

Hey you've been acting strange
Hard like hand-grenade
Hocking up lemonade
We see it crystal clear
Low hanging chandelier
Wearing a vicious sneer

Before I lose my mind
I leave a trail of slime
To find my way back home
If you stay gone too long
You won't find me

Why do you make me hunt you down?
Why do you give me the runaround?
That's far enough
You need to turn around
Just be easy Baby
We'll end on solid ground

You've got us far from home
Soup can telephone
No Piss-pot or window
If you hit tougher times
Just grab a white paper let it ease your mind
You always got to help a brother when he's in a bind
So leave the roach behind

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