

Mighty screen light, tell me, tell me
Is there something I should know
Seven seasons of this sorrow
Of this misery, in the row

Hold my head high, stand on tiptoes
All my favorite people lie
Let's go places they don't go
Let's have a fever burn us bright

Hardly, hardly
Feeling better

All my nurses fill their papers
Could be deadly, maybe not
All my doctors scratch their heads off
Why don't I like what I've got

I don't know what I want, but
I want it now

Mighty screen light, all my poets
Drink a lot and play pretend
Give me more of this and promise
It's not forever, or be damned

Hardly, hardly
Feeling better

All my nurses fill their papers
Could be deadly, maybe not
All the doctors scratch their heads off
Why don't I like what I've got

I don't know what I want, but
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