

Lying outside Graumann's Chinese Theatre  
Drowning in my own blood  
A woman dips her skirt into the gutter  
She's reaching down to take part of my soul  
She's reaching down to take me up inside her  
She's reaching down to make me into God

Lie down on the floor and keep calm  
Lie down on the floor and I'll be there  
Godjohn!

Good morning Mr. Hoover, I'm here again  
You got my body, you didn't get my will  
Scarred with years of sex and stretch marks  
A new hairstyle to cover all my ills  
You keep my soul at home inside a bottle  
You keep my soul at home, you think you're safe  
You keep my soul at home inside a bottle  
Now open it and try to take a taste

Lie down on the floor and keep calm  
Lie down on the floor and I'll be there  
Godjohn!

Public enemy number one, the outlaw  
A hero figure for the young  
Created by the old for some amusement  
Created by the old to be a god  
But they can all fuck off 'cause I don't want them  
Fuck off to their homes up in the sky  
Just send me down a burger and some french fries  
Tomorrow I am gonna die

Lie down on the floor and keep calm  
Lie down on the floor and I'll be there  
Godjohn!