

John C. Reilly, Mr. Cellophane

If someone stood up in a crowd,
And raised his voice up way out loud,
And waved his arm and shook his leg,
You'd notice'em.

If someone in the movie show,
Yelled, "Fire in the second row,
This place is a powder keg!"
You'd notice'em.

And even without clucking like a hen,
Everyone gets noticed now and then.
Unless of course that person it should be
Invisible, inconsequential, me.

Chorus:

Cellophane, Mr. Cellophane,
Should have been my name, Mr. Cellophane,
'Cause you can look right through me,
Walk right by me,
And never know I'm there.

I tell you, Cellophane,
Should have been my name, Mr. Cellophane,
'Cause you can look right through me,
Walk right by me,
And never know I'm there.

Suppose you was a little cat,
Residing in a person's flat,
Who fed you fish and scratched your ears,
You'd notice'em.

Suppose you was a woman wed,
Sleeping in a double bed
Beside one man for seven years!
You'd notice him.

A human being's made of more than air,
With all that bulk you're bound to see him there.
Unless that human being next to you,
Is unimpressive, undistinguished, you know who.
Should have been my name, Mr. Cellophane.

'Cause you can look right through me,
Walk right by me,
And never know I'm there.

I tell you, Cellophane, Mr. Cellophane,
Should have been my name, Mr. Cellophane.

'Cause you can look right through me,
Walk right by me,
And never know I'm there.

Never even know I'm there.