

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

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