

I live in a box. I live on a one way street, but I don't mind.
'Cause I live alone. Nobody has to share my home.
And if I could choose I might pick a bigger box
But that's all I'd change, until I get a credit card
My home on the range is underneath my black hat
Until I wake up

I will not be watching you so you should not be watching me

I've got what I need. I've got a car that doesn't work.
I've got blood to bleed. I've got a bar of soap. I've got shamp
oo too
So I look like me but I smell like you.
I won the Nobel Prize. I made a thinner dime.
You know I'll get my act together when I find the time
But right now I think that living is a place to lie down.
You see I rule the dirt, so I'm the king of this town.

I live in the dark. I live in the silence, and I can say
That I see and hear how much more than the average bear
And if I could choose I might pick a darker void
But that's all I'd change, until I get a bigger club
My home on the range is somewhere in the closet,
Until I wake up.

I will not be watching you so you should not be watching me

So here's what we've got. You tell me what I am.
I'll tell you what I am not. You tell me what I'm not.
I'll tell you what I am. We'll both scratch our heads
Like we give a damn. Please tell me who comes out ahead
Was it me or you? Was it me or you? (probably you)

I live in my skull. I'm under my eyelids. You can't touch me.
'Cause I'm fast asleep. You wouldn't like the friends I keep.
And I could choose I might pick a larger head
But that's all I'd change, until I get a safe way out.
My home on the range is right behind my eyeballs.
And don't you dare wake me up.