Does anyone in here get hit with inside fever,
So bad sometimes it's hard to move around?
They'll show you all the things you are not doing,
Instead of helping you they'll block ya out.
And you're whining you shouldn't waste your morning,
But the couch fibers kept you inside.
Said I'm so sorry I came in late this evening,
But all the clocks around the town had died,
And all the fruit stores' colors were so bright,
With couples smiling, cooking things tonight,
And what were all those troubles on my mind?
Oh, I took a walk...

(Cough!
Sniff...)
Well, uh,
Just what I need, right? The morning light.
The room (cough) we all have,
No more any
I just listen tonight,
And all we know,
Is all that I have,
Is in control.

The room is still a little hot. And I don't break til a midnight shock. Are you coming out tonight? Pretend I am? Well, I just might. The room is filled with ancient dates, Where I've been and what I ate. Before I'm asked to throw them out, I play with every little doubt. The room is filled with gummy bears, Electric shavers, ingrown hairs. I keep the curtains tied in knots. You sleep on cotton, rest in cots The room is filled with catalogues, Encyclopedias, books enough, To keep me busy in the morning. Sun sets fast without a warning. The room is filled with cords and plugs, Electronic translucent bugs. And what's that crawling all around? What's that twitching, is it still alive!? Is it still alive!? Is it still alive!?

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With couples smiling, cooking things tonight,

And what were all those troubles on my mind? Yes, I took a walk.
Oh, I like a walk.
Oh, I like a walk.