

# Razzle Dazzle

## Popscotch

I don't have the time of day  
I don't know what day it is  
Someone's falling on my head  
Get up, get up, we're going out on the raz  
Razzle dazzle, call it what you want  
To me it doesn't matter, it's where I belong  
It's a matter of distinction, a real fine line  
Between an orgy of destruction and a wonderful time  
And this room's so cold and bare  
And there's nothing here for me  
I've got to find some heat somewhere  
Get up, get up, we're going out on the raz  
Razzle dazzle, call it what you want  
It really doesn't matter when I'm bangin' on a gong  
While someone's holding out to a willing congregation  
And we can all forget about the state of the nation  
Can't hear a thing but I see your lips are moving  
I'm working on my thinking and I think it's improving  
I'm going to get the blame so I might as well deliver

If only I can swim across this weird human river  
I know I started out with the best of intentions  
Some blinding inspiration and a few not-to-mention  
And now I'm looking deep into the last dying embers  
Shouting what are we doing here and nobody remembers  
I've lost a friend or two  
I don't know where they have gone  
Now only one thing I can do  
Get up, get up, I'm going out on the raz  
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