

## Mesmer

## Gazpacho

Mr. Mesmer counts to three and the evening's done  
I was high as a sunrise  
Cold as a loaded gun  
Tugging at my shirt she screams like a banshee

I'll hunt him down like a dog  
I know where he works where he lives and the stories  
he's sold  
Poor mans excuse for right  
And a whole lot of people know where he stayed last  
night

So now you live within a dream  
That no one ever will believe

Don't wake up the neighbours when  
In the darkness I fulfill you  
The last of many men  
Can't you see that I am golden

And I'm going on my own  
Trying to make a little sense of what I'm doing here as  
I juggle the sideshow  
Fell down on your knees by the virgin where you got  
your fortune told  
By the old man in Singapore now wasn't that real close  
Had a handful of glitter  
You'll find everything he said

And I know you had to go  
And I miss the belief of her

We learn to cry at birth  
We're all sitcom infants  
With some god that must hate us  
Check mate stranger the virgin's falling out of the sky  
And you're moving like a little bunny in a black &  
white cartoon  
I'm howling with my demons, they're candy apple red  
Can't you hear the thunder rolling down  
Can't you feel the thunder rolling down  
As you stagger home

No one's mad enough to see  
That it's winter in July  
I got an animal in me  
And the scream is always wild

Dont wake up the neighbours when  
In the darkness I fulfill you  
The last of many men  
Can't you see that I am golden