

Turnin On The Screw

Queens of the Stone Age

You got the question? Please don't ask it
It puts the lotion in the basket
You say bigger's better, but bigger's bigger
White boy dressed up like a figure

Drawn inside a toilet on the wall
The world is round, my square don't fit at all

They say those who can't just instruct others
And act like victims or jilted lovers
You can't lose it if you never had it
Disappear, man, do some magic

Want a reason? How's about because
You ain't a has been if you never was

I sound like this

Scared to say what is your passion
So slag it all, bitter's in fashion
Fear of failure's all you've started
The jury is in, verdict: retarded

I'm so tired, and I'm wired too
I'm a mess; I guess I'm turning on the screw

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