Are We Feeling Comfortable Yet

Guardian

Welcome, dear listener Are you comfortable? Put your feet up, close your eyes, let your senses dull Float like a beach ball Wearing cordless phones Let the tide take you, groove to the mellow tones Groovy

Who switched the into? Ah, but I digress Do you ever get that feeling you not so fresh?

Do you hang out nights at the launderette? Dreaming of the cure for stubborn stains? Want to climb into the big machine? Wonder how it feels getting really clean?

I know you know more than What you're coming clean for God is skin on mohair Just admit you itch there

Shift to the left, shift to the right Fidget, lock knees, cough cough Fidget, don't scratch, don't break out in a sweat Are we feeling comfortable yet?

I know you know more than What you're coming clean for God is skin on mohair Just admit you itch there

Ever sweat bullets At the sight of blood? Ever drag a half-ton cross through spit and mud?

Wouldn't want to plan too far ahead Wouldn't want to dwell on what's beyond Pondering death is a dirty biz Makes you wonder when your appointment is

Shift to the left, shift to the right Fidget, lock knees, cough cough Fidget, don't scratch, don't break out in a sweat Are we feeling comfortable yet? Loosen your tie, loosen your belt Clear your throat, fidget, cough cough Fidget, don't scratch, don't break out in a sweat Are we feeling comfortable yet?

Fidget to the left, fidget to the right Lock knees, cough cough Fidget don't scratch, don't break out in a sweat Are we feeling comfortable yet?