

Mr. Richard Jones
skull and two crossbones
can't be bought or sold
detached and lost and cold
everyone he knows wears a black halo
impulse misery waiting on Queen Street

Stand your lonely ground, in the middle of nowhere
things come round and round
to the middle of nowhere

Fashion lies in seasons
leaves from the spring to fall
so you have your reasons
for not having it all
but the cold winter coming back

Stand your lonely ground
in the middle of nowhere
things come round and round
to the middle of nowhere

Send the good on down and you pretend to care
things come round and round
to the middle of nowhere

meanwhile we're all damned

Mr. Richard Jones
please don't break my bones
impulse misery hurts too much for me

Stand your lonely ground
in the middle of nowhere
things come round and round
to the middle of nowhere