Afternoons And Coffeespoons

Crash Test Dummies

What is it that makes me just a little bit queasy?
There's a breeze that makes my breathing not so easy
I've had my lungs checked out with X rays
I've smelled the hospital hallways
Someday I'll have a disappearing hairline
Someday I'll wear pajamas in the daytime
Times when the day is like a play by Sartre
When it seems a book burning's in perfect order
I gave the doctor my description
I've tried to stick to my prescription
Someday I'll have a disappearing hairline
Someday I'll wear pajamas in the daytime
Afternoons will be measured out
Measured out, measured with
Coffee spoons and T.S. Eliot
Maybe if I could do a play-by-playback
I could change the test results that I will get back
I've watched the summer evenings pass by
I've heard the rattle in my bronchi
Someday I'll have a disappearing hairline
Someday I'll wear pajamas in the daytime
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