

Nothing but a mudpie  
Wrapped up inside with a pretty bow  
Nothing but a castle built on top of strong, but quicksand  
And inside these cardboard walls and saran wrap windows  
Lies a rusty pot of fool's gold  
That you got with your life  
Are you tired (blah blah) on loyalty  
Are you tired self to act like royalty  
Until the day you became the prey  
As you tripped over your red carpet  
You wash your hair in that luca oil  
Then you wrap your head up in tin foil  
Prance around in your bathroom  
Pretending you're a king

Just spin me home  
Sinking faster now

Well you can follow your rainbows  
And I will follow the sun now  
Wherever he goes  
It's not too far to run  
So I will follow the sun  
Follow the sun

Nothing but a calendar hanging on your wall  
That's 23 years old  
Nothing but a for sale sign on a house  
That's already sold  
Trying to chew through that  
Chocolate covered barbed wire  
Cause they're among the beautiful filth  
Waiting for you on the other side

Just spin me home  
Sinking faster now

Clever lives end up rusty and forgotten  
Brilliant minds end up with Alzheimer's  
What I thought was so deep ended up so hollow  
And what I thought had meaning  
Ended up so shallow