

So you think life should be gay  
But You're wasting your times away  
Now you see me standing here and I say I'm down  
So you think it would be easy to play  
Have a little warm-up hear me today  
Drop your sorrow down into a deep frying pan.  
Fry'em down.

Refrain:

Put away your make-up  
Then you'll see we fake it all up.  
I know all your stories  
Never did they bore me more  
Beauty of a million years may die

So I think that all my thinking's enough  
Thanksgiving Yeah giving away presents  
presents freedom  
And in a way I feel great 'cause I give it  
away but I'm still down.

Refrain

Turning round your headsharks is making me sick  
and I'm puking while I'm wandering around  
in the feelds filled up and happy for relief  
I'm turning and falling to the ground to the leafs  
That smell I love is humid in the air and I'm feeling  
the decay with a bitch in my chair with a whore in  
my head with my lady in my heart I start disintegrating  
for I'm loving and I'm hating laughing.