

Harvey Danger, Loyalty Bldg.

Slow to marry, swift to die
We leave disasters where they lie
I know these lines look crooked on paper

But I swear I got it straight in my head
And if you're looking for somebody to blame, I recommend the dead
I recommend the dead, 'cause they never answer back

Skinny dipping in the lake
I got the itch, I drank the wake
Would somebody please hand me a towel?

And now we're up on molehill mountain
Scraping coins out of the fountain
With a retinue of dirty old young, young men (again)

But when I get back from Nashville
I'm renting a room in the loyalty building
I'm sure that the prospects are sound
In the event of calamitous circumstance
Or great good fortune
There must be a reason, there must be a plan

A palace in receivership
A jester with a busted lip
A catalog of crooked answers

We've all heard about the rapist nun
She pulled a switch on everyone
The altar boys are not having fun
And the papacy is drawing up the papers behind closed doors

But in the meanwhile
I'm renting a room in the loyalty building
I'm sure that the prospects are sound
In the event of calamitous circumstance
Or great good fortune
There must be a reason, there must be a plan.