

Before the bitching and the bore  
The end of the cold war  
The principles they were apparent

The bucket beside the door  
The shoulder carries more  
Than the sum of all our parts together

It's extraneous, aware  
Did you say to us, I don't care

There's dust on my particulars  
Of that you can be certain  
It's times like these when I'm alone  
I miss the iron curtain  
Oh 65  
Oh 65

Now the trouble with hanging out  
Is the frequency of doubt  
As it enters in the new equation

In the circus of the stars  
There's the likelihood that ours  
Is just a cheaper form of neurosis

It's extraneous, aware  
Did you say to us, I don't care

There's dust on my particulars  
Of that you can be certain  
It's times like these when I'm alone  
I miss the iron curtain

The good things they proceed to rot  
The uselessness of smoking pot  
When you think of things  
You haven't got to say  
Oh 65  
Oh 65  
Oh 65  
Oh 65