

It all works out
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I'm waiting for a word beyond our history
And paper tigers dance about within the mystery
Clover of substance I can't put my finger on
And stepping over sidewalk cracks I'm catching the last one

The silent waiting room, the padded soundproof wall
Have become much more terrifying than the shadowed hall
So you can have your reasons for the bloody war
I know I don't want to hate you for what you're not sorry for

Kill the king
Strip the queen
Are you a friend
Dear Charlie Sheen

Roll over Johnny boy
Your song is on the tube
And with it died a dream of mine...
Releasing the balloon
It seems that lately nothing that I ever thought
Can stand up to the pressure of the crap that I have bought
So turn the page and be sure that you rip it out
'Cause it won't be there otherwise unless we figure out
That there are reasons yet behind this bloody war
And I don't want to hate you for what you're not sorry for

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Dear Charlie Sheen