And board the door

And it's roaming down the street again
Flipping roofs around like leaves again
It's a rodeo

There's a rodeo
On my patio
And it's getting through
The outer door
In my abdominal regions
It's blowing down
The walls again
Just like dominoes
It's a hammer blow
And my bungalow
Is overthrown
Like a tidal bore
Has rushed ashore
And the undertow
Brought this vertigo

And it's tearing up the yard again
Debris over this heart again
It's a rodeo

Yes, it's tearing up the yard again
Debris over this heart again
It's a rodeo

And it's tearing up my heart again
Ripping all my limbs apart again
I knew it wasn't over then
I need to run for cover right away

And it's tearing up my heart again
Ripping all my limbs apart again
I knew it wasn't over then
It's too late to run for cover, it's the end
There's a rodeo

3. Shine

The line is broken
The unborn choking
A future stolen
And I'm not joking

It's not funny
It's not funny
Not funny at all

It's not funny
It's not funny
Not funny at all

Why is my head the one that's still talking

While the real ones are already ashes
It's the worst life I've ever had part in
Will they dance on my grave if I ask them?

Oh no

Everyday there's a man with a handgun
Everyday they leave laughter behind
Everyday there's a woman that won't run
Anyway they'll continue to shine

Everyday there's a man with a handgun
Everyday they leave laughter behind
Everyday there's a woman that won't run
Anyway they'll continue to shine

Oh yeah

The spell is broken
The curse awoken
Time is frozen
A world choking
Suffocated
Dislocated
It is broken
And I'm not joking

4. Questionnaire at the End of Days

If we got one last night to spend
Before this world will come to an end
Before the skies fall down on you
Well, what on Earth then would you do?

Would you open up that bottle you spared
Sink down in your favourite chair
And sing along to Annie and to Hair

Or would you fall down upon your knees
And then go looking for a priest
Or head out to your parent's place
Treat them to a ten-course feast

Would you rob a bank or a butchery
And give it all to charity
Or spend it on blackjack and slot machines

Would you call your secret high school crush
Say those things that made you blush
And check into The Hilton in a rush

Would you call your secret high school crush
Say those things that made her blush
And check into The Hilton in a rush

If we got one last night to spend
Before this world will come to an end
Before the skies fall down on you
What on Earth then would you do?

Head to the pub with your best friend
Or swallow every pill you can find
And hope to be asleep when it all ends

Or make a bungee jump without a cord
Or throw a party for everyone you know
Tell me what on earth that you would do?

5. The Problem

Voices crying in the dark
Reaching for the closed off hearts
Fumbling for a desperate spark
Mumbling, not allowed to talk

A song is rising in the air
Penned in anger and despair
A song that's penned for deaf ears
As half the world cannot hear

If you can't see it
Then you must be it
It shouldn't be a problem at all

A song is rising in the air
Penned in anger and despair
A song that's penned for deaf ears
As half the world cannot hear

You say that it's history
Good luck and may the best man win
And that is still the recipe
In the giant lottery

If you can't see it
Then you must be it
It shouldn't be a problem at all

6. Answer

There's a rumor walking around in borrowed clothes
A driveling, sniveling gnome
Spreading an infectious disease
Incurable, ugly, and mean

Telling tales about someone untrue
Someone wrongdoing you

Someone looking like me
Tales you must never believe...

...That they're true, not true, no true. It's not true
It's not true, not true, no true. It's not true

So please don't you ever believe
No please don't you ever believe

'Cause it is true, it's true, it's true. It is true
It's all true, all true, all true. It is true
It's all true, all true, all true. It is true
It is true, it's true, it's true. It is true
It's all true

7. Nostalgia, Tradition's Evil Twin

The Singer walks on stage
Singing songs of hate and love
The songs he's living for

His Longtime diehard fans
They don't really care
They only want to hear
The classic catalogue
Totally unaware that his way
Of looking forward and ahead
Is the reason they're all there

Stop the process
Back to good ol' days to come
So let's throw a wooden shoe
How far back is enough
Would stone age do?

So he's feeding them a bone
Picking up the phone
Calling to the past

Big smiles everywhere
Palms in the air
It's truly a blast
But you know it won't last
Because soon he's
Back to his craft

I ain't saying that we should tear down
The hailing statues
Bring them to ground
For every new dictator in town
No I say nothing at all

Nothing at all

Ain't it sad these people running back and forth

Spending half their given days
Longing for the one before

I ain't saying that we should tear down
The hailing statues
Bring them to ground
For every new commander in town
No I say nothing at all

8. Tables

So you cut the deal
Took them for all they had
Controlled it right from the start
Got what they deserved
An uppercut concealed
Pulled out like rabbit in hat
A real work of art
A lesson well learned
But then remember that
One day you might meet again
And the tables are turned

It is a beauty to see
Nature's way to succeed
How all the pieces
Are fitting just perfect
Someone has to be
Up there to take the lead
If we all were followers
We'd be walking in circles

Like the silver ball
Trouble is bouncing around
Right, left, up, right and left
And no one she serves
But nature has her laws
And slowly it's trickling down
And we all know where it ends
And who will be burned
So let's hope you won't meet again
When skies have cleared
And tables have turned
So let's hope you won't meet again
When skies have cleared
And tables have turned
Yes let's hope you won't meet again
When skies have cleared
And tables are turned

9. Question

I spoke to someone on the street love

I met a young man in the street love
He told me that he talked with you love
That he had taken you out my love

He told me that he loved you my love
He told me that you loved him too love
He told me that your love was true love
He said you were no longer my love
Oh my love
Oh my love

He told me that he love you my love
He told me that you love him too love
He told me that your love is true love (Say it isn't true)
He said you are no longer my love
Oh my love

10. Fighting Stupidity with Stupidity

No I don't want them banished
Or even hurt
But what if they could simply vanish
From this earth

Look at those shoes
Are those really clothes
You ask yourself

Something should be done about it
Something should be done by someone

The movies, the music they produce
It's just weirdness
Art should be fun and amuse
Or it's pointless

Something should be done about it
Something should be done by someone

Let's beat some sense into the sewer rats
Let's vote a strongman to clean the gutter up