

Tickle the Truth

Widespread Panic

She complained, you look different, yeah, but I'm keeping my name
You're not drinking the usual, I said it all tastes the same
She fled, you smell like L.A., yeah, but check out my new frames
You know these cool shades make you look bitching Oh, she split from our table mumbling remember to tip
I had a twenty in ready but I said I might skip
Some people act funny when you're just trying to be hip
Oh, spend a little time outside the kitchen Magnificent miles, trying out this new walk
And people are watching, it's like stepping on chalk
Learning curves behind like a memory stalks
But in all it's an innocent mission She rang late last night, said that wasn't you, was it?
I said all colors of money are fit for deposit
Half naked right now, I've got soup in the closet
Oh, it's sometimes with words I'm just fishing Should I come over? It sounds like you need me
I said, hey, that's funny, you sound like my TV
Just try this thing once, it'll make life so easy
And even puppies come under suspicion Then a lover came knocking, I opened the door
With an apple in my hand, she said, what's that core?
It's the past and the future, but I shouldn't say more
And that's just my radio hissing Well, I know you too well and I know you're no villain
I said, don't look now 'cause I'm ripping off Dylan
What you see is a little crusty, the real thing's the fillin
The sound bite from a verbal beautician All the jokers in this world, they're swarming like bees
Catch one to the head, make you fall to your knees
Lenny Bruce was a prophet in the 1960's
Two shows at tonight's inquisition And drifted and dreaming, lost in the bed
Body's ups and down are just food for the head
It's front page and French fries or the funny pages instead
We tickle the truth into submission All in all it's an innocent mission
Just tickle the truth into submission
And tickle the truth into submission

Lyrics provided by

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