

Lincoln, Blow

And the world is square
And your tires are flat
And you lose your keys
And your favorite fat hat

You're leaping frogs and you're eating bees
And asking Saint Jude for a pretty please

When the buzzer is broke and you're given the kiss
From your friends who all moved to Los Angeles

The refrigerator's filled with nothing but ice
Some old nail polish and some orange Slice

And you haven't a dime, or an appetite
'Cause your honey said "honey, go fly a kite"

When you're out on a limb, up in a tree
M-I-S-S-I-N-G

Just remember what the biker chick said
That you're really alive, when you wish you were dead

And there isn't a god, or a heaven or hell
Life's a little old apple and William Tell

Bridge out, phone down, wise up, blow town, baby
That's all she had to say
If you wanna get lost, whatever the cost
You better not stay

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When the fish won't bit and you're all out of worms
And your buttons have busted and your bottom burns

And it's "hit me, bartender" every day and night
And you're outta mind
Outta sight

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