

I play cranial games
But at least I'm not programmed
To terrorize you
I'm loading up on the flame
But at least I know where I stand
And I don't really know it's true

You're easy on the eye and you never stop to wonder why
Free drinks are happening to you now
Free drinks I never should've let you drive
Free drinks are happening to you now

If you need pep talks to motivate you
Let my words inflate you
Into an unpopable balloon
In no uncertain terms you abide by agreed upon terms
Fine print is happening to you now
Fine print, you really should've lowered your eyes
Fine print is happening to you now

I moved your wheel of madness
I felt the hand of horror
I walked into your sadness
With a bottle of hair restorer
Go!

Don't say what you think
Stop thinking about what you say
These are your operational days

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