Rubberband, you're like a rubberband You keep on snapping back at me So this is jealousy Hollow vase, you're a hollow vase and when you talk to yourself You hear an answer back

What kind of world are you living in?
What type of sweet thing would make the medicine better?
What type of world are you waiting for?
You give me one one of those headaches
One drink won't take away
(Learning how to hate)

Rumour true, rumour false - it's all the same to you On cloud cuckoo
And every mistake I've ever made
Comes back to haunt me
My own fools gallery

Our clam chowder comes without the powder It doesn't happen here This is a nice place

What kind of world are you living in?
What type of sweet thing would make the medicine better?
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