

All the air sucked out the room I'm living in
Now I'm forswearing the hustle
Come to mine and tell your tales of strange parades
Of strange parades
Of strange parades

Through the mullioned window, saw you type away
BASIC, FORTRAN, and in COBOL
In your snifter, soda laced with aspartame
With aspartame
With aspartame
Russell

Now I'm in the woods in Saratoga Springs
Writing hit songs about cars and girls
I'll thank you by name with my Grammy in my hands
In my hands
In my hands
Russell