

Cross my heart and cross my eyes  
stick a needle in my thigh  
drop kick my unscrewed lid  
and fiddle fiddle fiddle fiddle fiddle with what's inside

A rusty mass of mechinations  
still i'm vying for the right vaccination

I make a masterful selection like louis pasteur  
certain i've found at least a temporary cure  
if there's one thing i've learned in this chemical world  
it's very very very very very little is pure

My gluefoot sticks, i wrestle with it  
I try to skedaddle but my gluefoot is fixed

If they'd give me a shovel in this communication age  
maybe i'd have kept my mouth shut and done something today  
I want to blame democracy and it's inherent lies  
I want to blame my heritage for my leisurely demise

Everybody wants to wear the cleats  
everbody wants to be Dominique  
I want to be someone separate from me  
I want to have a sustained feeling

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