

Pain, Thimbledrone

Whats the matter? Who cares?
People running everywhere,
Running like decapitated chickens in the rain.
Never mind the poultry, Id rather stay at home
I hope that my old ladys feeling like a lazy Jane
No one really thinks Im funny,
Not the way that she does
She is stranger more than fiction,
Dictionary definition.
Why dont we go take a drive and why dont we take your car?
Mine is nearly out of gas and nearly broken down.
Lighter flame and cheap Bordeaux
And incense wafting in the air
Steal a kiss and listen to the sound of falling rain
Never mind your diet,
Id rather stuff our guts
Making funny faces on the windowpane
We run, we run, we run
And were happy inside of this place
The walls are half the fun
Cause anarchy stays in its space
Huddled in the pilots seat our tanks are filled with Thimbledrone.
We check the dash and turn the motor on.
Never mind the man in orange;
We know our own way home.
We crush him flat and shoot into the sky.
Theres a baby on its way because of what we do so much,
Shooting like a comet from the other end of space.
Someday (I dont know which one)
A pair of little feet will come
Creeping like a monkey with a creepy little face
And I will spank that monkey, spank that monkey,
Spank that monkey if it gets out of line.
And I will spank that monkey, spank that monkey,
And hell thank me someday when Im seventy-nine.
We run, we run, we run
And were happy inside of this place.
The walls are half the fun
Cause anarchy stays in its space.
Allow me to extend to you a special invitation to
Watch the wrinkles form upon my face as I grow old.
Christmastime and Halloween and all the days that lie between
Hand in hand well watch as all the years unfold.