

There's a space man in my basement
there's an IV keeping time beside my bed
and a painting of Jesus wandering
for a dart board
you know he's seen you naked a million times

I long to be dead
and sleep with the fishes under the sea
they can swim through my head
and stop all the traffic jams
stop all the traffic jams
and there'll be no light tonight
if I'm fated

There's a cartoon killer in my livingroom
cut you open like candy and pull out your little wound
like tv dinners for the third world
and amputee dancing girls
you try but you fail cause you're bad at life
and good in a vacuum

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