

# Philadelphia

## Magazine

Your clean living, clear eyed  
Clever, level headed brother says  
He'll put all the screws  
Upon your newest lover Buddha's in the fireplace  
The truth's in drugs from outer space  
Maybe it's right to be nervous now Who are these madmen  
What do they want from me  
With all of their straight talk  
From their misery Everything'd be just fine  
If I had the right pastime  
I'd've been Raskolnikov  
But Mother nature ripped me off In Philadelphia  
I'm sure that I felt healthier  
Maybe it's right to be nervous now I had liberty of movements  
I had liberty of movements  
But I'm so lazy  
But I'm so lazy  
I'm so lazy, I'm so lazy You're just a big kid  
You're not so big at that  
You never got the hang of it  
Now you're being looked at Where have I seen you before  
Same place you saw me, I expect  
I've got a good face for memories In Philadelphia  
I'm sure that I felt healthier  
Maybe it's right to be nervous now

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