

My cell is ringing
No ID
I need to know who's calling

My garden's overgrown
I go out on my belly crawling
I got CCTV, pornography, CNBC
I got the nightly news
To get to know the enemy

All I want is a picture of you
All I want is to get right next to you
All I want is your face in a locket
Picture in my pocket
I take a pill to stop it

I know these fast cars
Will do me no good

I'm going nowhere
Where I am it is a lot of fun
They're in the desert to dismantle an atomic bomb
I watch them channel hop
Check the stocks
I'm in detox
I want the lot of what you've got
If what you've got can make this stop

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Your face in my pocket
Take a pill to stop it

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Will do me no good

Don't you worry about your mind
Don't you worry about your mind
Don't you worry about your mind
Don't you worry about your mind

You should worry about the day
That the pain it goes away
You know I miss mine sometimes

There is no fiction
That will truly fit the situation
I'm documenting every detail
Every conversation
I'm not used to talking to somebody in their body
Look, there's somebody in a body, somebody in a body