

## Fun For The Masses

Jonathan Wilson

I sat on your bed and poisoned my head  
Oh, how many girls and how many guys  
How many goes a thousand times  
How many girls and how many guys

I won't be the last to ponder your past  
Oh, how many girls and how many guys  
How many goes a thousand times  
How many girls and how many guys

I will not be another page in your book of photos  
See I never really could get on  
With sheep in hip clothing, no...

Oh you, you bring me joy, and you bring me pain  
Oh the deeper you carve the more that I feel  
The deeper you carve the more that I feel  
The deeper you carve the more that I feel

And when we die may we ride again  
On a pair of white horses  
See I never really could get on  
With Fun for the Masses  
When we die may we ride again  
On a pair of white horses  
See I never really could get on  
With Fun for the Masses