

Bruce Hornsby, So Out

This is so out but I like it
So outside but I'm in
This is so out but it's alright
Way out there in the spheres

Silver streamers streaking strangely
Swirling savage savants grazing
Smoking on a pink pacifier
Genitalia in a hair dryer

This is so out but I like it (maybe)
So outside but I'm in (I think)
This is so out but it's alright
Way out there in the spheres

Flourescent flaccid floppy-haired gleamers
Saccharine headed silver-foil dreamers
Black light swinging five people singing
Around and around and my ears are ringing

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So outside but I'm in (I think)
This is so out but it's alright
Way out there in the spheres

Walls are spinning, caving in
They say this is fun
They say I'm in ecstasy
I'm smiling as I run

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This is so out but it's alright
Way out there in the spheres

Way out there in the spheres
Way out there in the spheres
In the spheres
In the spheres