

Ballad Of A Thin Man

Triggerfinger

You walk into the room with your pencil in your hand
You see somebody naked and you say, „Who is that man?”
You try so hard but you don't understand
Just what you'll say when you get home
Because something is happening here
But you don't know what it is. Do you, Mister Jones?

You raise up your head and you ask, „Is this where it is?”
And somebody points to you and says „It's his”
And you say, „What's mine?” and somebody else says, „Where what is?”
And you say, „Oh my God am I here all alone?”
Because something is happening here
But you don't know what it is, do you, Mister Jones?

You hand in your ticket and you go watch the geek
Who immediately walks up to you when he hears you speak
And says, „How does it feel to be such a freak?”
And you say, „Impossible” as he hands you a bone
Because something is happening here
But you don't know what it is, do you, Mister Jones?

You have many contacts among the lumberjacks
To get you facts when someone attacks your imagination
But nobody has any respect anyway they already expect you
To just give a check to tax-deductible charity organizations

You've been with the professors and they've all liked your looks
With great lawyers you have discussed lepers and crooks
You've been through all of F. Scott Fitzgerald's books
You're very well read it's well known
Because something is happening here
But you don't know what it is, do you, Mister Jones?

Well, the sword swallower, he comes up to you and then he kneels
He crosses himself and then he clicks his high heels
And without further notice he asks you how it feels
And he says, „Here is your throat back, thanks for the loan”
Because something is happening here
But you don't know what it is, do you, Mister Jones?

Now you see this one-eyed midget shouting the word „NOW”
And you say, „For what reason?” and he says, „How?”
And you say, „What does this mean?” and he screams back, „You're a cow
Give me some milk, or else go home”
Because something is happening here
But you don't know what it is, do you, Mister Jones?

Well, you walk into the room like a camel and then you frown
You put your eyes in your pocket and your nose on the ground
There ought to be a law against you comin' around
You should be made to wear earphones
Because something is happening here
But you don't know what it is, do you, Mister Jones?