

## Chunk! No, Captain Chunk!

### "Anyway"

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Empires crumble in the distance  
Violet crumble [Brian: it's a kind of chocolate bar] in my  
bowl

Conspiracy Theory, Timothy Leary  
None of this is good for my soul  
Salamander extravaganza  
What if I sing like Mario Lanza ?

Anyway in my own way  
I don't make sense any more  
It's so hard to fake  
One lucky break  
Cocaine and cake

Young Master Morris had a closet in the forest  
But where were the bears when he let down his hair  
Pieces of ice dragging over the windscreen  
Look out Wonderland we're bursting through the black  
screen

Anyway in my own way  
I don't make sense any more  
It's so hard to fake  
One lucky break  
Cocaine and cake

(...inaudible mutterings...)

Millions of consumers are lost in the rumours  
Overhead the weather (....) along their leathers  
Fighting real fires with the rabbis and the friars  
The butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker

(...more inaudible mutterings...)

You know that all of them are users  
None of them are takers  
Making Sunday music with their tom-toms and their  
shakers

Anyway in my own way

I don't make sense any more  
It's so hard to fake  
One lucky break  
Champagne and cake

(.....)

Anyway in my own way  
I don't make sense any more

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