

Gainer from the balcony  
Swan dive into the concrete  
They served you venison and morphine  
Nobel'd you for your good deeds  
It's in the twelve steps  
Against a death threat  
It's like a seat belt  
Against a hurricane  
You're in the first class  
Against a tailspin  
With the dizygotic twin of God in the cockpit

Ooo  
You try to turn it off  
But you're too turned on by it  
Ooo  
You try to wake up

So you're a lost lamb dying on the range in the heat  
Soft guts waving on the vulture come and get the meat  
And served you television in a tyranny  
They Teen Choice'd you for your good grief  
Is it the slow stalk  
From the philistine  
Or in the wolf club  
Against instinct  
Or in the Red Cross  
Against the hidebound  
With the dizygotic twin of God at the slaughterhouse

Ooo  
You try to turn it off  
But you're too turned on by it  
Ooo  
You try to wake up  
But then you're over it  
You're over it

Stumbled drunk out on the balcony  
Saw the moonlight in the concrete  
The band played "Nearer My God To Thee"  
Death was begging for your company  
Was it the Brown bag  
Around the Popov  
Or in the Six men  
Carrying the casket  
Beak of a dead dove  
Brocken and stomped on  
While the dizygotic twin of God owns the flower shop

But you're too turned on by it  
You try to turn it off  
But you're too turned on by it  
You try to turn it off  
But you're too turned on by it  
Now you try to wake up  
But then you're over it