

Inspirational Carpets, Directing Traffic

I read it in a book in school, I read it with "Janet and John";
No matter how you know the man, you can't trust what he's on
Some time later when he's on his own
What once was muscle is now bone

I SEE A SKULL ON A STICK, I SEE A SKELETON WITH SKIN
I'M GETTING BY JUST THE BEST I CAN
WHILE YOU'RE DIRECTING TRAFFIC

You can't judge a man by his skin, or a book by the cover it's in
But I can't help feel it's true, the devil's got a hand on you
In a world of laughter where the madmen thrive
You're sewing up your death shroud from the inside

I SEE A SKULL ON A STICK, I SEE A SKELETON WITH SKIN
I'M GETTING BY JUST THE BEST I CAN
WHILE YOU'RE DIRECTING TRAFFIC

I read it in a book in school, I read it with "Janet and John";
No matter how you know the man, you can't trust what he's on
In a world of laughter where the madmen thrive
You're sewing up your death shroud from the inside

I SEE A SKULL ON A STICK, I SEE A SKELETON WITH SKIN
I'M GETTING BY JUST THE BEST I CAN
WHILE YOU'RE DIRECTING TRAFFIC

I SEE A SKULL ON A STICK, I SEE A SKELETON WITH SKIN
I'M GETTING BY JUST THE BEST I CAN
WHILE YOU'RE DIRECTING TRAFFIC

(I SEE A SKULL ON A STICK, I SEE A SKELETON WITH SKIN)
I'M GETTING BY JUST THE BEST I CAN
WHILE YOU'RE DIRECTING TRAFFIC

MAN!