

I was dressed for success  
But success it never comes  
And I'm the only one who laughs  
At your jokes when they are so bad  
And your jokes are always bad  
But they're not as bad as this

Come join us in a prayer  
We'll be waiting, waiting where  
Everything's ending here

And all the sterile striking it defends an empty dock you cast  
away  
And rain upon your forehead  
Where the mist's for hire if it's just too clear  
Let's spend our last quarter stance randomly  
Go down to the outlet once again

Painted portraits of minions and slaves  
Crotch-mavens and one-night plays  
And they the only ones who laugh  
At the jokes when they are so bad  
And the jokes they're always bad  
But they're not as bad as this

Come join us in a prayer  
We'll be waiting, waiting where  
Everything's ending here

And all the Spanish candles they sold away have gone to this  
And a run-  
on piece of mountain travels, shivers, runs, down the freeway  
I guess she spent her last quarter randomly  
I guess a guess is the best I'll do, I'll do

Last time  
Last time is the best time I spent