

Blurred spectacle  
Ineffectual  
Let's call it romantic  
On awakening I look straight at the sun  
I'm pinned to the corner  
Like the class clown

But once I get in front  
I'll let you drown like a cat  
Until I'm dealt that card  
The engine's on  
I'm in the car  
One suck on the pipe  
And I'll be gone

I'm accountable  
I'm responsible  
You could call me pragmatic  
What took away the fame? Could it be built up again?  
The acclaim and the constant eulogies  
For class clowns like me

But once I get in front  
I'll terrorize all I want  
And the world won't turn  
Stops and stagnates  
Disintegrates  
This romantic dream  
Keeps you in a cage

Should I not fraternize  
With these angels I've loved?  
But if I'm out of time  
I'll say my goodbyes  
And float downstream  
And have cynics witness me  
Grow rotten at the seams