

I'm in Touch with Your World

The Cars

You can tuck it on the inside
you can throw it on the floor
you can wave it on the outside
like you never did before
you get the diplomatic treatment
you get the force fed future
you get the funk after death
you get the wisenheimer brainstorm

I'm in touch with your world
so don't you try to hide it
I'm in touch with your world
and nobody's going to buy it
it's such a lovely way to go

I've been lying on your feathers
you keep talking about the weather
I'm a psilocybin pony
you're a flick fandango phoney
it's a sticky contradiction
it's a thing you call creation
everything is science fiction
and I ought to know