

Mustache Man (Wasted)

Cake

Launching loony thoughts into the bending of your mind
You reach for something high but it's a mountain that you find
He's a king dust demon with an icepick smile
His music fills your feathers as you feel your passions fly

With the mustache man on the carpet of his van
You can feel your fatty tissues giving way to sweaty hands
And the woofers keep distorting and the tweeters kiss the girls

His horn-rimmed glasses lights a square beneath his curls

I have wasted so much time
I have wasted so much time

He is like a politician who is practicing a speech
He is racing, he is pacing, he is sleeping on his beat
As the sky begins to darken and the waves begin to roll
You can feel the oceans rising as you're losing all control

And meanwhile back at the Candlerock Lounge
It is past 11:30 and your friends are getting down
They're applying purple eyeshadow, drinking warm beer
They're wondering where you went to when you told them you'd be
here

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