

Watching You Go Crazy Is Driving Me Insane

Van Hunt

I'm singing in my sleep again
It makes you laugh so hard
You cannot stop
After the moment's passed My orchestra helps you
Flee from the pressure
'Cause the money's dried up
And it's the first of the month Watching you go crazy is driving me insane
I hope you don't think I'm lazy, baby
I'm working overtime watching you go crazy
Is making me lose my mind I went to my priest
To ask the church for relief
He said they had bigger problems to address
Than me I pressed my luck, asked for a cup of Jesus's blood
'Cause it tastes just like grape juice
He said, "Go home funny man, enjoy while you can
'Cause we're coming to save you" Baby, let my music drive you mad
Let it be your punching bag
On delicate feet let's move out to the margins
Let's corral a garden full of life for our cells My sweet little thang made of candy cane
I hope you can hear this
If not, you're more prepared for his return
Than those so called believers For now you should rest
One day we'll make baby foxes
Those of us short on loot
Are short on friends and lovers too We have no dollar bills to pay our water bill
But we're still sexy and who are they?
They are much less attractive
When the money is subtracted, hey

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