

Stare

Plantae

Blind date with a chancer, we had oysters and dry lancers
And the check when it arrived, we went dutch, dutch, dutch
Dutch a redder shade of neck on a whiter shade of trash
And this emory board is giving me a rash I'm flat out
You're so beautiful to look at when you cry
Freeze, don't move
You've been chosen as an extra in the movie adaptation
Of the sequel to your life A shady lane
Everybody wants one
A shady lane
Everybody needs one Oh my God, oh my God, oh my God, oh my God
Oh my God, oh his God, oh her God, oh your God
It's everybody's God, it's everybody's God
It's everybody's God, it's everybody's God The worlds collide
And all that I want is a shady lane
Glance don't stare
Soon you're being told to recognize your heirs No not me
I'm an island of such great complexity
Distress surrounds
The muddy peaceful center of this town Tell me off
In the hotel lobby right in front of all the bellboys
And the over friendly concierge A shady lane
Everybody wants one
A shady lane
Everybody needs one Oh my God, oh my God, oh my God, oh my God
Oh my God, oh his God, oh her God, oh your God
It's everybody's God, it's everybody's God
It's everybody's God, it's everybody's God The worlds collide
But all that I want is a shady lane

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