

411**"The Unfunny"**Visit "[The Unfunny](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Just be clever for clevers sake, starin at the ceiling into
shadow-fakes

The circle-smokes in the ladies room only got you as
far as the roles assumed

A glimpse of the perfect crime is just a reverie away
Whadaya say we hang there a while for expediencys
sake?

And fantasize the great demise of the unfunny
Cut and dry, well bid good-bye to the unfunny

Their personality inspires like a five pound bag of
fertilizer

Like living in a house with fifteen cats, youre unaware
of the stench when a line goes flat

A glimpse of the perfect crime is just a reverie away
Whadaya say we hang there a while for expediencys
sake?

And fantasize the great demise of the unfunny
Set em up, well drink a cup to the unfunny

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