

# Dumb Waiters

## The Mars Volta

Give me all your paper ma  
Gimme all your jazz  
Give me something that I need  
Something I can have  
Mrs. London's coming round  
She's coming with her son  
Gimme all your paper ah  
So I can get a gun  
She has got it in for me  
Yeah I mean it honestly  
She's so mean  
Give me all your paper ma  
So I can buy a train  
They just want to suck you in  
To being one of them  
Tell her that I'm not in here  
Tell her I'm a freak  
Tell her that I fall about  
Every time I speak  
She has got in for me  
Yeah I mean it honestly  
I just scream  
Give me all your paper ma  
So I can buy a train  
I don't know how I got in here  
It's making me insane  
Have another cigarette  
And have another cigarette  
In a room where lovers go  
Talking on the telephone  
They have got it in for me  
Yeah I mean it honestly  
They all dream

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