

# Running Joke

## Queens of the Stone Age

When I was a little boy  
I looked under the stairs  
The King and the Pawns  
Were caught on the wires  
Standing in the shadows A whisperer to be  
Is fishing in the darkness  
Oh, the possibilities  
Just look at you now  
Look at you now Among such style and grace  
Our highest hopes  
None standing still  
A running joke Where does the warm embrace  
Effect without return  
Appears to slip through fingertips  
And burn Just look at you now  
Look at you now

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