

Weezer, Mansion Of Cardboard

Overcoat
Old wool cap
Leather gloves
Hide the fat

In a world made of tears
He is safe from his fears

On his own
He's on his own
on his own
He likes it that way

Thoughts arise
Fear is doubt
Bearing through
Giving smell

It's the happiest day
When he moves far away

From the crowd
The curious crowd

He wants them to,
Stand back the old man's snoring heavy
Down underneath the bridge he's got his,
Mansion of cardboard slats
And it's enough oohhhh

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Stand back the old man's snoring heavy
Down underneath the bridge he's got his,
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And it's enough
And it's enough ooh