

Cursewords sinking better than the metaphors
Soap opera is throwing out the radio
Spit over your shoulder when I'm crossing the road
This amulet brings bad luck for us all

I was once a believer
But now my heart turns in to a stone

Coldheart cynic
That's what's become of me
Coldheart cynic
That's what you've made of me
No longer the soothing rays of light
Now I'm a resident of night

What a sparkplug, what a shiny talent
What a good sport you are
This year's award goes to you
Congratulations and co-miserations