

Fastball, Human Torch

Sunrise six o'clock and I'm still sleeping
I don't have to work on Saturday
But I do anyway
'Round the corner right on up through the shop
I come creeping, but it don't matter anyway

'Cause I know it's just as well
And even so I feel like hell
You can say that it's alright
But I am not that kind
And I can see the forest through the trees
I am on my knees
I don't know if I'm supposed to stay
Or if I'm supposed to leave it all

Behind the door the world outside still spins
Waiting there behind the door
But I won't let it in
Not today, not tomorrow, not next week
You're just gonna have to pay five bucks to see the geek
'Cause I know it's just as well
And even so I feel like hell
You can say that it's alright
But I am not that kind
And I can see the forest through the trees
I am on my knees
I don't know if I'm supposed to stay
Or if I'm supposed to leave

Please draw your attention
High above the center ring
Up in the rafters
Five hundred feet above the crowd My hair is soaked in kerosene
My clothes are wet with gasoline
You only get to see this once
The human torch is going down
Going down