

Wondermints, Libbyland

(D. Sahanaja)

Once again they played the pawn.
Seems the overtime's well-spent.
Sacrifice your sunshine for the rent.
Never had the guts to question why.
Makes you want to shrivel up and die.
So every time the world's a-stutter,
Libbyland's a place you can call your own.
And if you find your road is cluttered,
Close your eyes and laugh yourself all the way home.
It's funny where their interests lie -
In God and platinum we trust,
'Til you feel just like a speck of dust.
Rumor has your title up for sale,
And if you must succeed, your friends must fail.
So every time the world's a-stutter,
Libbyland's a place you can call your own.
And if you find your road is cluttered,
Close your eyes and laugh yourself all the way home.
You're in the eye of the psyclone,
Where foolish angels fear to go.
They'd never know that your revolver was set to unload.
Explode!
Slip into another world...
It's a place you can call your own.
And if you find the world's a gutter,
Close your eyes and laugh yourself all the way home.
The leprechaun's your ticket-taker,
Libbyland's a place you can call your own.
So say goodnight, you mischief-makers -