

Cake "Mustache Man"

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Launching loony thoughts into the bending of your
mind
You reach for something high but it's a mountain that
you find
He's a king dust demon with an icepick smile
His music fills your feathers as you feel your passions
fly

With the mustache man on the carpet of his van
You can feel your fatty tissues giving way to sweaty
hands
And the woofers keep distorting and the tweeters kiss
the girls
His horn-rimmed glasses lights a square beneath his
curls

I have wasted so much time
I have wasted so much time

He is like a politician who is practicing a speech

He is racing, he is pacing, he is sleeping on his beat
As the sky begins to darken and the waves begin to roll
You can feel the oceans rising as you're losing all
control

And meanwhile back at the Candlerock Lounge
It is past 11:30 and your friends are getting down
They're applying purple eyeshadow, drinking warm
beer
They're wondering where you went to when you told
them you'd be here

I have wasted so much time
I have wasted so much time

I have wasted so much time
I have wasted so much time

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