

Crimson King

"Neurotica"

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Good morning, its 3a.m. in this great roaring
city full of garbage eaters ravaging parking
spots beneath my plaza window I see cheetah in their
tight skins and tired heels all-night hippo in
the diner crossing the street swarthy herds of young
impala flamastic gibbon even a struggling monza
and over there that brilliant head ornament on that
Japanese macaque but look closely at the hammerhead
hand
in hand with the mandrill, its a sight you're
unlikely to see anywhere else on the planet. . .
the stench and the noiose, yes, yes, the howlers
resonating repertoire is not too bad when mixed with
the more musical twern of the tropical warbler but the
impatient taxi blare the squawking elderly ibis and
the glass-eye snapper hawking papers I can certainly
live without also be cautious of the poisonous
boomslang laughter social droppings of the fruit bat
and purple queen fish and who's that babbler
conversing
with a magazine stand? Evidently he's getting a good
reply. . .

Arrive in neurotica
through neon heat disease
I swear at the swarming herds
I sweat the foul terrain
I rove the moving scenery
I have no fin
no wing, no stinger
no claw, no camouflage
I have no more to say . . .
Say . . .isn't that an elephant fish on the corner over
there look at that bush baby mud puppy noolbenger
rhinoderma marmoset spring peeper shingleback skink
siren skate starling star-gazer spoonbill and suckers
they seem to be everywhere, well it's a live revue
random animal parts now playing nightly right here in
neurotica. . .
so long

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