

But it just looks so cold there from the bottom
Another part of another ritual
Standing in the kitchen, arms are braced against the counter
Swallowing like mercury down the drain

And the neighbors have been drinking
And they are raising quite a stink
Pretty soon they will be fighting
It can get pretty ugly

The city makes a hooting sound tonight
The owl on the roof has got it right
And if it's left to him he can take that stupid grin
And decapitate a rodent or a mouse

Take the B train or the shuttle
At the exit have a smoke
Try to spit onto the sidewalk
Instead you wipe it off your chest

I don't wanna freak
But the tongue erodes
Each time we speak
On a timely mission
Ohh, you look pretty swell
In your new position

Fiberglass, funny face upon the wall
It's funny when it's not funny at all
And if it's up to him, you can take the ways of sin
And smash it like a glass against the wall

But it's nothing too pathetic
Full of rhetoric and doubt
Carry on like little creatures
In the fields of the heart

I don't wanna freak
But the tongue erodes
Each time we speak
On a timely mission
Ohh, you look pretty swell
In your new position