

Consequence Of Sounds

Regina Spektor

**Same chord progression through out entire song besides the "aaaaaaaah" part

C# **G#**

My rhyme ain t good just yet,

D#m

My brain and tongue just met,

F#

And they ain t friends, so far,

My words donâ€™t travel far,

C# **G#**

They tangle in my hair,

And tend to go nowhere,

They grow right back inside,

Right past my brain and eyes

Into my stomach juice

Where they donâ€™t serve much use,

No healthy calories,

Nutrition values.

And I absorb back in

The words right through my skin

They sit there festering inside my bowels

The consonants and vowels

The consequence of sounds

The consonants and vowels

The consequence of sounds

Got a soundtrack in my mind,

All the time. Kids-

Screamin from too much beat up

And they don t even rhyme,

They just stand there, on a street corner,

Skin tucked in

And meat side out and shouting,

And Iâ€™d like to turn them down

But there ain t no knob.

Born into picket fences

Not into picket lines.

All this hippie-shit for the 60 s

And another clichÃ© for our time. But,

But a one of these days your heart

Will just stop ticking,

And they sorta just don t find you till your cubicle is reeking.

The consonants and vowels
The consequence of sounds
The consonants and vowels
The consequence of sounds
Ahh ah ah ah ahh ah ah ah

Did you know that the gravedigger s still
Gettin stuck in the machine
Even tough it s a whole other daydream.
It s another town it s another world,
Where the kids are asleep, where the loans are paid
And the lawns are mowed.
Whad ya think?
All the gravediggers were gone?
Just cause one song is done
Thereâ€™s always another one,
Waiting right around the bend,
Till this one ends,
Then it begins
Squeaky clean and it starts all over again.

The weather report keeps on
Tossing and turning,
Predicting and warning,
And warning and warning of,
Possible leakage from news publications and,
Possible leakage from news TV stations. That
Very same morning right next to her coffee
She noticed some bleeding and heard hollow coughing and
National Geographic was being too graphic,
When all she had wanted to know was the traffic
â€œThe worlds got a nosebleedâ€• it said
â€œAnd weâ€™re flooding but we keep on cutting
The trees and the forests!â€•
And we keep on paying those freaks on the TV,
Who claim they will save us but want to enslave us.
And sweating like demons they scream through our speakers
But we leave the sound on cause silence is harder.
And no oneâ€™s the killer and no oneâ€™s the martyr
The world that has made us can no longer contain us
And prophets are silent then rotting away cause

The consonants and vowels
The consequence of sounds.
The consonants and vowels
The consequence of sounds.
Ah ah ahâ€|

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