

When I Get to the Green Building

Electric Six

Angels and demons holding hands and whistling 'Dixie'
We haven't had that kind of fun 'round here since 1960
We wait in longer lines than the Russian's ever did
Selling our children's souls to the highest bid
I can't describe the way it feels

These songs will blare out of your eyes
When I get to the green building

My arrival will be televised
When I get to the green building
When I get to the green building

Na Na Na...
Na Na Na...

Satan's cheerleaders prancing 'round the maypole in December
We haven't had that kind of spectacle here since I can remember
Our fearless leaders say they're equal to the task
And every point of view on this depends on who you ask
It doesn't matter any way

Our prophecies are realised
When I get to the green building

The stars will shine out of your eyes
When I get to the green building
When I get to the green building

Na Na Na...
Na Na Na...

Isn't it interesting to see whose heart shall pass?
When they try to hide them, but they're made of glass
Isn't it interesting to see who lives or dies?
On the rollercoasters and the water slides
Isn't it interesting to watch them play their game?
When they're all such cheaters and they have no shame
And isn't it interesting to hear the demons sing?
When the doorbell rings
At the green building
Isn't it interesting?
Isn't it interesting?
When the doorbell rings
At the green building
Isn't it interesting?
Isn't it interesting?