

Guardian

"Are We Feeling Comfortable Yet?"

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Welcome, dear listener
Are you comfortable?
Put your feet up, close your eyes, let your senses dull
Float like a beachball
Wearing cordless 'phones
Let the tide take you, groove to the mellow tones.
Groovy
Who switched the into?
Ah, but I digress
Do you ever get that feeling you 'not so fresh'?
Do you hang out nights at the launderette?
Dreaming of the cure for stubborn stains?
Wanna climb into the big machine?
Wonder how it feels getting really clean?
I know you know more than
What you're coming clean for
God is skin on mohair
Just admit you itch there
Shift to the left, shift to the right
Fidget, lock knees, cough cough
Fidget, don't scratch, don't break out in a sweat
Are we feeling comfortable yet?
I know you know more than
What you're coming clean for
God is skin on mohair
Just admit you itch there
Ever sweat bullets
At the sight of blood?
Ever drag a half-ton cross through spit and mud?
Wouldn't want to plan too far ahead
Wouldn't want to dwell on what's beyond
Pondering death is a dirty biz
Makes you wonder when your appointment is
Shift to the left, shift to the right
Fidget, lock knees, cough cough
Fidget, don't scratch, don't break out in a sweat
Are we feeling comfortable yet?
Loosen your tie, loosen your belt
Clear your throat, fidget, cough cough
Fidget, don't scratch, don't break out in a sweat
Are we feeling comfortable yet?
Fidget to the left, fidget to the right

Lock knees, cough cough
Fidget don't scratch, don't break out in a sweat
Are we feeling comfortable yet

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