

Philadelphia

Magazine

Your clean living, clear eyed
Clever, level headed brother says
He'll put all the screws
Upon your newest lover Buddha's in the fireplace
The truth's in drugs from outer space
Maybe it's right to be nervous now Who are these madmen
What do they want from me
With all of their straight talk
From their misery Everything'd be just fine
If I had the right pastime
I'd've been Raskolnikov
But Mother nature ripped me off In Philadelphia
I'm sure that I felt healthier
Maybe it's right to be nervous now I had liberty of movements
I had liberty of movements
But I'm so lazy
But I'm so lazy
I'm so lazy, I'm so lazy You're just a big kid
You're not so big at that
You never got the hang of it
Now you're being looked at Where have I seen you before
Same place you saw me, I expect
I've got a good face for memories In Philadelphia
I'm sure that I felt healthier
Maybe it's right to be nervous now

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