

Magic Hat

the scary jokes

The grifter rolls into town in a black Cadillac
Pulling at the skin of your face
The very second that you got a taste
I wouldn't know what it's like to be so connected
And I just don't need anymore friends
Yeah I just don't need anymore friends

Even at your best, you've got no common sense
It's just a simple "yes or no" to pass the test
When you stick your fist into my magic hat
You think you've learned the trick
Are you sure about that?

So reliable, always on time
Who needs an analyst when you've got style?

So far as you can tell, you know me very well
And there's not much to know
You're seeing what you get
In my mental map, the highways look like cracks
And if I make a move I'm never coming back

So reliable, always on time
Who needs an analyst when you've got style?