

Head Like a Haunted House

Queens of the Stone Age

Your head's like a haunted house
A tutti frutti written over the caption
Miss diagnosis a-with-a the mostest
Cue the evil smile
Desperation can led to madness
De-de-degradation is a must
The A, B, C's of leprosy

Need a hand? Take mine
We're subleem, sublime
Fake apologize
Fucks in short supply

Too late, too slick, too young
Gag the bag reflex, spoken tongues
Séance, say what?
Say man, don't even think about it
Push the pest-aside
Xanadu's and xanadont's
Edumacate me, copulate me
A dirty trick and it's making me sick (Urgh!)

(You okay?) I'm fine
Let's go! Is my sign
We're subleem, sublime
G-g-g-goddamn crime

Tonight
I'm gonna put up a fight
I'm gonna get a reaction that I like
Burn the days
I reject your displays
I demand satisfaction or the knife
To trick the light fantastic, one takes wire on the shins
Petty disguises worn like skins, a distinction, nice
Drink the kool-aid and swallow the pill
You say that you don't and you won't, but you will
Busted

Your head's like a haunted house
Peeping at your mumbo jumbo
Outta sight, going bump in the night
Screwacide
With posterier so superior
Ain't in the race for second place
Circumstances in my pants
Is calling for action
Girl, I'll blow your mind
Then you will blow mine
We're subleem, sublime
Goin' for a ride