

Empires crumble in the distance  
Violet crumble in my bowl  
Conspiracy theory, Timothy Leary  
None of this is good for my soul

Salamander extravaganza  
What if I sing like Mario Lanza?

Anyway, in my own way  
I don't make sense any more  
It's so hard to fake  
One lucky break  
Champagne and cake

Young Master Morris has a closet in the forest  
But where were the bears when he let down his hair  
Pieces of ice dragging over the windscreen  
Look out Wonderland we're bursting through the black screen

Anyway, in my own way  
I don't make sense any more  
It's so hard to fake  
One lucky break  
Cocaine and cake

Millions of consumers are lost in the rumors  
Overhead the weather sparked lava on their leathers  
Fighting real fires with the rabbis and the friars  
The butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker

You know that all of them are users  
None of them are takers  
Making Sunday music with their tom-toms and their shakers

Anyway in my own way  
I don't make sense any more  
It's so hard to fake  
One lucky break  
Champagne and cake

Anyway in my own way  
I don't make sense any more