

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 mavers 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