

Ha, ha, world
Everyday I used to write you a letter
But you never wrote back
And you never made me feel any better

Always sitting here
Fretting and getting confused
Halfway desperate
For a headline of hope in the news
When the telephone rang
I spilled it all over my sweather

The call was for me
And I answered the phone in the kitchen
But the room was too hot
I forgot I was cooking my chicken

I was burning like hell
But the stove wasn't on
Then the voice on the line
Says the chicken is gone
The reciever goes dead and it
Hums while the plot starts to thicken

Would I have hung up the phone had I known
The whole room would start swaying
I was instantly cold
And I knew why my life wasn't paying
I had money and fame
But my wealth wasn't wise
What good are the coins on a dead man's eyesv and the
Ringing of chimes in my head
Said it's time to start praying

I been sitting here praying
And laying up treasures in heavenv I was home and the
Front door was locked
When the clock struck eleven
I heard the bride outside yell millenium
Though the sun was still up
The twelfth hour has come

The bible says
Without a vision the people perish