

He didn't give you that nickname  
But you smile when he calls you the Enola Gay  
Turns the lights down low for your migraines  
And fetches what you've strewn  
All around the room up and down the hall  
Asking for your Sodium Pentathol  
So you can read aloud from your big tell-all  
Anecdotes in platitudes

This world's mean getting meaner too  
So why'd you have to make it all about you  
There's no harm in stepping to the side  
Light your hurricane lamp when the sky grows dark  
The wind's pissed off and the sun's at large  
What you've gotta do, it's just a matter of pride  
Until you vanish like the rest, out of sight and out of mind

Working all day in the control room  
Mashing Charles Manson songs up with Showtunes  
The feelings come quick but they leave as soon  
Like music from a passing car  
It's crowded in the club where you meet your friends  
Try to save some room for the elephant  
Every day's a chore and you're not done yet  
You didn't think it'd be this hard

The root's begun, we're a nervous crew  
So why're you trying to make it all about you  
It's not so bad, it's just a flash of light  
Light your hurricane lamp when the sky goes dark  
The rain's upset, it just falls apart  
You will get your wish, it's just a matter of time  
Until you vanish like the rest, out of sight and out of mind  
Until you vanish like the rest, out of sight