

None of Your Business Man

Fucked Up

Excuse me, sir, I think I'm lost, I must have got my wires crossed

I came the way I always do but the things here all seem somehow new

I was sent to get some files but I haven't been back here in a while

My desk is just down the hall but I don't remember this at all, no!

None of your business, man

Please tell me where I am

None of your business, man!

Perhaps I'll go look somewhere else, and thank you very much as well

Oh, now my coat's caught on a tack, tonight I'll have to sew it back

A coffee, yes, I won't decline, now look I've spilled some on my tie!

Just let me go and tidy up, I won't be long, let me catch up, oh!

None of your business, man

Misplaced, far-flung I am

None of your business, man

We all have a choice in this life you see, so tell me, boy, what's it going to be?

Sit down and work and fill your heart with warm dreams of prosperity

Or waste it all to float into that endless mire's frivolity
With urchins, fools, and vagabonds aboard the train to Babylon
To fritter time and misbehave, and flush your life right down the drain?

Out from the stall right next to me came a man who looked diseased

So ripe he smelled, of smoke he teemed, he wheezed at me to "do see my dreams"

Into the stink he disappeared, I hurried out, and feeling fear
I stumbled back into the hall and smelled the colours of the walls

I had curled up in a ball when came a most egregious howl:

"David, have you lost your mind? Get back to your desk and may I

Remind you lest you did forget, we come to work here, not to get

So out of suits! I feel inspired, clean out your desk punk, you're fired!"

Fire spurted from my eyes and set the tower floor alight

The workers danced like happy clowns, I got on the lift going down

I made a friend inside a bin with golden hair who laughed and said

"Oh, once I had a dream you see, but things aren't always as they seem, so"