Artificial Confidence

Direct Hit!

Well I've been sitting in the back seat of this car for half an hour and I'm wondering if any of this is real
Trouble is I ate a pound of psychedelic mushrooms, and now I'm trying to decide if I should feel weird about the fact that both my friends who went and drove me to the Burger King can tell that I'm fucked up?
Because their alligator faces leering at me from the front seat have that look of frightened deer-in-headlights locked
Hissing "Calm down that bitter taste's the drug and no you won't drown on spit
So cool it, swallow, we'll be downtown now in just a couple minutes
We don't have to talk until you're fine"So now I'm sitting on the curb, amazed by traffic
All the cars have rockets bolted to their roofs and reptile men driving
Wonder if the lights that spin atop these ambulances always looked as cool as they have been?
And no one can tell me "Calm down"
That bitter taste's their stares
And no, you won't drown on spit
So cool it, swallow, take a breath, sit tight for just a single minute
We can talk again when they get lostThen we'll sail as high as we wanna go
None of you can tell us no
Or tell us that we'll fail
Cause we're too far gone to care
And time goes way too slow
Let's pick up the pace and go
Double-time this beat and wail
No one rests until we're thereWell I guess we should worry a bit
Cause they'll lock us up if we can't learn to cool it
We're having a party instead
Who cares if it's only inside of our heads?
We've got mutants, and angels, and demons, and rockets, and killers
Obnoxious? Fuck you man, I've got this
Let's stay on this trip, tell the world it don't know anything
Glad you're here to hang out

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