

But it just looks so cold there from the bottom  
Another part of another ritual  
Standing in the kitchen, arms are braced against the counter  
Swallowing like mercury down the drain

And the neighbors have been drinking  
And they are raising quite a stink  
Pretty soon they will be fighting  
It can get pretty ugly

The city makes a hooting sound tonight  
The owl on the roof has got it right  
And if it's left to him he can take that stupid grin  
And decapitate a rodent or a mouse

Take the B train or the shuttle  
At the exit have a smoke  
Try to spit onto the sidewalk  
Instead you wipe it off your chest

I don't wanna freak  
But the tongue erodes  
Each time we speak  
On a timely mission  
Ohh, you look pretty swell  
In your new position

Fiberglass, funny face upon the wall  
It's funny when it's not funny at all  
And if it's up to him, you can take the ways of sin  
And smash it like a glass against the wall

But it's nothing too pathetic  
Full of rhetoric and doubt  
Carry on like little creatures  
In the fields of the heart

I don't wanna freak  
But the tongue erodes  
Each time we speak  
On a timely mission  
Ohh, you look pretty swell  
In your new position