

Leftfielder, living in a suitcase Comfortable shoes, photo album and toothpaste Road atlas, learning my way around Kissing the pavement, lucky cause I may have drowned Hotel notepad, three pens for five dollars Black, red and blue, recommended by scholars On foot, talking loud and telling fortunes Steadily building up an empire and selling portions Spinning plates, disappearing, walking the high wire Sawing a woman in half, on trial by fire Call me country, I'm dry as a bone Perhaps I would die if I was alone I pray to Saint Christopher and shout at the devil I made a million promises and have broken several Man of the moment, trying to get some more And you never heard it like this before Fly fisherman, don't know, don't care Straight out of the muddle of butt fudge nowhere Champion of breakfast, reverse kleptomaniac Rainy day wallflower, what did you expect Pickled beats everywhere, daily pollution Everyone's looking for a saline solution Give me a lawnmower, something made of wood Beat up contraptions that smoke when they heat up Pygmalion, big city grease monkey Maybe the most honest, probably the least funky Raccoon with rabies, backstage hermit crab Give me your Zippidily Do Da and I will turn it sad Permanent scar on a smooth face of mediocrity Just leave it up to me to rock it awkwardly Tin can evangelist, trying to make some more And you never heard it like this before