

I'm Mr. Fahrenheit taking my time
Among the delicate, high, screaming me, mine and I
So, tell me
Aren't those awful big words?
And ain't it such a cruel world?
And ain't we just spinning tops, lost

So duplicitous, no, it's never been us
And entitlement will cut through any semblance of trust
So, cut me down, light me up,
Man, I'm good, that's enough
I can't bear to be around
For when they see what we've done

Mister, why so blue?
Can't you see the children smile at you?
Slow down, Mister Blue
Why do the others laugh at you?
God, what have they done to you?

Demented delicate, a twist in the spine
I'll take the dirt, take my chances with the bleach and the lime,
It's alright
Can we make all the pain go away?
Just make it stop
The tremor in my brain

Oh, the nerve of the world!
Oh, the gall and the hurt!
The preacher men predict the second
Coming, oh lord!
If we're confused within an inch of our lives
How much longer can we take our time?

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If I'm losing my way
If I've got nothing to gain
Then why should I stay in a world full of pain?
How much more can I take
How much longer can I stay?

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