

The humble gold moon with soap sponged my eyes  
The dark cloud looms to match the size  
With crucifix hearts and plastic saviors  
As the first man sins, the first man dies  
I was grounded, then grunted, then bunted, then buried  
With silver responses and chocolate mixed cherries  
I thought it'd be cool to buy a front row crowd  
But the last man wins, the first man dies

Because I used to be an angel healing  
Now I'm just a wallfly stealing  
Na na na na, na na na na...

You thought it'd be fun just to grab me and hold me  
And mold me and sculpt me and casually reduce me  
But pictures and paintings and numerous sculptures  
Designed in the casket of golden carved horses  
And operas and cruises and Shakespeare rehearsals  
And two-way dimensions and skin-burning circles  
Quite often I'd ask "Oh Lord, how far?"  
But the quicker you burn, the closer you are

Because I used to be an angel healing  
Now I'm just a wallfly stealing  
Na na na na, na na na na...

The ocean's salvation reflecting its kindness  
By lending us rivers and traffic upstream  
And building of mountains with suit-and-tie static  
And files of scavengers running the team  
And I'm just a man of some twenty-eight birthdays  
Hopefully still for some fifty-six years  
Proposing some crossword of nonsense and sctructure  
And babble on paper for childlike ears

With these lyrics for hobos defeating the purpose  
Executive producing, the moments devour  
It's one thing I learned from the shedding procedure  
So let us rely on that holy Ghost power

Na na na na, na na na na...