

Shook

Fyfe Dangerfield

I am shook
Call me Shook

What are you?
You riddle
Fever on a hook

What is this fire we're on?

All eyes at the edge of the drive
Keep your ice on the drive
Keep my eyes on the edge of the drive
I mean really
All hail the weatherman

I got so involved in your ghost stories
Now I can't even see the path before me
Oh, what have you done to me?

Richter scale anxiety
What the hell's become of me?
Help me

My roller skates keep sliding off
Thank god for Mr M(a)cintosh
Truly

These are brash times
Slappety-dash times
Am I hanging in the balance?

Serpent souls and cyclone sailboats saw me
Oh we got so, got so, got so enstoried