

I was dressed for success  
But success - it never comes  
And I'm the only one who laughs  
At your jokes when they are so bad  
And your jokes are always bad  
But they're not as bad as this...

Come join us in a prayer  
We'll be waiting, waiting where...  
Everything's ending here  
And all the sterile striking  
It defends an empty dock  
You cast away and rain upon your forehead  
Where the mist's for hire  
If it's just too clear  
Let's spend our last  
Quarter stance randomly  
Go down to the outlet once again  
Painted portrait of minions and slaves  
Crotch mavens and one night plays  
Are they the only ones who laugh  
At the jokes when they are so bad?  
And the jokes are always bad  
But they're not as bad as this

And all the Spanish candles unsold  
Have gone away to this  
And a "run-on piece of mount on"  
Trembles, shivers, runs down the freeway  
I guess she spent her last quarter randomly  
I guess a guess is the best I'll do