

Mr. Bungle, Waltz For Grandma's Sake

Old age wisdom and the world grown bald
But you're still amazed by every little hair that falls
And I wonder if repetition makes one forget
Cuz I'm under the impression that you're fraudulent
You're not really old
Tantrums reveal that rich experience
And those naked gums - the loss of all your confidence
Then you serve a dish I try hard to avoid
And it's backwards, my learnation is going to be destroyed
Finding worth in the worthless
Time spent learning to regress
I listen, try to care, say "mm-hmm" here and there
But there's something else inside
I try to be polite, make you feel all right
I can be anything you like
I'll be a virgin forever
Cataracts - everyone's the same old blur
And those stale snacks make me feel and feign inferior
But I'll make believe, trying to cooperate
And I hope you don't see me hide it underneath my plate
I'll get a backache and stumble over both left feet
Awake nervous knowing that we'll meet
Must I tolerate this useless game we dance and sing?
Cuz I don't relate, and I'm not learning anything at all
Force a circle into a square dance
Insist the future try and relive the past
I listen, try to care, say "mm-hmm" here and there
But there's something else inside
I try to be polite, make you feel all right
I can be anything you like
I'll be a virgin forever
I don't wanna dance, na na na...