Trash Can Sinatras, Twisted And Bent

I come aboard
I sing a lament
The world isn't round
It's Twisted and Bent
But to face doom in a sock-stenched room all by myself
Is the kind of fate I never contemplate
That reminds me of the time I felt
It's time for sin and catholic guilt
Two years later to the day
I had reason to confess
With her hair a shining shade
Of bus-conductress blonde
Tales of music and movement
Were told in grip and groan
But to put these thoughts
In songs like theirs
Of the honest truth
There'd be no trace
Just lying out loud
Good God give me strength to face another lazy day of
"If I was a millionaire I'd be a million miles from here"
You came into my life like a brick through a window
And I cracked a smile
I know her face so well
Although the color of her eyes
Escapes me for the moment
Though her embrace
Is like being short-changed
But if I knew what made carpets fly
I wouldn't be sitting here
Twiddling my thumbs
I'd threadbare my soul
And wheedle my way
Into other people's lives
And out of my own
So typical - a battle of wits
And I've come half prepared
Now we raised a toast to celebrate
As December's embers fade
But every fire is just a hoax
For January's little joke
Halfway to paralyzed my understudy's eyes grew tired
Every actor hides a heckle,
doctor hydes a jekyll
See through my disguise
But I forget the conversation we had
I don't remember what you said or did
That made you so attractive
I'm immortal
And that's no life at all