

Ballad Of A Thin Man

Golden Earring

Well you walk into the room, with your pencil in your hand
You see somebody naked and you say: who's that man
You try so hard, but you don't understand
Just what you will say when you get home

Because somethin' is happenin'
You don't know what it is
Do you, Mister Jones?

You raise up your head and you ask: is this where it is?
And somebody points to you and says: it's his
And you say: what's mine and somebody else says: Well what is?
And you say Oh my God, am I here all alone

But somethin' is happenin'
And you don't know what it is
Do you, Mister Jones?

You hand in your ticket and you go watch the geek
Who immediately walks up to you when he hears you speak
And says: how does it feel to be such a freak
And you say: "impossible" as he hands you a bone

And somethin' is happenin' here
But you don't know what it is
Do you, Mister Jones?

You have many contacts among the lumber jacks
To get you facts when someone attacks your imagination
But nobody has any respect, anyway they already expect
You to give a check to the tax-deductible Charity organizations

Ah, you've been with the professors and they've all liked your looks
With great lawyers you have discussed lappers and crooks
You've been trough all of their Scott Fitzgerald books
You're very well read, it's well-known

But somethin' is happenin'
And you don't know what it is
Do you, Mister Jones?

Well the sword swallower, he comes up to you and then he kneels
He crosses himself and he clicks his high-heels
And without further notice he asks you how it feels
And he says: here is your throat back, thanks for the loan

And you know something' is happenin'
But you don't know what it is
Do you, Mister Jones?

Now you see this one-eyed midget, shouting the word "Now"
And you say: for what reason, and he says "How"
You say: "what does this mean", and he screams back: "you're a cow"
Give me some milk or else go home

And you know somethin' is happenin'
But you don't know what it is

Do you, Mister Jones?

Well you walk into the room like a camel and then you frown
You put your eyes in your pocket and your nose to the ground
There ought to be a law against you comin' around
You should be made to wear earphones

'Cause somethin' is happenin'
And you don't know what it is
Do you, Mister Jones?