

So your back here where you started
In the land of kiss and tell
Where they cure your (auto something)
Just for fun 'cos you do it well
And your eyes shine so brightly
Like the dew in a tropical land
As you slobber over vomit
Served with cocktail and some crackers
And your agents anorexic great at given head
Likes a snifter in the morning
And carrot juice in bed
And the M. D. has a fetish
For small Cornetto cones
I guess he blames his parents
Who left him on his own

Here come the puppets, the ideal stars
Friendly on T.V., friendly in bars
Send in the medics
They think they've got ethics
Painting the clouds with sunshine everyday

There are many splendid things in life
Things we can't conceive
Like the fig in the figroll
And the mix in (Lisa's jeans)
Dyslexic when you're drinking
Backwards on your knees
Happy ever after all
You were only trained to please
(born in clouds come) heavy
Full of heavy metal dust
It's raining stranger afternoons
Not knowing who to trust
Silence is unfamiliar
Living in a stereo swell
Mercy feels his mistress
An ace from T.V. hell

Here come the puppets, the ideal stars
Friendly on T.V., friendly in bars
Send in the medics
They think they've got ethics
Painting the clouds with sunshine everyday
Everyday, everyday, everyday

Everyday, everyday, everyday
Everyday, everyday