

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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