

## Crispin Glover

Scarling.

They don't love you anymore  
Blood trails blackmails  
Leave a light on  
And Put a key in the back door

Yeah they're laughing at you  
They're not laughing with you

It's another guilt slip  
On my Freudian trip  
And I think the jokes on me

Bad seeds grow weeds  
Crispin Glover  
I wish you were on my TV  
Girl Bruise Sad News  
On her birthday  
Turn the channel and you'll see

That they're laughing at us  
they're not laughing with us  
And I think the jokes on me

Just another guilt slip  
On my Freudian trip  
As we choke on the irony

Yeah they're laughing at us  
they're not laughing with us  
And God damn the jokes on me

Just another drug slip  
On my Pagan Field trip  
Are you saint or celebrity?

Crispin Glover save us all