

Kula Shaker, Ballad Of A Thin Man

You walk into the room
With your pencil in your hand
You see somebody naked
And you say, "Who is that man?"
You try so hard
But you don't understand
Just what you'll say
When you get home

Cause you know something is happening
But you don't know what it is
Do you, Mister Jones?

You raise up your head
You ask, "Is this where it is?"
Somebody points to you and says
"It's his"
You say, "What's mine?"
Somebody else says, "Where what is?"
And you say, "Oh my God
Am I here all alone?"

Cause you know something is happening
But you don't know what it is
Do you, Mister Jones?

You have many contacts
Among the lumberjacks
To get you facts
When someone attacks your imagination
Nobody has any respect
Anyhow they already expect you
To just give a check to you
To tax-deductible charity organizations

Cause you know something is happening
But you don't know what it is
Do you, Mister Jones?

Now you see this one-eyed midget
Shouting the word "NOW"
And you say, "For what reason?"
And he says, "How?"
And you say, "What does this mean?"
And he screams back, "You're a cow
Give me some milk
Or else go home"

Cause you know something is happening
But you don't know what it is
Do you, Mister Jones?

When you walk into the room
Like a camel and then you frown
You put your eyes in your pocket
And your nose on the ground
There should be a law
Against you comin' around
You should be made
To wear earphones

Cause you know something is happening
But you don't know what it is
Do you, Mister Jones?

