I've really got to clean up my room You know it's been so long since I've seen my floor It's getting kind of scary in fact I suspect That when I finally clear away I won't know her anymore How we'll have grown so far apart From those early days with the fresh new start So in the end it won't matter at all So why should I bother with the rise and the So I quietly lay back down And watch TV But these are the things we tell ourselves Eventual stories designed to amuse It's a game we play and we play it well In fact we're so damn good that we try to So we can keep hiding So we can survive And keep on believing Someday we'll go outside & drive Gonna go outside & drive... I have resolved not to leave my house Till my floor comes back and my room is clean So I'm really kind of glad that my TV's here While I concoct my plan to fulfill my dream Now won't that be wonderful when I'll finally be done You know I just can't wait for it then I'll start to have fun It's getting hard lately to concentrate All my appointments canceled cause I'm horribly late You know I think I need a prison In order to dream of being free But these are things we tell ourselves Eventual stories designed to amuse It's a game we play and we play it well In fact we're so damn good that we try to lose So we can keep hiding So we can survive And keep on believing Someday we'll go outside & drive Now weeks have gone by and my room's not done In fact I could say that it's gotten much Old Chinese food and ravioli cans Amongst the crumpled letters the mood's quite perverse But I got a new TV with a remote control Styrofoam and instructions fill the hole Where I once cleared a path where I once

blazed a trail To the bathroom, but I fear that a nail Is buried there now so I step very rarely And try not to get out of bed You know tomorrow I'll get up and I'll walk out my door And life will return to the way that it was But I think I'm getting sick I'd better give it a day It mustn't get a foothold, but it usually does So I'll sit right here till I'm old and gray I need my rest after all I'm wasting away And I just saw a cockroach crawl out of my sneaker I think he's biding his time till I get somewhat weaker Things could still turn out alright As long as I'm not dad As long as I'm ... I'm...I'm not... I'm not dead, no I'm not dead But these are the things we tell ourselves Eventual stories designed to amuse It's a game we play and we play it well In fact we're so damn good that we try to lose So we can keep hiding So we can survive

So we can keep hiding
So we can survive
And keep on believing
Someday we'll go outside & drive
Gonna go outside & drive
What's it like outside