

I can only feel and think in the language of  
Cliches others have concocted for you  
Prefabricated pre-conception  
Worn like the walls around you  
All around you

How good to walk-with the caprice of God  
How good to talk-with the caprice of God  
Build your ivory tower  
So you can scratch the sky

How could I forget that, you're not finished yet and that  
All that you have done, still adding up the sum  
This totem has some use, the total of abuse  
Real life is never used as truth  
Angry artillery on your tongue  
Bows and arrows highly strung  
Same shadow I can see right through  
Whenever I picture you

How good to walk-with the caprice of God  
How good to talk-with the caprice of God  
An ordinary human-an ordinary mortal, and ordinary model  
Build your ivory tower-so you can touch the sky

Don't hide inside the sentiment  
The real test is never finished yet  
Face up, collect the interest  
Of all the idiots you should detest

How good to walk-with the caprice of God  
How good to talk-with the caprice of God  
An ordinary human-an ordinary mortal-  
An ordinary model