

Fatso Jetson, Gargle

Hit your brother's lost his eyes
Taken out and polarize
Cosmic morons orbiting my head
Feeling dizzy, feeling dead
Looking to the TV set to pacify my thoughts and keep them down

Here's to boredom and regret
Here's to bouncing all the checks
I'll hack away at the roof above my head
Don't you worry, dry your eyes
I heard some good advice:
Burning bridges and taking out the trash

I don't know what you've been told
It doesn't pay to try
I don't know what you've been told
Don't let it go to your head

Talking nonsense, taking sides
Blame this on your foolish pride
Task(?) voyeur sleeping in his chains
He'll have his chance he'll fuck it up
A truck stop with no coffee cups
He'll bring the table, I'll forget the chairs
Tell you what this means to me
I'm riddled with uncertainty
I'm sure you hear it fumbling in the lines
Second guessing, jump the gun
Leave the clown shoes, take the fun
Put your dagger back into my side

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