

Happy Most of the Time

Brendan Benson

Lately I've been thinking
that this world keeps on shrinking
and it just keeps getting smaller every day.
And last time I checked
I was about the size of an insect.
And with just about as much to say.
One look into those pretty green eyes, dear,
tells me, 'I'm hooked'.
And it comes as no surprise, dear.
Oh, no!
I know, I've been walking around here
like a zombie.
But I'd say, 'I'm happy most of the time, dear.
Most of the time, dear.'
So why am I so teary eyed?
Never less than mystified.
So impressed with everything you do.
You could hoot and holler.
You can wear a starched white collar.
But there's just no way of gettin' over you.
Cuz one look into those pretty green eyes, dear,
tells me, 'I'm hooked.'
It's really no surprise, dear.
Oh, no!
I know, I've been walking around here
like a zombie.
But I'd say, 'I'm happy most of the time, dear.
Most of the time, dear.'
I can just remember the 14th of November.
The year of the dog and rightly so.
Choking on the atmosphere,
screamin' get me out of here.
There's too much goin' on and I just don't know.
But I think I've seen the worst of it.
I'd say I'm quite well versed in it.
So I think I'll lay 'em down and call your bluff.
The taste of blood upon my lips,
the heavenly sway of your teenage hips,
nothing in this world comes close enough.
One look into those pretty green eyes, dear,
tells me, 'I'm hooked'.
I don't look surprised, dear.
Oh, yeah!
It came out of the clear blue sky, dear,
and it struck me.
I'd say, 'I'm happy most of the time, dear.
Most of the time, dear.'