

I feel hypnotized.
The ground don't touch your feet
And deep within your eyes
The spiral comes to meet
My uncontrolled awareness of what the hell
I think just might possibly be going on.

It all began in Wrontown Vietnam.
Crawling up your leg a G.I. plastic man.
His face is strange. It's been rearranged.
It's time to meet his friends now take his hand.
Hey, they're looking at you.
Infants in the skies.
Hey, their tiny hands and feet
Begin to climb.
P.J. Moundoll turn around all bound to lose control.
Baby sins in Target bins, they want to eat your soul.

This little puppet's about to get rough.
You can't hide but you're laughing it up.
It's a marionette. Marionette. Marionette.

Hey, old Sniffinhammer takes another whiff.
Wait, you didn't think they'd treat you quite like
This.
Chuckle elf inside your home,
There's a thought inside it's brain.
Break the seal,
You'll never be the same.

This little puppet's about to get rough.
You can't hide but you're laughing it up
It's a marionette. Marionette. Marionette.

And there's a space man in the back of the Galaxy.
Oh, in his spaceman suit he's fighting mad at me.
The a spaceman in the back
Of the Galaxy attacks me
And he flies. Yes he flies.

This little puppet's about to get rough.
You can't hide but you're laughing it up
It's a marionette. Marionette. Marionette.