

# 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...