

It's so easy to laugh at yourself
And all those jokes
Have already been written
Seems like another vain attempt
To let yourself fall out of the oven
Holy mountains
They look so tired
And it's a perfect day
To lock yourself inside
Who you fooling' with the fools are right
It's the same thing
But it's almost as different
Hard to tell when it pacifies your mind
Leaves you stranded with a broken engine
Lazy desert looks so mangled
Let me drown in a convalescent bliss
Get up from your bed of rest
Been a long time since you've lived
But the static in your mind
Leaves you hollow and unkind
With a shock electric wave
Turns you on
You've been flunked out
Of the devils house
Delinquent hygienes are so abrasive
Some distortion that's never been known
On the treadmill
You've been running' forever
Holy mountains, they look so tired
And it's a perfect day
To lock yourself inside
Be gone