

# Stare

## Young Scolla

Blind date with a chancer, we had oysters and dry lancers  
And the check when it arrived, we went dutch, dutch, dutch  
Dutch a redder shade of neck on a whiter shade of trash  
And this emory board is giving me a rash I'm flat out  
You're so beautiful to look at when you cry  
Freeze, don't move  
You've been chosen as an extra in the movie adaptation  
Of the sequel to your life A shady lane  
Everybody wants one  
A shady lane  
Everybody needs one Oh my God, oh my God, oh my God, oh my God  
Oh my God, oh his God, oh her God, oh your God  
It's everybody's God, it's everybody's God  
It's everybody's God, it's everybody's God The worlds collide  
And all that I want is a shady lane  
Glance don't stare  
Soon you're being told to recognize your heirs No not me  
I'm an island of such great complexity  
Distress surrounds  
The muddy peaceful center of this town Tell me off  
In the hotel lobby right in front of all the bellboys  
And the over friendly concierge A shady lane  
Everybody wants one  
A shady lane  
Everybody needs one Oh my God, oh my God, oh my God, oh my God  
Oh my God, oh his God, oh her God, oh your God  
It's everybody's God, it's everybody's God  
It's everybody's God, it's everybody's God The worlds collide  
But all that I want is a shady lane

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