

Geek

Rich, dumb, white kid thinks that he's everything.
Loud mouth, boldheaded geek's got a song to sing.
Turn him inside out on the kitchen floor.
Soon find out that he doesn't wanna sing no more.
As always, the same affair
but who really cares for God's creations, his amputations.

The tight-assed mum and dad got a lot to say.
They stick their nose into every game we play.
Turn them inside out on the kitchen floor
and soon find out daddy doesn't have a clue no more.
As always, the same affair
but who really cares for God's creations, his amputations.

Down, down in the basement of our cares
there's always a phony, count the stairs.
Like, like us as something as we come
and like, like us as rumpus as we run.

The Link

All I see is just a strange cat
howling at a perfect moon
and even if I wore the same hat
I couldn't be like you.
'Cause you, you don't wanna be here
and all you're ever gonna see here
is a pallet full of broke down tunes
in a silent room.

Down in sunny California,
no one really knows the way you feel.
But all the kids say they adore you
how it bores you, it's so unreal.
It makes you feel so small
'til you don't feel at all,
it makes you look for signs, secret signs.
Oh, tell me, operator,
did you get my call,
20 minutes later, it's gonna get us all.
Signs, secret signs.
Stupid information, never make the link,
phony adoration, but's it's never what you think.

Musher

I'd rather have nothing, pale, white and sweet.
Modest, but something crawled up, asleep.
And ever so slightly, down town, give us a call,
right down truth or nothing at all.
So give me the silence and right when it falls,
there is something I don't recall.

I'd rather have nothing, simple and small.
Honest, but something that learned how to crawl.
And ever so slightly, light brown, cough up a wall,
right down truth or nothing at all.
I live with this silence from winter 'till fall.
There is something I don't recall.

A thousand of miles out in the cold.
If this ain't the way then I wasn't told.
So give me the silence and right when it falls,
there is something I don't recall.

Dust Bunny

Pass the cracks on every weird occasion,
you keep your fingers crossed at any time.
If I were you I could come up with more solutions why
you put your foot down.
Counting feels like something to hang on to,
you find the number, try to break the code.
I guess by now you figured out there's no conclusion why
you put your foot down.
You're nine years old, your body's cold.
And underneath the bed the world seems grey.
The pain inside your head has gone away.

What Friends?

Down, down at the parking lot
at the same old spot rough is in command.
Whatever got stuck inside my mind.
As long as you pick me up, yeah I'll be there,
right on the dot.
You know I'm not always lost in time.
Getting bored, put down the sword
'cause you still don't know what friends are for,
the silent hint walks out the door.

Down, down in the parking lot,
never say a lot, a blueprint of my life.
Connecting the dots to find my youth.

Stop making the most of what you say
you think you haven't got.
Be glad that you still don't fit my shoe.
Getting bored, put down the sword
'cause you still don't know what friends are for,
the silent hint walks out the door.

There's a rot in my mind - it's been there all the time.
There's a thorn in my side - that won't come out.
It must be you.

Misery Galore

Have I felt this way before,
all my life was misery galore.
I got used to living on my own,
got my feelings safely tucked away at home.
Now my feet have finally touched the ground.
Now my eyes have finally looked around.
You say, where have you been all the time.
I say somewhere drifting, drifting in my mind.

Story In A Nutshell

The average guy who lives next door,
who's never been in love before.
That was your story in a nutshell.
Kind of cute and kind of shy,
the normal kind of average guy.
Nobody seemed to know you that well.
And all my life I've been next door
I never saw your face before.
But opposites attract
and now that I found you,
there's no way around you,
no way at all.
And now that I, now that I found you,
there's no way around you, no way.
And all my life I've been next door
I never saw your face before.
But opposites attract
and now it seems
there's no way back at all.

Sugar The Pill

Isn't it swell,

we've got our own dark horse ride.
And lean on this smell,
and let the whole darn thing slide.
Get down on the sofa with a six-pack,
let 'm take the years back,
until the day has dawned.
Deciding who will take the blame
for every kid that went insane.

Sugar the pill
it doesn't matter, take a long shot,
someone always will.

Isn't this great,
we played it off the cuff.
What an escape,
before it got to rough.
Now put it in the cupboard for a short nap.
Don't let your mind snap,
just let the daze roll on.
Deciding who will take the blame
for every cloud that ever rained.

And sugar the pill,
it doesn't matter if you take a long shot.
Slipsliding into a summer rot.
Never really give a damn
for the have and have not.

And sugar the pill,
it doesn't matter if you take a long shot.
Surviving is an awful lot.
Self sufficient colour-deaf
never find the right spot.

Rudder

Bow down for the band on the cover,
they seem to make it all across the USA.
Bow down, the band's been discovered,
they even made it on the R.S-tones these days.
What a beautiful noise.
What an obvious choice.
But the records seems to do so well
and everybody loves a band that sells.

So why should it happen for me
if it could happen for you?
It's not like a major catastrophe,

it's something you choose.
So many people believe
that they could achieve anything
worth their while,
anything worth a smile.

Lying flat on the floor,
get the lock off your door.
You want something to do,
make a record or two.

Bow down for the band on the cover,
they seem to make it all across the USA.
Bow down, the band's found a rudder,
and now they finally hit the charts,
they're on their way.
What a beautiful noise.
What an obvious choice.
Now the record seems to do so well
and everybody loves a band that sells.

Pork & Beans

Let me have this cutest thing
I ever did see in my life.
Everybody looks for something new,
like the rosy-cheek debutante
who falls in love with every billboard guy,
funny hairdo and a lazy bedroom-eye,
blue like any ocean,
who am I to say it ain't devotion.
Fantasize the smell of bodylotion.
Who could ever stand in your shoes.

Let me have this cutest thing
I ever did see in my life.
Everybody looks for something new,
like the pony-tailed waitress
who says she really isn't what she seems.
She will tell you in between the prk and beans
that nothing's gonna change her.
Life, it seems ain't nothing but a stranger.
Laugh it off, just remember
who could ever stand in your shoe.

Fallen Foster

Throw it on the floor.

Never mind the mess,
cause I've been down before
and it doesn't hurt.

Play your saddest songs.
Play them all night long
cause I've been sad before
and it doesn't hurt no more.
Yeah, it doesn't hurt.

Feeling like a fallen foster child,
gracefully neglected,
but always with a smile
that was nothing at all.
Raised upon a bench of second-best,
always quite aware you're not like all the rest
that was nothing at all.

Throw it on the floor.
Nevermind, the ma did that,
been down before.
Yes I've been down before
and it doesn't hurt no more.
Now it doesn't hurt.

Co-Coward

Tell me 'bout your youth,
ah, just tell the truth.
Was it nice and smooth
or was it a lie.
And when you were a child,
were you young and wild
or just undefiled,
ready to cry.

It should have been me,
you should've believed in me
it's all in the way, you say,
this doesn't happen every day.
It doesn't happen every day.

Living in denial,
have you lost your smile?
Well, it takes a while
before you'll forgive.
And what's that on your sleeve,
won't you tell me, please.
we can makebelieve,
just for a while.

cow-ow-cowcoward incurable.

Heaven

I was looking thru the portholes out on heaven.
Wondering what the hell I am going to do.
When the minister walks in and speaks the word "11".
Saying that there is nothing left to choose.
What a stupid fool, let's send 'em back to school.
But it's alright, now, I am in heaven.

You don't need to express your admiration,
'cause holiness is something that you have or haven't got
and it can't be bought, no it can't be bought.
Someone ought save me from salvation,
someone ought to see the things I've done.
They never would have give me this strange vocation,
sitting in this happy, holy sun.
I'm not the only one, who likes to get things done.
But it's alright now, I am in heaven.
I think I burned the dresses of all the angels.
Their plastic wings were all destroyed by just one dirty look
and that was all it took.
But it's alright now, I am in heaven.