Bless my cotton socks I'm in the news The king sits on his face but it's all assumed All wrapped up the same All wrapped up the same They can't have it You can't have it I can't have it too Until I learn to accept my reward Prisoners stand in queues and stand in queues Live in solitude like Howard Hughes All wrapped up the same All wrapped up the same Silence has it Arrogance has it I can't have it ooh Until I learn to accept my reward Suddenly it struck me very clear Suddenly it struck me very clean All wrapped up the same All wrapped up the same They can't have it You can't have it I can't have it too Until I learn to accept my reward