

# Music Video, Figure Of Speech

Shoot for stars like astronauts  
Keep the food until it rots  
Lets all drink 'til our heart stops  
With ink-stain blots and blue blood clots  
Pick the scab it bleeds again  
It's good to be American  
Buy one and you'll get one free  
It sounds like fuzzy math to me  
There's no place, no place like home  
It beats just like a metronome  
Just for kicks some pick-up sticks  
Were entertaining lunatics  
Plus or minus nothings timeless  
Automatic writers block  
Bullet blackheads stare you down  
And thank you strokes for saving rock  
Watching cock fights 'til dawn  
You're the bishop to my pawn  
Never really was that strong  
Wayward son wont you carry on  
Contractual obligation  
Just one god under a nation  
Premature masturbation, keep it here don't change the station

Do you think were better of dead?  
Or just the best thing since sliced bread?  
And do you believe I've lost my head?  
Or just woke up on the wrong side of the bed?

An aphrodisiac for nymphomaniacs we need it like we need a heart attack  
This was my wish, my dream that didn't come true so I'm taking it back  
Rats doused in kerosene  
Envy of the beauty queen  
Something somewhat less obscene  
The end will justify the means  
Engine, engine number nine  
Smash the grapes and make some wine  
Mine is yours and yours is mine  
Really though I'm feeling fine  
Never mind panic attacks  
Try not to step on the cracks  
Something just occurred to me  
My god wouldn't do this to me  
Set it and forget it happened  
Don't remember? Use a napkin  
Guidelines of the laundry-mats  
With extra saturated fats  
Between a rock and a hard place  
Vanished and gone without a trace  
Pleasant for black comedy  
And happiness don't grow on trees  
Ignoring Sarah plain and tall  
All for one and one for all  
Let the scapegoat take the fall  
It's his fault that we dropped the ball  
Leave a message at the tone  
Help me feel I'm not alone  
Hate this feeling dry as a bone  
Waiting for a ring from the phone  
We rob the poor and give the rich  
Scratch an unreachable itch  
We turn lights off without a switch  
It all goes off without a hitch  
I don't know quite what I am saying

There's no way out just a way in  
Flying high above the birds  
A picture's worth a thousand words