

Philadelphia

Magazine

Your clean-living, clear-eyed
clever, level-headed brother says
he'll put all the screws
upon your newest lover
Buddha's in the fireplace
the truth's in drugs from Outer Space
maybe it's right to be nervous now

Who are these madmen!
what do they want from me!
with all of their straight-talk from their misery

Everything'd be just fine
if I had the right pastime
I'd've been Raskolnikov
but Mother Nature ripped me off
in Philadelphia
I'm sure that I felt healthier
maybe it's right to be nervous now

I had liberty of movement
but I'm so lazy
I'm so lazy
I'm just so lazy

You're just a big kid
you're not so big at that
you never got the hang of it
now you're being looked at

Where have I seen you before!
'Same place you saw me, I expect
I've got a good face for memories'
in Philadelphia
I'm sure that I felt healthier
maybe it's right to be nervous now