

Lying outside Graumann's Chinese Theatre
Drowning in my own blood
A woman dips her skirt into the gutter
She's reaching down to take part of my soul
She's reaching down to take me up inside her
She's reaching down to make me into God

Lie down on the floor and keep calm
Lie down on the floor and I'll be there
Godjohn!

Good morning Mr. Hoover, I'm here again
You got my body, you didn't get my will
Scarred with years of sex and stretch marks
A new hairstyle to cover all my ills
You keep my soul at home inside a bottle
You keep my soul at home, you think you're safe
You keep my soul at home inside a bottle
Now open it and try to take a taste

Lie down on the floor and keep calm
Lie down on the floor and I'll be there
Godjohn!

Public enemy number one, the outlaw
A hero figure for the young
Created by the old for some amusement
Created by the old to be a god
But they can all fuck off 'cause I don't want them
Fuck off to their homes up in the sky
Just send me down a burger and some french fries
Tomorrow I am gonna die

Lie down on the floor and keep calm
Lie down on the floor and I'll be there
Godjohn!