

Lemon Demon, Musical Chairs

You walk around in circles,
I walk around in squares.
Another round of musical chairs,
And maybe no one really cares about the way we walk.
The record stores are out of stock,
And all we want is bloody rock and roll.
And clearly this is not the way to go.

I saw it in the mirror,
The ghost of Chairman Mao.
He had three money symbols on his brow.
And he will show the children how
To wear their cowboy boots,
Bowler hats and prison suits,
And watch while Neil Armstrong shoots the moon.
But he's never gonna get there by balloon. (Ooh.)

I thought you weren't allowed here,
I thought they crossed your name,
And that would be your only claim to fame.
Well it's a big fat crying shame,
The way you lost your touch.
The soapbox weighed a bit too much,
And all this talking feels like such a waste.
And now you've crossed the boundaries of good taste.
Your only option now's to be replaced.