

In rented tuxedos the guests will arrive,
smiling and smoking, chewing and choking.
Women in their favorite shoes, dark disturbing thoughts,
all of them together making trips to the bathroom.
Black eyed Susans and chilled potatoes,
high balls and low, a pinch in the punch.
Invisible to mirrors you fly around the room,
tell me the password and then I bring you fire?.

Chorus:

So get up off the floor and play with me some more.
Come down to my side and tell me green-eyed lies.
We'll find a magic spell to turn this muck to gold.
Well promises don't grow on trees.

Playing the weedgee board in front of the fire,
It told me to do unspeakable things.
Mixed in a cocktail of muddled emotions,
Slinky and winky, stinky and drinky.

Chorus.

They made me dance, they made me sing,
The boring little bible, a dreary dibble dabble.
The bustle and vanity, the hustle and insanity,
Clowning and towning, drowning and frowning.

Chorus.