

Funny, how we run around
and see what we got
we don't even know what it is we found.
And honey, take a look around.
By the time we get there, we won't
even know where it is we're bound.

Sometimes, when I look at you,
it seems you're the one
who's having more fun, it's smiling through.
Funny, how we hit the ground.
And see where we got,
ain't it funny or what, just look around.

This is the wicked lounge,
nothing's up that won't come down.
Mum's behind the curtains, prying.
Say, my dear, at least we're trying.
The sucking mouth of the lamprey say,
give me a reason.
The horny teeth that killed the prey,
now give me a reason.
Attacked by the polished dream,
the likes you find in a college,
seems like a flexible friend.

Someday your forehead
will dome in and drop dead.
Attacked by the polished dream,
the likes you find in a college
seems like a preferable end.