

Sunday's Best, Winter-Owned

With a smile, in a while
you go do what you have to do.
With that smile you'll be sitting fine,
just a little bit out of line.
Mr. Out of Line, save the platitudes.
You give me attitude, I'll give you attitude.

Like angels in the snow,
we're always cold, all alone and winter-owned.

You got it?

With a wink and a sigh
your only hope is alibi.
With an alibi you'd be sitting fine
just a little bit out of time.
Mr. Out of Time, show some gratitude.
You give me attitude, I'll give you attitude.