

Camper Van Beethoven, Crossing Over

Why do lovers park down deserted lanes
Near haunted houses or homes for the insane
Like the deformed son who was locked in a shed
Later escaped when he chopped off their heads

Why do axe murderers only attack
When you're partially nude
Or you're taking a bath
Though there are times I feel softer then most
Some days like yogurt
And some days like toast

Sorority girls and fraternity boys
Always deflowered if they're rich or they're spoiled
So we never feel bad when Aunt Betty who's dead
Surprises them lying on her wedding bed When we're making love now I feel so exposed
Might you impale me or turn into those
Creatures over in my mind
Forget about the last five years

Back in the woods along a dirt track there is a house
An old women on the porch with three dogs
One of them blind
Who knows what will happen
Or what blind dogs see
And I wish there was some place
I really wanted to be
I'm crossing over