

# Thimbledrome

## Pain

What's the matter? Who cares?  
People running everywhere,  
Running like decapitated chickens in the rain.  
Never mind the poultry, I'd rather stay at home  
I hope that my old lady's feeling like a lazy Jane  
No one really thinks I'm funny,  
Not the way that she does  
She is stranger more than fiction,  
Dictionary definition.  
Why don't we go take a drive and why don't we take your car?  
Mine is nearly out of gas and nearly broken down.  
Lighter flame and cheap Bordeaux  
And incense wafting in the air  
Steal a kiss and listen to the sound of falling rain  
Never mind your diet,  
I'd rather stuff our guts  
Making funny faces on the windowpane  
We run, we run, we run  
And we're happy inside of this place  
The walls are half the fun  
'Cause anarchy stays in its space  
Huddled in the pilot's seat our tanks are filled with Thimbledrome.  
We check the dash and turn the motor on.  
Never mind the man in orange;  
We know our own way home.  
We crush him flat and shoot into the sky.  
There's a baby on its way because of what we do so much,  
Shooting like a comet from the other end of space.  
Someday (I don't know which one)  
A pair of little feet will come  
Creeping like a monkey with a creepy little face  
And I will spank that monkey, spank that monkey,  
Spank that monkey if it gets out of line.  
And I will spank that monkey, spank that monkey,  
And he'll thank me someday when I'm seventy-nine.  
We run, we run, we run  
And we're happy inside of this place.  
The walls are half the fun  
'Cause anarchy stays in its space.

Allow me to extend to you a special invitation to  
Watch the wrinkles form upon my face as I grow old.  
Christmastime and Halloween and all the days that lie between  
Hand in hand we'll watch as all the years unfold.

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