

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 earth
Just look at you now
Look at you now

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