

## Gamelan

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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  
I want it now