

# Fatso Jetson, Gargle

Hit your brother's lost his eyes  
Taken out and polarize  
Cosmic morons orbiting my head  
Feeling dizzy, feeling dead  
Looking to the TV set to pacify my thoughts and keep them down

Here's to boredom and regret  
Here's to bouncing all the checks  
I'll hack away at the roof above my head  
Don't you worry, dry your eyes  
I heard some good advice:  
Burning bridges and taking out the trash

I don't know what you've been told  
It doesn't pay to try  
I don't know what you've been told  
Don't let it go to your head

Talking nonsense, taking sides  
Blame this on your foolish pride  
Task(?) voyeur sleeping in his chains  
He'll have his chance he'll fuck it up  
A truck stop with no coffee cups  
He'll bring the table, I'll forget the chairs  
Tell you what this means to me  
I'm riddled with uncertainty  
I'm sure you hear it fumbling in the lines  
Second guessing, jump the gun  
Leave the clown shoes, take the fun  
Put your dagger back into my side

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