

Bored holes through our tongues
So sing a song about it
Held our breath for too long
'Til we're half sick about it
Tell us what we did wrong
And you can blame us for it
Turn a clamp on our thumbs
We'll sew a doll about it
And tell us all about it

How 'bout some credit now
Where credit is due
For the damage that we've done?
Wrought upon ourselves and others
With a slow and vicious gun
And although pratfalls can be fun
Encores can be fatal
And then I hear you say

"Thank God it's fatal
Not shy
Not shy of fatal
Thank God."

Wait just a second now
It's not all that bad
Don't you count out the sun.
You're making mountains of handkerchiefs
Where the mascara always runs
So be careful when you're done
You're bound to get post-nasal
What, did I just hear you say?

"Thank God it's fatal."
We don't want to hear the sound of a door
And we don't want to read the signs that you bore
You know, the kind of sign you hang on the door
Saying, "we'll be back"- what a crack
Now don't you think we might have heard that before?

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