

Widespread Panic, Monstrosity

If we followed your warning signs
Children would swim alphabetically
Mountaintops would all fall in line
Single-file by height
If this was the only way, daydreaming would stop at 5 o'clock
And the corner(?) flashes off from left to right

Lies, lies
You don't always get your way

Saturday, slow to wake, Bugs Bunny love
Thought those people would never go home, guess it's the price we pay
If everyday were Saturday
Oh, most people couldn't even go it alone

Lies, lies
We don't always get our ways

Oh, and it's time, time to sleep
Nightdreaming starts with hands held high
Maybe then we'll finally turn it on
Like a brand new (?????)

Lies, lies
We don't always get our ways
Turn it on
Turn it on
Gentle
Fragile