

# LULL

â€—âŽš

Being alone it can be quite romantic  
Like Jacques Cousteau underneath the Atlantic  
A fantastic voyage to parts unknown  
Going to depths were the sun's never shown  
And I fascinate myself when I'm all alone  
So I go a little overboard but hang onto the hull  
While I'm airbrushing fantasy art on a life that's really kinda dull  
Oh, I'm in a lull  
Oh, I'm in a lull  
I'm all for moderation but sometimes it seems  
Moderation itself can be a kind of extreme  
So I join the congregation, I join the softball team  
I went in for my conformation where incense looks like steam  
I start conjugating proverbs where there once were nouns  
This whole damn rhyme scheme's starting to get me down  
Oh, I'm in a lull  
Oh, I'm in a lull  
Oh, I'm in a lull  
Being alone it can be quite romantic  
Like Jacques Cousteau underneath the Atlantic  
A fantastic voyage to parts unknown  
Going to depths were the sun's never shown  
And I fascinate myself, sure I do, when I'm alone  
I'm rambling on rather self-consciously  
While I'm stirring these condiments into my tea  
And I think I'm so lame, I bet I'll think this song is about me  
Don't I, don't I, don't I?  
I'm, I'm in a lull  
Oh, I'm in a lull  
Oh, I'm in a lull  
Oh, I'm in a lull

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