

# Lemon Demon, The Only House That's Not On Fire

I feel knotted up today,  
But in a most exquisite way  
Like neckties or like macram,  
Bowlines and zeppelin bends.

If you were a theremin,  
I wouldn't know where to begin;  
My hands would stay here on my chin  
With a hum that never ends.

This suit doesn't fit me,  
I made it myself, counterfeitley,  
With buttons of blue  
Killing me with dj vu.  
It's a gift for you.

&lt;i&gt;When I escape at last,  
When enough time has passed.  
But something keeps me as a pet:  
The only house that's not on fire yet.  
I made it when I was an architect.  
This is just the side effect.&lt;/i&gt;

I feel strangely regular,  
But honestly, I prefer it to  
The usual bizarre.  
Damn that oxymoron.

If you were a piece of dust,  
I'd shine a light through the busted window  
And I'd learn to trust  
In the updraft that you're on.

Click! Click! Auto-focus!  
The film's in the can like hocus-pocus.  
A picture of you  
Killing me with dj vu.

&lt;i&gt;Don't know what I'll do when I escape at last,  
When the end of time has passed.  
But something keeps me as a pet:  
The only house that's not on fire yet.  
I made it when I was an architect.  
This is just the side effect.&lt;/i&gt;

The punch line is: there is no punch line.  
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Oh! I just thought of how to change all the hate  
Into love with the old switcheroo  
Dancing in my dj vu.  
You'll be dancing, too.

&lt;i&gt;When I escape at last,  
When the future is the past.  
But something keeps me as a pet:  
The only house that's not on fire yet.  
The only house that's not on fire yet.

The only house that's not on fire yet.  
The only house that's not on fire (yet).&lt;/i&gt;