

Lemon Demon, Don't Be Like The Sun

The king of Mars perfects his commentary skills.
I'm a gold plated man monkey full of dollar bills.
If you're happier, dial one now.

Don't be fooled by gravity, and don't be like the sun.
(Something went wrong, I hate this song.)
And if I could change one thing about the weather,
well then I would tell the world and I'd become famous,
and then I wouldn't need to care about the weather never
ever anymore cause I would be relaxing in Hawaii.

But that is not my fate, I'm trapped inside a cage.
It isn't even locked, but I'm an idiot.
(It's an illusion.)

Caesar was a criminal, but his mother was a saint,
some say that it's subliminal, but I say that it ain't.
Science was a masquerade, meant to sell you lemonade,
and it worked, they're laughing in their graves.
Once again I'm falling down a mountain like a metaphor.
(God damn leprechauns, god damn leprachauns.)

Shoot me from a cannon to the moon without a helmet on my head,
or even oxygen to breathe in the offhand chance that there's no
Air.

Air is like a something something, air is like an I don't know,
And air is just like fog but it's not gray, and it makes me want to
Breathe in toxic little fumes and then I breathe out sugar-frosted blood.
All I ever did to make you laugh was breathe out sugar-frosted blood.

(What do I do now? Tell me lest I do nothing guardian devil.)

I'd like to make a toast to all the little garden gnomes
Who bravely sacrificed their lives for me.
I'd like to make a toast but no one seems to have a cup.
I wonder where my cup has gone I think that it was taken by
The king of Mars perfects his commentary skills.
I'm a gold plated man monkey full of dollar bills.
You've been standing there, blocking my view.

Don't be scared by me or me, and don't be like the sun.
(Because the sun doesn't really exist, it's an illusion,
That's why you shouldn't be like the sun,
Because if you are, you don't exist,
and I don't associate with people who don't exist.)