

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