

Well it's a good thing that I brought a napkin
I knew that this would happen
Why does this always happen?
That a day of impulsive fun becomes an evening
Of injury, blood and grieving
Injury, blood and grieving

Make way make way and stand aside
The crowd takes up the cry
He comes he comes
Bow down bow down and lower your eyes
Before the litter borne by men in fancy uniforms
A chariot from which a siren warns
The regal flashing lights and royal horns
Behold the great one comes

You've got an electric knife
And I've got the need to spite my face
I've got a nose, I know what to do

Hand me that electric knife
Marry me and be my wife
Be by my side in the electric parade

Help me out I can't seem to get this window open
Never mind now it's open
I think my hand is broken