

Klark Kent, Excesses

I've cracked enough jokes
And I've smoked enough smokes
Now I'm feeling for the ropes
I hope no one took notes

My excesses are getting the better of me
I'm ready to go home
My excesses are getting the better of me
I'm ready to go home

I try not to notice that I've spilt my drink
As I slide towards the door
I start to think

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I'm ready to go home
My excesses are getting the better of me

I'm ready to go home

I was lecturing the kitchen
'Til the icebox got bored
And where's that girl gone
I was sure I'd scored

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I'm ready to go home
My excesses are getting the better of me
I'm ready to go home
I was sure I'd scored
My excesses are getting the better of me
I'm ready to go home
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