

Vanilla, Liar's Club

Pardon me
But I'm lost and turned around, capped with horny crown
Broke and buttoned down

Enemies
Rise in regiments, storm the battlements
Damn the consequence

So we raise the river, stash the silver, still the sea
So I raise a bottle with the Liar's Club and me

Pardon me
But I'm bald and badly bent, old and arrogant
All the money's spent

Pardon me,
But they say the end is near, pour another beer
Same thing every year

So we raise the river, stash the silver, still the sea
So I raise a bottle with the Liar's Club and...

Cut away to a garden party,
Where you share a glass
With a woman hale and hearty,
But a good thing never lasts...