

Before the bitching and the bore
The end of the cold war
The principles they were apparent

The bucket beside the door
The shoulder carries more
Than the sum of all our parts together

It's extraneous, aware
Did you say to us, I don't care

There's dust on my particulars
Of that you can be certain
It's times like these when I'm alone
I miss the iron curtain
Oh 65
Oh 65

Now the trouble with hanging out
Is the frequency of doubt
As it enters in the new equation

In the circus of the stars
There's the likelihood that ours
Is just a cheaper form of neurosis

It's extraneous, aware
Did you say to us, I don't care

There's dust on my particulars
Of that you can be certain
It's times like these when I'm alone
I miss the iron curtain

The good things they proceed to rot
The uselessness of smoking pot
When you think of things
You haven't got to say
Oh 65
Oh 65
Oh 65
Oh 65