

Honeydogs, Rumor Has It

You look good with your lights and mirrors
But I could tell if I could get a bit nearer to you
Now you're lying on a hard wood floor
You know you're alive but you can't be sure, it's true
Rumor has it it's true

You got your cake and you got your brass ring
Now you're friends of the next big thing, it's true
Rumor has it it's true

In the deep, deep blue you'll be swimming along
With your concrete shoes and a straitjacket on
We don't know that you're gone
Rumor has it it's true

Bits of wood and an old cloth shroud
The man in the temple's kicking out the crowd, it's true
In the deep, deep blue you'll be swimming along
With your concrete shoes and a straitjacket on
We don't know that you're gone
Rumor has it's true