

Going Insane

Ben Kweller

Purple sky, mountain high
Tambourine type of guy
She's all balled up inside
With good reasons why

Purple sage, golden age
Hard to breathe inside the cage
We've come so far now
To be on a different page

"March with me," says the leader of the pack
Should've skipped ahead, three steps back
Nobody saw the crack
We're going insane
We're going insane

Air guitar, smoky bar
Throw your shit into the car
Drive on into the night
With no cares how far

Family crest, treasure chest
Love the one and kill the rest
No use in changing
When you're just a guest

"March with me," says the leader of the band
It doesn't get better than life in the van
With an axe in your hand
We're going insane
We're going insane

Rattlesnake, carrot cake
Let them love, for heaven's sake
There is more to this
Than most people think

Summer drought, walk about
They used to talk, but now they shout
They're all balled up inside
And let the whole thing out

"March with me," says the leader of the world
To the earthling boy and the earthling girl
Even if we find the pearl
We're going insane
We're going insane
We're going insane
We're going insane