

# Guardian, Are We Feeling Comfortable Yet?

Welcome, dear listener  
Are you comfortable?  
Put your feet up, close your eyes, let your senses dull  
Float like a beachball  
Wearing cordless 'phones  
Let the tide take you, groove to the mellow tones.  
Groovy  
Who switched the into?  
Ah, but I digress  
Do you ever get that feeling you 'not so fresh'?  
Do you hang out nights at the launderette?  
Dreaming of the cure for stubborn stains?  
Wanna climb into the big machine?  
Wonder how it feels getting really clean?  
I know you know more than  
What you're coming clean for  
God is skin on mohair  
Just admit you itch there  
Shift to the left, shift to the right  
Fidget, lock knees, cough cough  
Fidget, don't scratch, don't break out in a sweat  
Are we feeling comfortable yet?  
I know you know more than  
What you're coming clean for  
God is skin on mohair  
Just admit you itch there  
Ever sweat bullets  
At the sight of blood?  
Ever drag a half-ton cross through spit and mud?  
Wouldn't want to plan too far ahead  
Wouldn't want to dwell on what's beyond  
Pondering death is a dirty biz  
Makes you wonder when your appointment is  
Shift to the left, shift to the right  
Fidget, lock knees, cough cough  
Fidget, don't scratch, don't break out in a sweat  
Are we feeling comfortable yet?  
Loosen your tie, loosen your belt  
Clear your throat, fidget, cough cough  
Fidget, don't scratch, don't break out in a sweat  
Are we feeling comfortable yet?  
Fidget to the left, fidget to the right  
Lock knees, cough cough  
Fidget don't scratch, don't break out in a sweat  
Are we feeling comfortable yet?