

Crispin Glover

Scarling.

They don't love you anymore
Blood trails blacknails
Leave a light on
And put a key in the back door Yeah, they're laughing at you
They're not laughing with you It's another guilt slip
On my Freudian trip
And I think the jokes on me Bad seeds grow weeds
Crispin Glover
I wish you were on my TV
Girl Bruise Sad News
On her birthday
Turn the channel and you'll see That they're laughing at us
They're not laughing with us
And I think the jokes on me Just another guilt slip
On my Freudian trip
As we choke on the irony Yeah, they're laughing at us
They're not laughing with us
And God damn the jokes on me Just another drug slip
On my Pagan field trip
Are you saint or celebrity Crispin Glover save us all

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