

Your clean-living, clear-eyed  
clever, level-headed brother says  
he'll put all the screws  
upon your newest lover  
Buddha's in the fireplace  
the truth's in drugs from Outer Space  
maybe it's right to be nervous now

Who are these madmen!  
what do they want from me!  
with all of their straight-talk from their misery

Everything'd be just fine  
if I had the right pastime  
I'd've been Raskolnikov  
but Mother Nature ripped me off  
in Philadelphia  
I'm sure that I felt healthier  
maybe it's right to be nervous now

I had liberty of movement  
but I'm so lazy  
I'm so lazy  
I'm just so lazy

You're just a big kid  
you're not so big at that  
you never got the hang of it  
now you're being looked at

Where have I seen you before!  
'Same place you saw me, I expect  
I've got a good face for memories'  
in Philadelphia  
I'm sure that I felt healthier  
maybe it's right to be nervous now