Crispin Glover

Scarling.

They don't love you anymore
Blood trails blacknails
Leave a light on
And put a key in the back doorYeah, they're laughing at you
They're not laughing with youIt's another guilt slip
On my Freudian trip
And I think the jokes on meBad 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 seeThat they're laughing at us
They're not laughing with us
And I think the jokes on meJust another guilt slip
On my Freudian trip
As we choke on the ironyYeah, they're laughing at us
They're not laughing with us
And God damn the jokes on meJust another drug slip
On my Pagan field trip
Are you saint or celebrityCrispin Glover save us all

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