

# 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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