

Possessions never meant anything to me  
I'm not crazy  
Well that's not true I've got a bed  
And A guitar  
And a dog named Bob who pisses on my floor  
That's right I've got a floor  
So what? So What? So What?  
I've got pockets full of lint and holes  
Where everything important to me  
Just seems to fall right down my leg  
And onto the floor  
My closest friend, linoleum...linoleum  
Supports my head, gives me something to believe  
That's me on the beachside combing the sand  
Metal meter in my hand  
Sportin' a pocket full of change  
That's me in the street with a violin under my chin  
Playing with a grin  
Singin' jibberish  
Thats me on the back of the bus  
Thats me in the cell  
Thats me inside your head  
Thats me inside your head