

Drifting on refuse paraded through the town square
Waving to the families of victims of the flood
Straddling the front door of a Catholic orphanage

I decorated it myself
Thank you, you're too much
Honestly, it was nothing

We should all just thank God I'm alive
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Don't shout I get a little confused sometimes
I can't make out a word you're saying
I've got a 21 gun salute playing
Over, and over, and over in my head
Can't it wait? I'm on call to be somewhere
Somewhere I'm not
In case the cleaning lady has found my head

Forgive my delay lieutenant
I'm the man the whole county requires

Take your gun out of my mouth
You are ruining my appetite
Get your bear trap off of my neck
I'm already running, I'm running late

Your distress is confounding the tightrope walker
Just so we're clear, you're saying we're all lost?
Maybe I'm wrong but weren't we just dancing?
Oh, the way we moved had every marauder curious
Sniffing at the trash in our shoes
Sharpening knives on the grindstone watch gears

I don't miss that much
About anything you said
After all, we've never met

I'll get it right, I'll get it right, I'll get it right
Stick my tongue down the throat of the moon