

A wallflower living in a guntower
He's whistling the Brandenburg Concerto thing
Because he can be Sam collapsing and hysterical
And I laugh at the world it's hysterical
And I love the way it turns
He's a going under living out Blue Thunder
Bite the ankles of greed and kicked in the teeth
But if you don't bite the hand that feeds
That hand would own your soul and you dreams
Like it owns everything
And I love the world it's hysterical
And I love the way that it turns
Most things are more certain in this world
You can buy Sam and you can buy me you can't buy
Everything you can buy a washing machine
You can even buy me and you can take away the war
And the Brandenburg Concerto
Still whistles on the breeze you can buy a
Video you can buy Sam's jeans it's as if all I
Had known was in fact a cancer that had
Grown into an exotic dancer never a wish
Or a battered eye like a dirty old sod
Makes a pass out of a smile the tentative booms that are
Propped up and cocked up and speaking double Dutch
And seeming strangely shell shocked
And I love the world it's hysterical
And I love the way that it turns
And most things are more certain
In this world this world this world