

# 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!